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...IN...

## WILLIAMSBURG COUNTY,

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...BY...

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AND EDUCATOR.

BRYAN PRINTING CO.  
COLUMBIA, S. C.

COLUMBIA, S. C., 1425 MAIN ST.  
THE BRYAN PRINTING CO.  
1897.

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## PREFACE.

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A narrative of reminiscences, in which a partial picture of the customs and habits of the people of old Williamsburg District in South Carolina, as they were fifty, sixty, and seventy years ago, of their Churches, Sunday Schools, Day Schools, Singing Schools, Quiltings, Play, Games, Dances, and other amusements, have been attempted to be written and drawn by one of their number, who had a place in that picture, and was an actor in these scenes, yet distinctly marked by him as their narrator.

Also many historical facts relating to the old Revolutionary War, as they have been transmitted to the generation of children of these warriors; our great political division had in 1832, as are remembered; and items of our late war, as were recorded in a diary made at the time of their occurrence; and descending to events happening in late dates, all of which their Author asks a consideration for the originality of the plan, the conception of the thoughts, and the novelty and peculiarity in the modes of their expressions. The various descriptions, as made in this narrative, are only intended to embrace those of our people who resided at and around Kingtree, Indiantown, Black Mingo, and Muddy Creek, in this county, with whom this writer has been intimately associated during some periods of his life, now graciously extended six years beyond man's allotted time on earth, and with whom he yet lives in hallowed remembrance of such connections.



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## DEDICATION.

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This narrative of the reminiscences of events as distinctly marked from September, 1822, to March, 1845, is respectfully dedicated to the Old Men of Williamsburg District, who have arrived at and passed their three score years and ten, and who are yet with us in their persons and minds. The representation of the affairs as happening in our time is given in a manner less compendious than their historical facts seem to have demanded, but, being unaided in the composition of the work of this narrative, and wholly relying on his memory in transcribing these facts, the author has done the best he could under the circumstances. He begs indulgence for the omission of many items of general interest which others might have supplied, but which will be available at no distant time, if hoary-headed time will agree to the proposition, and will suspend further serious encroachments on our physiques.

Old gentlemen, here are your names and dates of birth:

W. James Haselden, 8th December, 1811; Samuel A. Burgess, 7th February, 1812; N. Myers Graham, 18th May, 1813; William G. Cantley, 18th August, 1814; J. Leonard Gist, 25th December, 1814; Robert W. Fulton, 20th March, 1813; Wiley J. McClam, 28th March, 1815; John A. Salters, 27th July, 1815; Samuel A. Haselden, 1815; Rufus B. Singletary, 19th September, 1818; Rev. David E. Frierson; Samuel C. McCutchen, 1819; G. Winfield Scott, 1819; John E. Scott, 1st June, 1820; Shederick R. Rodgers, 30th July, 1820; Joseph A. Thompson, 20th August, 1820; John J. M. Graham; Samuel J. Strong, 13th January, 1823; William McClam, 1st May, 1816; Dr. D. Edward Wilson, 14th March, 1819.

In behalf of these dearer old men of past three score and ten, as judged by their records, it is just to declare, that their sorrows do not balance the sweet and innocent pleasures of their lives, and the thanks to each of them could not better express their social and religious positions than "Oh Fortunate Senex," for thus they are and thus they feel.

Truly and affectionately,

SAM'L D. McGILL,

One of You.

Kingstree, S. C., A. D. 1894.

A mental pressure has become so fixed that it refuses to be removed unless these dedication pages be made to include all the old men of South Carolina, pointedly those living in the surrounding lower counties, who, like us, got their early education from "Old Webster," which succeeded our fathers' Old Dilworth. Most likely these old men endured the teacher's rigid discipline in the old field school house, enforced by the use of the switch over our shoulders on our backs, and their loud threats to make dust rise from our clothes if we miss a word in that lesson. And it is imagined they too made complaints of their drubbing at school to their parents in violation of the established order to tell no tales out of school, and received no consolation from them only advising us to be kind to the teacher and attentive to our studies. At a certain age of our lives when we began to consult a looking-glass and roach our hair we exhibited much stupidity in the heedlessness of the admonitions of older and wiser heads given for our good, but just let an old man tell something funny, however uncommendable, and it is retained.

At a Christmas holiday dinner at an old gentleman's house, a sentiment was given by him at the head of the table in the form of a grace, while a half dozen or more young gents with bowed heads, received the grace in much laughter at or before its conclusion. The words of it are given for what they are worth:

"May the Lord be praised when women's pleased,  
For that's but now and then,  
We'll eat our diet in peace and quiet  
In the name of God, Amen."

APOLOGIES.

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The idea of an boy reared among her people fifty and sixty years ago, even attempting to write a book, would have incited a pitiful smile, if it did not evoke jeering remarks of the presumption. Yet the undertaking has been attempted and the author pleads his simplicity of words and sentences in the following instances as occurring in the distant days already referred to.

Many families residing in Sumter district, who had moved away from Williamsburg, occasionally came down to their native places on visits and business affairs. With these there was a common remark that old Williamsburg district was fifty years behind in farming and general progress. But old Mr. James McFaddin, who was possessed of remarkable social endowments and who was an acute observer of things in general and a money lender, by way of rebutting their opinion of us, thus replied: "Yet you Sumter people come down to Williamsburg to borrow money. Ha! Ha!! Ha!!!"

One of our school boys who is so often spoken of in this narrative, wrote to his old father, while a student in the South Carolina College in 1838, stating that he was in "pecuniary indigence." The old man was unable to understand these words, and had to go to a magistrate residing a short distance over the "Crick" (Lynches), who, together with his official brethren, was considered above the mediocrity, quickly interpreted the meaning of the two words much to the discomfiture of the father.

Or this other case happening about the same time and in the section of country situated about half way between Kings-tree and Indiantown. A school master in his school house, was complaining of the illiteracy of his school class in which were several boys of man's age and stature, and spoke to them of it in these words: "Heng my cats, (his favorite expression) if I believe you boys know what district you live in." Then turning towards one of them, the oldest and largest boy in the school he said, "Jim Bo, what district do you live in?" who instantly replied: "In Cedar Swamp district, or at least, I have always heard it called by that name." Not yet satisfied,

the teacher inquired of another boy, saying: "Bill Br—, can you tell what district you live in?" who as readily answered: "Morass district, if it ain't Cedar Swamp district." The Morass alluded to was once widely known and celebrated in that section of country for its extent, its impenetrability and dens of wild beasts, snakes and vermins.

An apology for the diction and commonplace language in the construction of sentences in the following narrative will be found in an incident which occurred in the Williamsburg Presbyterian Church yard at Kingstree a few years antecedent to those in which this narrative has its date. It illustrates, to some extent, the mode of speech used in those good old times, and which has been said to be peculiar in this old historic county, on account of its inland situation and its non-intercourse with other countries, in the absence of passengers' coaches, and its distance overland from Charleston and Columbia, then the centres of our greatness in wealth, elegance, and intelligence. The circumstances of the incident are thus: It was Sunday morning; the congregation (church people) were collecting, and a group of Sunday school boys, with their "Sunday-go-to-meeting-clothes" on, and their home-made shoes well greased, were standing at the church door, ready with their lessons. Presently they saw another Sunday school boy coming into the church yard with bright, shiney, crying shoes on his feet, and running up to him, they made repeated inquiries of him, as "who made them pretty shoes," when he said with some pride and great satisfaction to himself, "They ain't meck, they buy." \* \*

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A circumstance occurring at the hospitable home of the pleasant Rev. J. E. Dunlop, present pastor of the Indiantown church and other Presbyterian churches in this county, in which Dr. Wilson, Dr. McGill and Capt. Scott, being specially invited guests to dinner in October, 1892, did exercise one of the <sup>three</sup> to undertake this narrative. During the day, Dr. McGill did most of the talking, and aware of this, and to make some excuse for his garrulity and the taciturnity of his friends, he in his usual mood of pleasantry, when about to leave, said: "Gentlemen, I've done most of the talking to-day, because I have the happy capacity of being able to tell all I know." Whereupon Scott, in his usual way of passing jests, kindly re-

marked: "Yes, and McGill can tell a little more than he does know." The preacher smiled and Wilson chuckled. Yet, notwithstanding, this narrative fails, by a long shot, to present all he does know, and in compiling the facts he comes across many things impressed and imposed in his mental survey, delighted to have them in retrospection, full of interest to himself but which may not be to others, and hence lies the difficulty in culling them.

Possessed of a fear that the few latin phrases which have so insidiously crept into this narrative, may give rise to the opinion that it holds up too much of a pedantic spirit, it is becoming and proper to obviate that opinion by declaring that such inconsiderate latin uses and idioms have been introduced with the hope and belief that these will amuse the old men, and younger old men too, who can remember the pleasure they had in learning and reciting latin lessons, which were of easy pronunciation and of instructive tendencies when they were at school in the ante-bellum days. Up to this time a knowledge of the classics was considered a "sine qua non" in the learned professions, but now in this day and time it is slowly yielding to object teaching, and to the fast educational progress of our cheap, yet expansive method of teaching the young how to think, which in our raising we had to learn to think unaided by books or our school masters.

Besides, there may be some criticisms evoked in the disposition of certain words in the composition of many sentences, as to where the adverbs should have been placed; what prepositions would have better expressed the relations of words to each other according to the modern understanding of them; and in the choice of certain verbs which would have more correctly defined a decided action suited to the idea they were intended to convey. To such the plea is made, that in our grammar of fifty and sixty years ago there was no nice discrimination of the uses of the nine sorts of words, called parts of speech, except as found in notes in small print, intended for the use of advanced scholars, while the school children learned the big print, and consequently, they did not see nor cared to know the difference between the verbs, set and sit, lie and lay, expect and think, but get and got were our hobby.

The blushes in the soft faces of the girls at our old time schools were sometimes connived at, tho' so delicately and

innocently hinted, that it was sometimes a pleasure to witness and call attention to their blushing countenance. To those readers of modern literature, taught in logic and refined speech, there is this to say in extenuation of some sentences contained in this narrative, that in old times boys and girls played together, and of course there were many accidental expressions in violation of good breeding used before the girls, and for which they chased the rude boy with switches and brambles around the play ground, who, when cornered by them, received no bruises, showing the good and unruffled humor of us all. This assertion is ventured; now if those dear boys and girls were here, they would delight to read every word in this narrative, and when they would come to any common inelegance used in their schools, they would chase this author with switches and brambles, while he too would lead in the chase, clap his hands and pursue another as the offender, and at the end of the race they would come together again, and, adopting the old adage in the way of consolation, they recognize "a little fun now and then, is relished by the best of men," and exclaim, well, I declare, Sam hasn't changed a bit from the time he was a fat, mischievous school boy. Bear in mind that Part No. 1 of this narrative is addressed to the old men, who no doubt will appreciate the sentiments and mode of expressing them as therein declared, and that the apologies and explanations are given that the young people may form some idea of how we lived and moved and had our being in the second and third decades of the present century, when we were in our infancy in which blessed state the author has not outgrown up to this writing.

With a promise that other parts of the narrative now in preparation, will be written in a spirit of reconciliation, and with the assurance that we have tried to keep in line as older we grow with the present grandeur, refinement and intellectual culture, we subscribe ourself,

Yours truly,  
THE AUTHOR.

LETTER TO THE KIND READER.

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A careful revision of the mss. of the pages of the narrative discovers many sentences of crude and obscure expressions of them. At school in early boyhood days, Aesop's Fables were extensively used and quoted. His advice to the boys having bows and arrows has ever been the one which this writer chose and practiced all through his days. He has ever kept his bow relaxed after an hour's strain at any one time, by which he has seemingly retained whatever powers he now possesses. A speech or sermon exceeding an hour's time in delivery, loses its force upon this hearer. It may be possible that these obscurely expressed sentences were written at a time before the bow had regained its elasticity from the strain made in more positive and better constructions over those wanting of roundness of periods. Besides the long hand system of writing fails to keep up with the flight of thought, and ere the pen reaches the point of sublimity, the thought has descended. If efforts were made to correct these ill-meaning sentences they might effect the flight and force of better meaning ones, and thus make them appear as of stiff and studied inventions. With this explanation, a bow is made to the reader who is now informed that every sentence herein expressed was made by his best efforts, whether in the strained or relaxed condition of the bow, at the time of its diction.



## CHAPTER I.

### THE BIG STORM IN 1822—ITS CASUALTIES, &c.

On the night of September 28, 1822, occurred the greatest era in the history of Williamsburg district, as events happening just before and after its advent are ascertained from that night, in the absence of family records of births and deaths among our older people, especially those of our colored ones, as many of them reckon their present ages by referring to that epoch, or to what their parents told them of their ages at the time or a few years after the occurrence of the big storm. The hurricane came from an eastern direction, continuing a few hours and then there was a calm, but before the people could kindle up a fire, it returned from the west with greater violence and destruction. There are but three reminiscences which have ever been distinctly marked on Sam's mind, then a boy of 3 years, 7 months and 16 days of age; he remembers that during the storm all the children were huddled together on and around their parents' knees in one corner of the big room, sheltered and covered with blankets, quilts, etc., to keep out the drenching rain and boisterous wind; the next morning the little white and colored children played hog in the gable end of a house which had been blown off, by roasting potatoes and throwing them in to us, bacon hogs; and third, the skinning of cattle in the cow-pen with trees across them, for at that time cow hides were as much esteemed as the flesh, salted and dried, and then tanned in a framer at or on a tar-kiln pot for shoe purposes, or nicely preserved and put over the cords of bedsteads to prevent abrasions of the skin from the ropes. His father used to tell of the two first weeks' employment after the storm, in gathering up corn on the ground in the fields, cutting trees off the fences and righting them up, and of the following two weeks in clearing the roads, and that between Col. Cooper's place and Indian-town church, less than two miles distance, there were four hundred (other numbers forgotten) trees across the road. His father had moved off from the swamp on account of sickness, a few years previous, and had settled in a thick pine forest for health, and the next morning very few, if any, of the trees of that forest were standing, and his place had a different appearance. His mother used to say, it looked to her next morning

as if she had been blown away and dropped in another country. The storm logs, with their upturned roots, once everywhere, are yet spoken of, and in Sam's hunting rabbit times he felt sure of his rabbit when his dog treed in a hurricane, as those old red and yellow banks of earth at the root of logs were known by that name, the effect taking the name of the cause tho' in a corrupt form.

Of the disasters of that horrible night there are two at command as told in after years. One was the case of old Mr. Saul Parsons, on his return from Kingstree to his home on Muddy Creek, who, when last seen that evening on the road, was in a warm condition as were his habits. His escape from death was miraculous. On horseback that night he met the hurricane at the McCrea old place, where Mr. L. P. McCullough now resides, and took refuge under a large oak tree, and there sheltered himself and horse as best he could in the first gale, and as soon as the calm in the storm came, he ventured forth, but had not proceeded far over prostrate houses, trees and fences before the returning hurricane came, and, hurrying back to his good tree he found it already flat on the ground. Nothing more is known for the next two miles, as to how or in what manner Mr. Parsons made the trip, but to picture his situation amid thousands of falling trees, in a howling tempest of wind and rain to an unprecedented extent, when, at the very first opportunity to open a door and look out or the waste and destruction everywhere expected, old Mr. Alexander McCrea found Mr. Parsons safe and sound crouched up under a bench in his piazza, and his horse standing at the door steps, who it seems had defied the storms, tho' they did their level best or mightiest on the man and his horse.

The other was a case of more serious meaning. Old Mr. James McDowell, a Scotchman by birth and rice planter, was on North Island, residing at the time in his summer house, together with other planters, this island being then the favorite health resort in Georgetown district. That night his house was washed away, and to his horror, he saw his wife and children for the last time, struggling in the surging billows of the waters of North Inlet, now mingled in one body with the mighty Atlantic Ocean, while he escaped death by being dashed upon the bank of the mainland. A few years afterwards, Mr. McDowell married Miss Katie McCrea, of the Indianstown community of Williamsburg district, whose father

and mother were of much notoriety among us as to style, and having the credit of riding in the first elegant carriage ever coming to the Indiantown church, and hence for higher reasons, old Mr. Thomas McCrea and his wife and children were esteemed as "quality folks." From the above marriage is the present Presbyterian minister, Rev. James McDowell, esteemed and beloved for his gentle manners, his affectionate address and the Christian interest he has in his churches.

A good story was told on old Mr. Thomas McCrea, renowned for his temperate deeds and words, residing where Capt. W. H. Kennedy now lives. His family belonged to the higher social circles and were complimented by visits made to them by prominent people from abroad. In 1854, a public vendue of the effects of the estate of Mr. Thomas McCrea was made at his late residence, conducted by Dr. Ben Wither-spoon, of Sumterville, who had married one of the daughters of his family. On the day of sale, when the mahogany side-board was offered, the Doctor remarked that this piece of furniture has a little history, and Judge Earle was one of the actors during a visit to the family. Mr. McCrea, appreciating the call, drew his fine old brandy on the Judge, who had a good time by himself till bed time. The next morning before breakfast he wanted to wet his whistle, but Mr. McCrea had no idea he was in need of a morning dram, and did not heed such hints as hacking coughs, or complaint of cob-web in his throat, but when the Judge, as a last resort, walked up to the side-board, and gently tapping its door, saying: "Knock and it shall be opened unto you," he became aware of the insinuations.

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE LONG GOWN AND PRIVILEGED PERIOD OF A BOY'S LIFE—DESCRIPTION OF AN OLD TIME WEDDING IN 1826.

The period of a boy's life before he arrives at school age is one he remembers with mingled joy and some discom-fitures. When can I go to school, is his constant query, as then he doffs his long gown and puts on britches with home-made galluses of homespun cloth, with two or more button holes to suit the length of them. He is interesting to the

members of the household, as he plays and romps about in their sight, with his stick horse, made streaked and spotted by his dog knife or a one-bladed seven pence one, and, with a long cotton string tied to it for his bridle, he canters all day around the house yard, through the horse lot and up and down the avenue, fixing his long gown under him as a pad, or, as he termed it, his saddle. When hungry, yet never tired, he hitches his horse in the fence, or chimney corner, and feeds him before going into the house to his mah for a cold corn biscuit and a cup of butter milk, with his face, hands, feet and legs hardly recognizable as those of a white boy. In bee-swarming time he is ready to beat tin pans and old bells with other people to drown the cluck of the queen bee, and thus force the bees to settle on some limb of a tree, from which they are taken into a hive, by the only person on the place who carries a bee charm, and doesn't receive a sting, and he alone can take a bee scab for its honey. He pleases his mah as he watches for the hawk and pursues him into the woods, and sometimes recovers the stolen chicken, and he is as happy as the days are long, except when he stumps his foot, knocks a toe nail off, bruises his shins or rips his gown up to the shoulders, and, perhaps is forced to endure equal pain in the washing of them before going to bed, as in addition to the soreness, they are so chapped that the home-made lye soap used on them with very coarse foot towels, always brought out more or less crying, before the house boy finishes his required work in rubbing and scrubbing till they are passable and can bear inspection.

When company comes and he is cut off from getting into the house to wash and to shift his dirty clothes, he hides under the house, dodges behind its pillars and peeps around at them as they enter the yard and house. In due time he comes in among them, having undergone preparations before putting on clean clothes and his britches. He is quite an interesting little fellow with the children of the company, exhibiting some little pranks before the girls to show his activity, and all things are pleasant to him till dinner is on the table, and he is told to wait for the second table. While the company is eating, he watches them through the cracks of the doors from the next room with a relish increasing as the turkey and ham are removed and pan cakes and malaga wine are served, or a large apple dumpling, resembling a fat pig previously cleaned and

ready for the brick oven, served with sugar and butter and sifted nutmeg in a large bowl. His impatience leads him to wonder, if they are going to eat up everything on the table, if it takes till sun down, and maybe he indulges in his mind some unkindness about their slowness at the table.

"Company coming today," of neighbors to our house was generally expected to be made as it suited them that day, but that of those who were not in the immediate circle of friends and relatives was spoken of in advance, and preparations made for their special entertainment. There were two such families in particular, residing two and five miles respectively, above Indiantown church, whose visits to their "Cousin Sam and Cousin Mary Ann McGill," were always those of joyous excitement, as they were seen in their splendid equipages, coming down the avenue to our house. Sam's parents loved "the Coopers" of that time, and having known them in their infancy they were ever on intimate terms. Col. William Cooper and Mr. George Cooper were much concerned in his father's behalf, when he was summoned to trial in the church session house for dancing and giving dancing parties in his house. They too, belonged to that class who had music in their souls and joy at the sound of the fiddle, and there is an instance of that fact before his eyes. Mr. George Cooper married Miss Thormutas Montgomery in 1825, and gave, after the event at his house, an infair of double proportions. Sam's two elder sisters attended and carried their big budder (Sam) with them. There was dancing in the hall below stairs and in a large room above stairs at the same time, so great was the crowd present to do honor to the distinguished and newly married couple. During the night this little fellow fell asleep on a large trunk or chiss, in an adjoining room up stairs, and on awaking he could not find his little hat of which he was proud. He cried, and his sisters were too busy then in the dance to help hunt it. While in this tearful condition, Capt. Asa Brown, seeing his distress, hunted the hat for him.

Afterwards, and during Mr. Brown's life, his early y... ful friend never failed to show his attachment and to support him in his candidacy for the sheriff's office made in 1845, contrary to the expectancy of friends of later favors. There were three other candidates in the field, John Lequie, called Jack by his friends and neighbors; Solomon Coward, for re-election, called King Solomon, who, like all other sheriffs in those

days, was called King by those he was forced to oppress; and W. J. Carter, on the "crick," who never failed to say the deuce at any thing funny, was also dubbed the Deuce by his friends and neighbors. When the election was had, and its results showed Carter's election, old Capt. Asa Brown, called Ace for short, of known wit and humor characteristic of that family of Browns, exclaimed in a loud, gleeful tone of voice in the court house at Kingstree: "Gentlemen, gentlemen, this is the first time in my life I've ever known the deuce to beat the ace, king and the jack." The crowd whooped, and were so pleased with his originality and humor with which he took his defeat, that they contended that he should be treated the balance of the day, but Capt. Brown stood up under all the courtesies of his numerous friends but never lived to enter a second race. In the days of long ago, "seven-up" was the only game of cards played, excepting "smut" and "old maid" with ladies, and hence Brown's allusion to that game enjoyed in private circles and at public places mostly for sport or treats.

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About the eighth year of our lives a new era in early boyhood is opening, and he is known no more as a shirt tail boy, but assumes a place among his people. He is noticed and much cared for as he accompanies the older children to school, held as a reserved force in case of sickness or accidents, as a body-guard for his sisters he provides himself with a stick, which he claims will be used if the wolves invade his path, as the wolves did yet at times make havoc among the sheep, and when very hungry would attack little boys, it was said, and to show his boasted heroism, a snake story will suffice. Snakes were so numerous that children imagined them everywhere, and were in constant dread of them. The whip snake was held in greatest horror, for it was told they would whip you to death with their long tapered tails, and that being on horseback was no protection, as they would outstrip the horse at his best speed, fasten their fangs into his legs and whip the rider to death. One evening on our return from school, and in sight of our home, one of his sisters suddenly screamed out: "Ohe! Ohe! Snake bite me!" We ran with all our might, bellowing the dreadful news to our parents and others who came running to meet us. Such a bellowing was heard all around that even the lamentations of cattle over the blood

of one of their mates fail to express our heart-rendering cries, caused by the dreaded snake bite, which upon examination, proved to be quite slight, and brought out the fact, that the snake seen by one of the sisters, was a little longer than Jane's fingers, the supposed victim to the fury of a venomous reptile.

As a protector, Sam occasionally went with his sisters to a school located on the brow of the hill on the eastern side of Indiantown swamp bridges, taught by a Mr. North, and being a privileged scholar, he said one or two lessons a day if he felt disposed. One day the teacher confined him to the school room and put the A B C book in his hand to study the lesson. This was more than he had been accustomed to endure, and, after dinner when the school was called in, he did not respond, but lay in the road at the foot of the hill, playing in the sand. After a while his sisters came and begged their brother to go into the school house, which failing, they offered to pay him, but with like results. Mr. North sent one of the boys to entice him to come in, but he went back as he came, and then the teacher, fearing that the boy would attempt to run away and get lost, came down the hill and kindly asked Sam to go back with him, but when he told the teacher, "I have the belly ache," he left and perhaps pitied his agony without the means at hand to ease it. There is a probability of the truth in this case when it is asserted that boys, like him, could not be kept from eating raw turnips, potatoes and pin-ders. Mr. North, an Englishman, was said to possess much gentility and educational advantages, and acquired some notoriety when Willtown was at its zenith. He married a Miss Morris at Black Mingo, and died in early manhood. A few years after his death, and while the widow and her children were in a destitute condition, their circumstances and place of residence being told to the great and wealthy Mr. William Burrows, who remembered Mr. North as his teacher in boyhood years, built a place for them on his plantation on Turkey Creek, and thus they were placed in a good condition and near the widow's brother, old Mr. Robert Morris, of known piety and devoutness. One of her sons, J. Wesley North, was educated by Mr. Burrows, and this boy, thus strengthened and encouraged, made some distinction before our war as a Methodist minister.

There was one other school of like pretensions, taught by Mr. John Hanna in a school house above the Indiantown

church on the Paisley road. This house, like Mr. North's, was small, built of poles, with clay floor and one door, one or two cracks between the poles left undaubed with clay served as windows to give light and ventilation to the scholars; the teacher usually sat at the door. One incident happening at Mr. Hanna's school is fully remembered, and it was in this manner: All the children were in the school house studying their lessons, and here too Sam, wild, fat and lively, was a privileged scholar, and standing in the door near the teacher looking out into the woods, a hawk suddenly passed in view, and he as suddenly exclaimed: "Looker the hawk! Looker the hawk!" and holloing and clapping his hands in pursuit, not stopping till he had him clean out of sight. Mr. Hanna was a young man of much promise and died a short time after his engagement with the above school. He was a son of old Mr. Hugh Hanna, of Revolutionary fame, coming down South with Gen. Green's army, joining Gen. Marion's brigade, and was wounded in one of the battles by a bullet from the enemy, which, having been extracted, has been preserved and cherished by the family, and probably it can yet be shown by some member of the Hanna family, and the curious are respectfully referred to our esteemed auditor, H. Z. Hanna, and his brother, W. J. Hanna, survivors of the grandsons of the old Revolutionary character, old Mr. Hugh Hanna.

Here ends Sam's free and easy manners and henceforward he is known as a school boy, as Col. D. D. Wilson and old Mr. Samuel McGill united in a school and engaged the services of a Mr. McGuire to teach for them in Col. David Gordon's old residence, situated about half way between them. Col. Gordon is of great Revolutionary fame under Marion, and his son, Mr. John Gordon, settled near his father's old place, and his other son, William, either dying early or moving away, is not in the author's memory, but his son, the late John A. Gordon, residing over Black River near the Lower Bridge, across Black River, ever neat and elegant at home and abroad, stands prominently before us, his virtues reflected in his family as in extended prominence and usefulness is his son, our fellow citizen, Mr. D. E. Gordon, of Lane's. The old place of Col. Gordon was afterwards owned by Mr. Samuel Scott, who married one of his family, and sold by him to Mr. Wilson Rodgers whose son, Melvin Rodgers, owns the place. Now, as a resumption of the school with which this paragraph

began it only remains to be told that so remiss in his duty as a school master was Mr. McGuire, that at or before the end of his engagement he was discharged. But even here in this short time there was a glory, for between D. E. Wilson and L. D. McGill, the only boys at that school, an endearment arose which has lasted now seventy-five years. Ned Wilson's elder brother, R. Harvey Wilson, could not attend this school on account of an abscess in his side, which was lanced by Dr. Bradley, residing at Kingstree. A large scar between his lower ribs remained, which when shown to the school boys a short time after the healing, created a horrified sensation and a wonder at the heroism of Harvey in having the nerve to undergo the awful operation.

The week or ten days immediately preceding Thursday, 26th April, 1826, were made the scenes of unusual bustle and activity in and around the McGill homestead at Indiantown, second only to the birth of the first born of that family, now to be given away in the bonds of holy wedlock. The house was scoured from top to bottom, and the house, yard and outside the front gate raked and swept. The wood yard filled with all manner of dry wood, and great piles of oak and light-wood heaped up outside the gate for the accommodation of servants, boys and gentlemen, too, to be used during the expected wedding night. The old brick oven was hardly allowed to cool day or night, in roasting turkies and pigs (barbecuing was unknown then) and in baking pies and cakes, chief of which was the great cake steeple to decorate the supper table centre. Cake for the bride, groom and parson was placed at the head and foot of their respective places, and cakes cut in slices, placed on a large waiter and glasses of wine in another waiter, to be carried around by negro women servants, neatly dressed, and served forth to the parson, bride and groom and their waiters, and the guests soon after congratulation services. One large cake and a bottle of wine are set aside for a special purpose. While this baking and icing of cakes are going on, the little children of the family and those of neighbors called to assist in the wedding preparations, there is a great effort made by our "old maumer," provided with a long switch to keep them away from the cakes and out of the way of the workers, as they are in all manner of mischief.

About sundown of this day the little boys and girls are waiting at the gate in expectation of the coming of the two

heralds who are to announce the readiness of the groom and his party yet out of sight, and to carry back to them the bottle of wine and the cake, the former of which is claimed and given to the winner in the horse race just made, and the cake to the other rider, in accordance with a long established custom. "Diamond," a splendid black horse, belonging to Italy Wilson, of Kingstree, won the bottle. At early twilight the house was lighted with tallow candles placed in candlesticks and the great log heaps outside the gate were set on fire, and the groom and party are at the gate, and many negro boys and men offering their services to hold the horses, expecting to be paid, while the groom's horse is carried round to the stable. Quickly the bridal party are together, and appear in the hall before the parson, and as quickly, John Thomas Scott and Elizabeth Amelia McGill are married by the Rev. Mr. Cousar. Supper being over and the parson with his cake, affectionately bidding good-bye, dancing commenced and continued till morning light. The next day looked like Sunday and was a general breaking up, as chairs, dishes, plates, knives, forks, cups, saucers and spoons were sent back to the neighbors from whom they had been borrowed.

Before the lapse of six weeks there was another wedding at our house, tho' of less magnitude, as on the 6th June, 1826, Samuel John Snowden and Jennet Louisa McGill were married. The loss of their two first daughters gained two kind loving and dutiful sons-in-law to their parents, who were ever pleased to recognize their "Pah and Mah" as of distinct relationship in giving aid and comfort, not alone to their parents, but to their brothers and sisters whom they called "Brother Tom and Brother John." In the family Bible the following records are there: "Elizabeth Amelia McGill was born 12th August, 1807. Married J. L. Scott, 27th April, 1826. They moved to Arkansas 1860. Mr. Scott died on the way." This dear old sister, now in her 87th year last year, wrote a kind letter to the writer in her own hand writing, after the old style. Three of her children are yet with her and her youngest son, Brad. Scott, is of marked prominence in wealth and personal charms. "Jennet Louisa McGill was born 17th January, 1810. Married S. J. Snowden 6th June, 1826, and died in child-bed on 5th March, 1827. Buried in the Indian-town church yard." Mr. Snowden afterwards married Miss Jane Barr, who, dying, he married Eliza Paisley, and they two,

in compliment to his first wives, called their first born Mary Louisa Jane, who is now the elegant and accomplished Mrs. Mary Durant, whose children, men and women now, by her first husband, Mr. Samuel Italy Wilson, son of Col. David D. Wilson, and brother of Dr. David Edward Wilson, are of marked ability, highly and gladly entertained among us, not alone for their own intrinsic, moral and intellectual worth, but that class of citizens whom Williamsburg county ever rejoiced to claim and honor. The Wilson family was highest in beauty of person and modesty of behavior, and this writer delighted to be seen in this company.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### OLD TIME SCHOOLS—DISCIPLINE OF THE TEACHERS—12 O'CLOCK GAMES—AMUSEMENTS, &c.—SUNDAY AND SACRAMENTS.

Parts of the following narrative were read to the white and colored Teachers' Institute lately held in Kingstree and is here reproduced:

Old age is honorable, is a maxim. In the days of ancient Rome, during the period of her brightest, intellectual and moral culture, old age was so greatly characterized and received such marked and respectful attention that it was said to be a pleasure to grow old in Sparta.

In our modern day, amid the hurry of life, old age is yet honorable, and its fortunate possessor is expected to be able to instruct the youths in the paths of wisdom both by his example and knowledge of the history of his immediate country, and his reminiscences of the past events of his own life worthy of recital.

This latter requirement of the old is what is now desired to be done, by first introducing you to our old-fashioned school houses, to the teacher and to the schools taught fifty and sixty-five years ago, recording some amusing and instructive incidents connected therewith, including the mode of teaching employed, the rigid discipline found necessary to engage attention to study, the coercive system as the prerogative of the teacher and the quiet, submissive acceptance of the

scholar as a matter of course, because their fathers expected it and had undergone the same sufferance before them. Also the author's experience and trials during the years of his early school life in learning the a b c lesson, the many spelling lessons as were contained in Webster's spelling book, known as the Old Blue Back, together with some incidents of that period, such as anecdotes, 12 o'clock amusements in games, the kindness of the dear little girls, the peculiarities, eccentricities and inelegance of the boys, all constituting the old field schools of long ago years.

It was in January, 1829, the employers of the Indiantown school (the term patrons was unknown then) engaged the services of an old gentleman from Georgetown to take charge of their school for a term of twelve calendar months; there was no vacation of the school granted to teacher, except perhaps a 4th July celebration day, then so common, and a few days only at Christmas and all other days were at the teacher's expense. Hence arose the bar out plan among the school children, by which the teacher was made to give two weeks Christmas holidays, peacefully if he will, forcibly if we must. This latter alternative was seldom made necessary, as the teacher, fearing a duckin in the nearest pond, gracefully yielded to the requirements of a petition signed by the whole school, tho' with a faint protest, it seeming to be his duty to make some show of resistance to the invaders of his domain.

In those days the teacher's work began at early morn and closed at late noon each day, barely giving the children time to get home by sun down. At 12 o'clock there was a recess for dinner and play. The general appearance of this old gentleman, tall in stature, neat in dress, his linen ruffles, then a mark of gentility, when not protruding carefully laid back over his breast under his vest, his long gray hairs smoothly combed on his neck, his graceful manner as he walked up and down the school house in his long, flowing gown in summer, it being considered indecorous to be seen in shirt sleeves in society, are indelibly imprinted on the school boy's brain. Such was Mr. Levi Durand, of Georgetown. For two succeeding years he was employed in the same school, which gave the children the advantage of three consecutive years of tuition under one teacher.

Old Mr. Durand was a disciplinarian in the school room surely belonging to the "most straightest sect" of teachers,

was a wonderful believer in the application of the switch across our knees, but more usually over our shoulders on our backs. Acting under a necessity, as it was considered, his use of the chinquepin twig, then abounding in the woods and fence corners, was liberal and even dexterous, and he spared not, particularly on the boys, who, when the supply of switches placed vertically in a certain corner in easy reach of the teacher, was exhausted, were sent out to cut others, and who did some times ring them round with a thin, sharp bladed knife, by which they would easily snap in two to the annoyance of the teacher and to the joy of the school. Diligent inquiry by the teacher frequently failed to find out him who had cut the switches, as only the sharpest boys with the sharpest knives, as were the Gordon boys, Jim and Dave, would dare to do such hazardour tricks, and make a success.

The Indiantown Presbyterian session house was our school room, in which were twenty-five or thirty children seated. Its location was at the west end of the Indiantown graveyard and in full view of that old and venerable historic burying spot, with its graves and tomb-stones. This constant exposition of the memorials of the dead before our eyes may have moulded our youthful minds into the belief of the visitations of ghosts on earth and the realization of ghost stories, heightened by keeping company with the negro boys at home, who were so superstitious, made so by their parents, that their lives were chastened by the stories of the dead in their communication with them as seen at graveyards or in the dead hours of the night.

There was one window at the end of the house, from which was extended our long pine board writing desk, reaching half the length of the room. Thus obstructed, we were cut off from the outside world, and during school hours we were a nation of ourselves, but we contrived a way to look out through the chinks of the weather boards made larger by knives, thus affording one peep at people passing by when the teacher was otherwise engaged.

The boys and girls were allotted on opposite sides, facing each other, not only at our writing stand, but during the hours of study. Seated on hard, high pitched benches we would swing our feet and legs underneath them, thus giving circulation to our almost senseless limbs, caused by long sitting in one place. This deadened condition of our feet and

limbs were known as "gone to sleep," which was made sensible and visible as we rise from the benches and start to walk.

There was penalty if the boys intruded on the girl's side of the school room, and no interview with them was admissible. This injunction was very trying to some of the boys and perhaps unkind to the dear little girls, who may have desired to consult with us respecting our lessons. Yet our eyes met and their affectionate meeting did mollify, in some measure, the hard fate of all.

No talking, whispering or laughing were allowed in school. When anything funny occurred, we smothered the laugh by placing the palms of our hands over our mouths and holding our noses with the thumb and forefinger. In some instances, a mischievous boy sitting by would suddenly jerk our hands away, and thus uncover the pent up risible ebullition, the noise of which we try to make resemble a cough, and, when unnoticed by the teacher that mischievous boy went unchallenged, but if not, he had to account for his damaging trick at 12 o'clock. The eyes of the teacher were fixed on us, and for the least looking away from books he was ever shouting to some one in a peremptory tone of voice, "Get your lesson." The position of our books held up in front of the face did afford some respite, by which we watched the teacher from its sides or peeped over its top at him.

Our home-made ink, in broken wine glasses, was fixed in the centre of our writing stand along its entire length. Our pens were goose quill and the school master employed his 12 o'clocks in making new pens and mending old ones put on his table, with a pen knife. There was a set time for writing during which the whole school was thus engaged, the teacher standing over us, directing and even guiding our pens. It must have been amusing and a test of his patience to hear our complaints of the defection of our pens when handed to him to mend; such as "it is too hard and won't let out the ink," or, "it is too soft and lets out too much ink," or, "it splatters the ink over the paper."

Our copy books were made the length of fools cap paper which the teacher ruled, being two parallel lines for big hand and one for little hand and we wrote as much of one as of the other. Our copies were on little strips of paper written by the teacher, and we were required to keep them over every preceding line of ours, imitating the teacher's own hand writing

alone. We were made to copy letter by letter, making them round and full with directions to make "down strokes heavy, up strokes light," and to keep our copy books neat and clean, and woe to us if we blotch them or make fancy touches of the letters. We all wrote a similar hand, somewhat corresponding to the plain and elegant chirography of the master.

Our slate pencils, fastened to the slate by a string, were mostly cut from the old broken slates our fathers had used, being frameless, large and thick and consequently weighty, preferring those to bought ones, which were irregular in shape, being more flattened than oval and generally too hard, scratching the slate and making our flesh crawl. Our lead pencils were made from melted buck shot or rifle bullets, hammered round and fixed in cane stems, and so too, were the slate pencils.

We were all in Old Webster, and at first each one in a class alone. After many days of restlessness, perplexity and distress in the confines of a school room, we master the a b c's for we can read them up and down and skip about. Learning the alphabet in those days was an up hill business; its acquisition, unaided by parents, who claimed they had turned you over to the school master, was a source of much gladness and boasting as tho' we knew we had a world of letters at our command. We now turn over a new leaf, and it is well to do so, for the a b c page is so defaced and worn that these characters are hardly distinguishable.

We chime through the ba's, bla's, bra's, spla's, spra's with a chanting voice, giving a cadence at the end of each, and by the time we become familiar with the long sound of such syllables and turn a new leaf we encounter another difficulty in learning the short sound of vowels, as ab, et, ib, ob, ub; and after so long time, attended with great labor, we turn many leaves and are almost in sight of Baker, and we tell our friends whether asked or no, that one leaf more will carry us to Baker, which in our time was ever hailed as the height of a little boy's ambition. By this time the pages over which we have gone are torn and blackened and only with care can be kept in their right places. They present a picture of hard usage, their corners crisped and turned up, and we called them "dog ears" from their fancied resemblance to that canine appendage.

Our left thumbs, tightly holding the lower and centre

part of the preceding pages, moistened by the perspiration produced by such hard work, have worn through the leaves of the book even to the binders. Before we are done with the Baker lesson we have learned to spell and combine syllables to form a word, which we found equally, if not more, difficult than in any former lesson. But master it, and henceforward begin to take pleasure in our book, and have more regard for its appearance. We have passed the Rubicon and better times are in view as we spell the crucifix and other three syllable lessons with some ease and much satisfaction.

Now, we are good climbers and arrive at Aerial, this being the first word in the lesson of four syllables. Aerial! Well do I remember that word. I missed it and was whipped; still standing by the side of the teacher, I missed it at the second trial, and again at the third, and was whipped each time. Tears blinded my eyes, and if confusion worse confounded was ever exemplified in a quiet and innocent way my condition, exhibited to the whole school, was a case of it. Many other trials to spell the words by syllables and connect each, produced the same results. Yet even then and there I made a discovery that tear drops are magnifiers of greatest capacity, reflecting all the colors of a prism, as each letter of the six composing the word Aerial looked, if not as long and large as a finger, really too large to be recognizable, while their edges were variegated with all the colors of a rainbow. I survived the dilemma, assured that if any unkind feeling was engendered, it was not long entertained. May not this particular circumstance on that day in the school house account for the school boy's aerial voyages through life. If air castle-builders are aerial voyagers, then this query can be answered in the affirmative. A few days later, after the aerial trip, we met with the word Memorandum in another spelling lesson. Memorandum! Yes, well was that word impressed, because the same scenes were re-enacted as those in aerial. May not this circumstance account for the keeping of a memorandum book or diary beginning in 1836 and continuing till the last few years? One other whipping received, and that ends this chapter. In writing one of our copies as "Sin and sorrow are inseparable companions," Sam, contrary to orders, made the tail of the capital S resemble that of a snake in his kwile on the way down, and refusing to be reprimanded for it, was forced to accept both, and the same aerial and memorandum scenes were re-enacted.

May not this circumstance account for the plain, yet elegant writing for which Sam has ever been commended? In this last whip, Sam, who had cut up quite a caper around its operator during its application, while yet loudly and deeply sobbing on his seat, hurled back the epithet given in the teeth of the teacher at the command of his temper: "You is as much of a puppy as I is." By way of an interlude to excuse the digression these two friends, after a total absence of the teacher from among us during ten subsequent years, met amid many congratulations, mingled with tears of joy, so great was our pleasure to be placed face to face again in this world.

Our spelling lessons, as we advance, are hailed with almost boundless joy, as we enter the extensive plain of "tions and sions," and the prospect delighted us. A charm is attached to them; these suffixes are more numerous than the others, increasing in importance and strength along with educational and intellectual progress of the day. The words monetization and demonetizations are examples of their extension and usage. These syllables are popular without derivation or meaning, but being euphoneous, please the ear and mark the subject or object of sentences with few exceptions used in the affirmation of them.

A professor in the Medical College of South Carolina, in Charleston, in 1839 and 1840, whose branch of instruction was physiology, where there are so many words ending in "tions," such as, dentition, mastication, deglutition, etc., gave additional charms to them, not only by his deep, full tone of voice, but in the peculiarity of his pronunciation of them, making them rhyme with "John" or as if spelt "shon," as he said to his class: "Sensation is the perception of an impression made upon some organ," sounding the last word almost a "shon."

Still advancing by slow and anxious steps we reach and pass the lessons containing five and six syllables, giving the proper accent to their syllables as taught, and commanded to do. On we go, and arriving at immateriality, perpendicularity and a dozen or more words of seven syllables, which, with two words of eight syllables, incomprehensibility, unintelligibility, we spell with ease and a degree of self-complacency and boyish pomposity. Mentally holding these at our fingers' end, we safely and joyously overtake the long expected lesson, near the end of our old Webster, called by us the "Briar Patch," where the letters have not the sounds we have been accus-

tomed to give them, such as any, batteau, busy, business, colonel and so on, the last being chevaux defrise. These afford some fun as testing the capacity of our minds in the comprehension of the spelling of these words, familiar to usage—and the retention of them in our memories.

A few lessons more and we are among the pictures, seven of them, which held up before our eyes with their moral lessons were of more value than if seven silver dollars, then almost as scarce as hen's teeth, lay at our feet. What! Well, form your own conclusions. These pictures we read and re-read, we memorize them and find pleasure in reciting them to anybody who will deign to accept our importunities and listen to us. The girls were more pleased with the fable of the boy that stole apples, and for any unkindness to them they would taunt us with the epithets applied to the rude boy, such as "youngster, young sauce box, young chap," while the boys with a show of retaliation, would tease the girls by citing a portion of the fable of the country maid and her milk pail, who with her new green dress, expected to toss away in disdain at the next May party from the young fellows who had slighted her on a previous occasion. There were no pictures in the books of this period, excepting the seven in Webster, and in the school edition of Aesop's Tables, just introduced, and those large and beautiful ones in the family Bible which the children sadly defaced in looking at them on Sunday evenings.

Before the expiration of three years' continuous study we have, to some extent, mastered our dear old Webster, for we are good spellers and fluent readers. To this broad assertion there is one exception which should be made. Sam survived the coercive system of the teachers of those times with a glimmering hope of its utility in after life, but he cannot say the same of one other scholar of our school. Tho' not bodily corrected, being the largest and oldest boy among us, he was made to read over and over half dozen times Aesop's Fable of the Mountain and Mouse at one standing. He became more and more confused in the recitation of it, and could not clearly enunciate the difference between "out crept a mouse and out crept the mouse," sometimes changing them to out crept the mice and out crept a mice. The repetition of that fable and the impressiveness of that scholar with the teacher bending over him, are present in the mind as the

writer repeats, "The mountains were said to be in labor and uttered most dreadful groans. The people came together far and near to see what birth would be produced, and after they had waited a considerable time in expectation out crept a mouse."

Old Mr. William McFadden, than whom none was more modest, innocent and peaceful, used to say that his son John was as bright a child as he had, but that old Mr. Durant had injured his mind.

About the time we supposed our knowledge was complete in the last lessons of Webster's Spelling Book, where many words are pronounced alike, but spelt differently, having their definitions affixed, we received for the exercise of our literary advancement a written example of two of these words, leaving eight blanks to be supplied by them in a sentence of fifteen words when completed. In its operation, for once in our mutual affection and interest we were selfish, as we hide our slates from our neighbors in our anxiety to test each other's power of understanding. When our slates were ready for inspection there was quite a merriment at the expense of the unthinking in the absence of instructions to confine ourselves to the biblical account of the slaughter of Abel by his brother Cain, and to always begin proper names with a capital. As well as remembered the sentence was thus given to us on separate sheets of paper and presented in this wise:

"Abel, a man's name. Able, strong, powerful.

Cain, a man's name. Cane, a shrub or staff.

If —— was to —— —— why was not —— —— to ——  
——?"

Anything and everything were eagerly sought to disengage our minds during the recess hours from the five hours labors and restrictions in the school room.

In Arithmetic we have learned, after many weeks of labor, the Multiplication Table, getting at first one line each night, but they had to be well gotten. Sums in addition, multiplication, subtraction and division were made on our slates by the teacher, and when obtained and presented to him, if the answers were correct, new ones were given; but otherwise he would say "wrong," and one would have to go over the work. A sum in long division, with its divisor in the millions, and its dividend extending thence lengthwise of the slate, and its

quotient when obtained placed down along the margin, did occupy two weeks of our time, and every few days the figures had to be remarked by us to increase legibility.

Then we were given "Pike's Arithmetic," who must have been an Englishman, as most of his sums were in that currency, with a scattering in of "Federal money," and after some sort of manner we skim right along with our heads just above water till we arithmetically drown in the sea of inverse proportions both in the "Single and Double Rule of Three." When the answer to the question was made we were expected to hand in our work to the teacher, and he would say, "Got the answer? Go to the next sum." There was much to be troubled about in the rule called "Practice," in taking parts of the shillings, pence and farthings, and were it not for one of the boys, William Paisley, having a mathematical turn of mind, from whose slate we other boys copied, we would have been found in the vocative—wanting, as in Latin cases of nouns. Here we are threatened with a rule just ahead, as we are told, "Tare and Tret will make you sweat." Somewhere along here were the Fractions, which we did not understand, and cared less, as they were considered a somewhat useless possession, as only the fractions one-fourth, one-half and three-fourths were the ones used in our business transactions, such as 6 1-4, 12 1-2, 18 3-4 cents.

In Geography we knew the grand divisions of the globe, learned the names of the natural divisions of land and water and to define them, could bound countries and States, tell their capitols, largest towns and lakes, longest rivers and highest mountains, and this was about all we were required to do. We were perfect as far as we were taught and had them at the tip of our tongues. We were pleased with the sweet sounds of many names in South America, which were increased by their soft pronunciation by the girls, such as Rio de Janeiro, Santiago, Valparaiso, Orinoco, Pernambuco and Parimaribo, also Bonos Ayres and Venezuela. The spelling of Constantinople, given by syllables, created much fun at the expense of the uninitiated, where the "no" comes in. We boasted of our ability to spell Michilimacinack (nack pronounced naw) and Chickamacomico; the one has been volved into Mackinaw Bay, while the other has disappeared from our modern literature.

In Grammar we knew all the large print in Murray and

memorized it. At the beginning we met the first difficulty, as the language employed to describe the four parts into which grammar is divided was too elevated for our comprehension. We easily learned the nine sorts of words and could define them, and as Murray's Grammar has nearly become extinct and entirely ruled out of our schools, it may be profitable to present some of his definitions. Hear him: "A substantive or noun is the name of anything that exists or of which we have any notion. An adjective is a word added to a substantive to express its quality or some circumstance respecting it. A verb is a word which signifies to be, to do or to suffer." The term now called noun was unused and we parsed it a substantive—for instance, we said "man is a common substantive." The declension of the verbs in their various voices, moods, tenses, numbers and persons seems to have been our fort, for all the class are equally prepared, and it may be the choice of the verb "to love" had an impetus on our affections. Most of the Rules were sufficiently intelligible, and their applications in parsing promptly and correctly made; but a few were not, and yet we knew them in words, and when prompted to apply them they were repeated as tho' we were running a race to get clear of them, such as Rule XIV, "Two negatives in English destroy one another, and are equivalent to an affirmative; as, did they not perceive him, that is, they did perceive him." The query is, had we ever seen or heard of negative and affirmative outside of our spelling book? There are doubts. Rule XIX. In the use of words and phrases which in point of time relate to each other a due regard to that relation should be observed; as, instead of saying, "The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord," we should say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Such language may seem of easy construction, and perhaps is to the present generation of children, but in our day and time it was beyond the depth of our untutored minds, where the power of memory alone was our reliance and pride.

Kept under great surveillance from the time we are called in to "Books" in the morning on the arrival of the school master to noon, we are tired and hungry, and having no watches in the school but the teacher's, whose face he purposely held away from us, it is no wonder our eyes were ever on the twelve o'clock mark at the door, which, if observed by

the master, we got the reminder from him, "Get your lessons." There was a joy when he announced "12 o'clock," as was demonstrated by the whole school, leaving our books on the benches, jumping and running for our hats and dinner buckets, and leaping out of the school house. Confined five or six hours without intermission, save going out with "the stick" one at a time, which rested at the door, we watch for the return of the boy with the stick and snatch for it. One going out in the morning and another at evening were all that were allowed us, and if oftener a permit from the teacher had to be obtained, but there were frequent violations of these rules by the bolder and more cunning of us in a stealthy way. Eating the cold dinner of cold fried bacon or chicken with "flitters," fried potatoes and cold rice, with any quantity of corn bread, with a relish, was a jolly time, as was shown by the heavy knocks on our backs necessary to dislodge the choke by a half dozen or more of the boys, and however hard the knocks, they were accepted in fun, and as a rightful method in the absence of water. Dinner being dispatched with greasy hands and lips, the smell these fries left on the well bucket with grease floating on its water, was anything but a joy, but of general remark, as we wash our hands and faces with water poured from the bucket, and sometimes without soap, and dry them on pocket handkerchiefs, which, when furnished, was through the providence of the girls.

After dinner the twelve o'clock recess was given to sports, and in most of our games the boys and the girls played together. In playing "Hail Over" the house the girls dashed around to the other side equal to the boys, and in "baseball" they used their aprons to catch the flying ball, and it was amusing to see them scattered around on the play ground, running about with stretched aprons to catch the ball, and when caught to pitch or roll it to the nearest boy on their side, being good catchers but no slingers. In the game of "Steal Clothes" we divided into two companies chosen by the captains, who, drawing a long line on the ground, claim their respective sides of it as their possession, while the clothes, consisting of the boys' round jackets and the girls' aprons were placed thirty or forty yards in the rear of each company. Any one caught in the act of stealing or pulled over the line was neither paroled nor exchanged, but put into active service on the opposite side to which he first belonged. When all are

ready along the line he game begins by offering to shake hands or "huddy" across the line, by which banter the stronger expected to pull the weaker over to his side. Soon two engage, and calling for help, both sides instantly rush to assist in the pull, each one forming in the rear, clinching the dress or hugging the waist, when a powerful pulling succeeds by which the two first engaged, unable longer to hold, become forcibly disengaged, and down go to the ground both lines, falling upon each other. In the meantime a set of skirmishers along the line, watching the opportunity, succeeds, if not run back, in carrying off one piece, and after this manner the game continues till one or the other side loses his company and his clothes.

Another game was played in two companies, each having a base called home. The game was called "Fox and Geese," as both shout to each other in this manner as the foxes thus begin, "Goosey, goosey gander." The geese replies, "Fox in the manger." "How many geese you got?" "More than you can catch at one haul." Then all simultaneously shout and banter, the last touch of home gives the preference to catch, by which all are soon engaged and long races ensue.

On a windy or drizzly day, all being out on the play grounds, we extend our arms to their full lengths and turn round and round, saying, "Rain come wet me, sun come dry me," till dizziness prostrates us, saying as we fall to the ground, "Oh, I am drunk," thinking in our innocence there was fun in getting drunk. Or, at other times, two of us would hook our fingers together with our toes touching and with our heads and bodies swinging backwards, prance round and round with our pattering feet in a circle till drunkenness succeeds, throwing us in different directions.

Baseball was played with paddles, having a half dozen or more base stretches, and using a game ball such as was played against a house. In another school this game was called "Town Ball," played with round sticks and a solid India rubber ball, which some of the boys could send high up in the air, falling to the ground a hundred yards or more from the home base. In one of these games Sam was running around, and Davy Frierson, being out in the field and a great thrower, threw the ball at him, which, striking him on the temple, felled him to the ground, and before he could rise

Davy came running up and saying in a sorrowful way, "Oh, Cousin Sam, I didn't go to do it."

The game "Bull Pen" was very exciting, not only to see the bulls drop flat on the ground to dodge the ball, but to see the last one on the line run the lines and through the pen to get a near shot from any part of the lines of the pen.

In "Roley Holey," in which each had a hole dug in the ground, we stand around them, as a player rolls the ball confined between two poles, and before it settles in any hole the more excitable boys dash away, and being called to, return only to find the ball in their hole, and the other players beyond the reach of his ball as he throws. For every out a chip is put in his hole, three outs putting you out the game. The last in the game being the winner, has a ten step throw at the open hand of each player, resting on the wall of the house. If he strikes any other place than the open hand he must expose his hand to the throws of those who received the ball outside their open hands.

In another play two of the tallest boys would lock hands and hold them up to form an arched gate. A line of the scholars formed, and catching on to each other's dresses, they advance through the gate, saying,

"Hold up the gate as high as the sky,  
To let King George and his army pass by,"

through which entry the gate keepers try to get the hindmost. This may have been to personify the devil's claim to the laggards, or the play had in derision, as history records the patriotism and devotion to the cause of American Independence of every man in that section of country, under the leadership of Gen. Marion, aided by Maj. James, Capt. John James and Capt. McCottry, and the daring deeds of the four other brothers of the James' on Lynch's Lake, who were Marion's right-hand men and his scouts.

"Hull gull. Hand full. How many?" was played with chinquapins, being very abundant at that time, and also the game "Even or Odd," in closed hands. These games may have been a species of childish gambling, tho' none of our crowd ever indulged in it to any extent, yet one of them had an innate itching in that direction, in imitation of his grand uncle, Gavin James, of recorded Revolutionary daring deeds, who, it was said, delighted to see his celebrated racer, "Doll," on

the race stretch, and could never control a passion to back his judgment and join in the sport of an uncertainty as is in a hap in a hazard or rough at a venture.

Boys played "Mumble the Peg" with the open blade of a knife, which when thrown up from the hand must stick in the ground straight up or nearly so, the throws open hand, back hand, closed hands, mouthums, teethums, share pate, mark the pig in both ears, break the gander's neck, run the gray mare and slap jack heels over head being repeated by each player. The player out was required to mumble up a peg, driven in the ground by one stroke of the back of the knife by each player.

The boys jumped the hammers, being quarter, half and whole, and one or three jumps on a level, leaped over sticks resting on two crutches, in which Robert J. McFadden, one of our boys, easily bounded over one four feet high, and for which he was applauded by the girls, who witnessed our games of activity when not playing by themselves. In the game "Hop Scott" the boys and girls played together.

The most interesting, exciting and amusing game was marbles, in which we sometimes came near, if not wholly, to the striking point, but we did so without casting damns at each other, only using such execrations as "confound you;" or "blast your ugly picture." Some boys would claim slippance and there was none, violating the orders "knuckle down and fire hard," no fudging, no clearance nor roundance and no extension of the span towards the ring or a man. When we hit a man, our marble representing our names, we would say with great non-chalence and marked satisfaction, "You are dead and out of the way." We bet marbles and swapped knives and pencils, in which the Gordon boys, Jim and Dave, were the most skilled, and by their extraordinary powers of ingenuity in making little wind and water mills and other original designs with their knives, owned many of our play things for a short time, but they would barter them away for assistance in their difficult lessons.

The boys played "Deer." One of the fleetest would be the deer and go into the near woods and hide; another as the driver with a stick for his gun, and the other boys as dogs. All being ready, the hunter puts out his dogs with a whoop, who dash away to scour the woods, barking on the track of the deer as seen when he left. Presently he is started from his

covert, and instantly the whole pack of dogs join in the chase, redoubling the bow-wow of the hound. The hunter urges his pack with louder and continuous whoops, and watching the run of the deer, and getting there before his approach, he fires off two barrels, which fells the deer, provided he is tired. The dogs, hearing the gun, are quickly there, and the hunter, with switches and brambles, finds some difficulty in keeping his dogs from tearing the hide of his buck or injuring his venison.

The girls played "Old Witch" by themselves. One of them, getting into a ditch or old clay hole, would act an old witch by stirring up the dirt in imitation of stirring a hominy pot, while the other girls would caper around, inquiring of her, "What o'clock, old witch?" who, after repeated answers to them of the various hours of the morning, would announce twelve o'clock and dinner time. Then she would ask, "How many chicks you got," and when told, "None for your pot," she says, "I will have a chick," and when told "you shan't have a chick," being repeated by both in a prancing and chanting manner through and around the clay hole and along its brink, the old witch, yet unable to get one, leaps out and the scramble begins with increased "I will have a chick;" "You shan't have a chick," and as the old hen and her brood swing around, vigorously defending themselves, suddenly some part of their dress gives away, and thus separated and alone, the old witch seizes one of the brood and runs away with a chick for her dinner.

During the heat of summer days the girls played "Jacks" with peach kernels, with edges ground smooth by the boys, who watched the girls catch the jacks on the back of their soft hands, so delicate and pliable as to bend their fingers backward and make a hollow thereon for the jacks to huddle. They put pigs in the pen, drive sheep over the bridge, and pen cattle, plying their nimble and tapered fingers to successfully perform these feats with an ease and grace truly captivating to the boys. After they are through with "skipums and hookums," then come "inchums and touchums," requiring art and practice. The jack must be thrown quite high that the other four jacks on the floor may be taken up singly, and then their eyes quickly turned up to find the flying jack and intercept it in the hand before it gets to the floor, and at which the boys gaze in admiration of their bewitching and anxious eyes turned up

to heaven as they place themselves in front of the girls to witness their performance.

One 12 o'clock the boys were rudely playing with an old ram goat belonging to the estate of McCutchen, around our well, which stood in the fork of the roads called Col. Cooper's and William Burrows' roads, and the girls were playing on the ditch bank between us and the session house where the teacher was standing. We had never seen or heard of a dough-face or any pictured thing of uncommon hideous appearance. The old teacher had one of these faces which he had lately brought up from Georgetown, where his wife and only daughter resided, and fixed up a plan with White McCutchen, the largest boy among us, to give us a fright, who, obtaining a sheet from his home, where he got dinner each day, and wrapping it around him and putting on the dough-face behind the church from us, suddenly and unobservedly appeared among the graves coming toward us. The screaming girls ran to the teacher, except Julina McCutchen, White's only sister, who by accident ran to us. Here we went pell mell in a compact body, the slowest of foot equal to the fleetest, screaming to old Maum Philis, who was washing clothes at the McCutchen well, and, while telling the story and all talking at the same time with highly excited breath, of the appearance of the ghost, giving highly exaggerated descriptions, the ghost was seen coming up the hill on the path to where we stood around old maumer. The boys again dashed away and got into the dwelling house, securing its doors and windows and feeling somewhat safe from murderous attacks, till one of the boys said, ghosts can come through cracks, and as this house of refuge was made of poles with many cracks, then it was our hearts failed, some praying on their knees, others hiding far back under the beds. The assumed ghost, seeing his sister with his good old maumer, threw aside his disguise and they became pacified, but not before the old colored woman had called aloud for her good old husband, Uncle George, to run to them, and it was with great effort on the part of the ghost, now at our door, to undeceive us, before he could make us believe the supposed ghost was only White McCutchen, and chief among the unbelievers was his brother, Thomas, then a little boy.

The impropriety of thus frightening the school was freely spoken of by the community, and so too with us in talking to

each other about our fright, as some of the boys were sore and of seeming incredulity in the ludicrous and cowardly scenes enacted, and the confused and incoherent expressions of words used on that occasion. This school boy has ever accepted his situation in the matter as a blessing, kindly affecting his nerves and producing a sentiment by which he fears the darkness of night, and entertains a solemnity in passing old graveyards in the twilight, when and where ghosts are supposed to appear on this earth.

With all of Mr. Durand's control over us in the school house he had none when we were not under his eye during the two hours, 12 o'clock recess and play time, and we were as jolly and mischievous a set of scholars as if we had not been flogged that day. The greatest drawback, was when one of us was stabled in the school house for bad night lessons. Such a boy was called a "horse in the stable," where he had to remain without dinner till that lesson was learned and recited, which, however, a few minutes sufficed to do, as he had stolen some time during the morning studies to prepare that lesson.

In the summer months we romped a mile or more from the school house to the McColtry old place, at the end of a long reach of road for apples, where there were many of the horse varieties, and continuing our run a few hundred yards we are at the McColtry bridge, where, after plunging and splashing in the turbid and heated waters of its lake, we amuse ourselves with the swamp owl, at one time, as he perches from tree to tree, snapping his jaws in defense of the owlets, or at another time, who yet sleepy and moping, twists his neck round to watch us with his large, glaring eyes, and occasionally answers his mate at a little distance with a terrific hoot, as if to say: "You cook to-day, and I'll cook to-morrow." We boys bemeaned him for his lazy habits and meanness to impose on others in his procrastination to do to-morrow what he could do to-day, as an honest and thrifty citizen.

Or, during another 12 o'clock recess, we prepare to go to the George White old place, just across the Indiantown Branch, to get June apples and strawberries for the girls, who, having washed their dinner buckets, send us for these delicacies. Nice strawberries were abundant along the eastern bluff of that branch, even down to its junction with the Big Swamp. Here we hunted partridges and their eggs, and with sticks, some of the boys were not only experts in a throw at the

partridges, but could call them up by imitating their whistle, while many of us, having no imitative powers whatever, were satisfied to return their call in the words: "George White; peas ripe; not quite."

The smaller boys and all the girls hunted lizards and chased them along the fence rails, demanding of them in peremptory tones: "Show me your money?" They were very energetic in heading the lizards and then getting a sight of their money, which they carried under the throat, partly contracted, yet subject to extension, at its will, in the shape of a semi-globule of red color. At this remote day, with none of those boys and girls to aid, it is hoped they did not kill the little insect if it refused to show its money in opposition to the fashionable term: "Your money or your life."

The boys often strayed down to the foot of the branch where the site of George White's water mill was and got "Fuller's Earth" for the girls, which we all used to make marks on our slates and pictures on the walls of houses, instead of chalk, besides eating a little of it just for fun.

One 12 o'clock play time, the two friends, little Ned Wilson and fat Sam McGill, went to Mr. John Douglas', living at the McColtry old place, on some business for Ned's father. We rode the Wilson children's roan pony, a tricky fellow, and going down the avenue to the house, which is yet visible by the marks of its old ditches, the pony, in crossing a little bridge saw, or thought he did, a boober under the bridge, and dodging to one side, he landed the two friends on the hard ground. Ned was quickly on his feet, calling on his friend: "Catch the pony, Sam! Catch the pony, Sam," who, unused to such hard treatment, was still lying on the ground, grunting as tho' half dead, and yet his groans were without a single bruise to warrant them.

The foundation of the new Indiantown Presbyterian Church being ready to be laid, a small eastern portion of the old church was pulled down for the position of the western portion of the new church, and upon which it now stands. In this condition, with only a small part of the old church taken down, it did not hinder divine services in it, protected by the frame of the new church on the exposed side, and was used till the new church was completed and received. The old church being thus exposed, the school children had free access to it, if not in their plays, it was open to their observation and reflec-

tion, as they found an old bullet hole through the back of the high frame of the pulpit. This hole was about the height of the location of the heart of a man sitting on his bench within the pulpit, and we were horrified, while looking at this demonstration of a murderous passion of a bad heart. The perpetrator of this desecration of the house of God was never authoritatively established, tho' rumor was busy in locating him, and for whom the bullet was intended to alarm. What! a bullet hole! We may have heard of a man shot to death with a bullet in the far off countries, and thought that such murders only occurred in the new countries in the West among the savage Indians. Oh, the present horror! We had never seen a pocket pistol and did not know that such deadly weapons were made.

The building of our new church, offered to the lowest bidder, was awarded to Col. D. D. Wilson and Mr. Samuel McGill, at \$1,700, which proved to be a tedious and unprofitable investment, as all the lumber for the church could not be gotten nearer than Lawren's water mill, on Lynche's Creek, ten miles above the present town of Scranton. These two contractors put all the material necessary for the completion of the church on the yard, and employed Mr. Doney, of Upper Pudding Swamp, to erect and complete the building. Many of the sills and other pieces were placed on the school children's former play ground, awaiting the broad axe upon its rough surfaces, and the children played on them. One 12 o'clock, while running up and down on them, the school boy ran a big lightwood splinter into his foot, somewhere between the tarsal and metatarsals bones, and so deep that neither the boys nor teacher were able to extract all of it, and limping painfully, he hobbled home as the teacher directed. His kind mother was terrified, but his father, in his usual rough way, with his old worn out pocket knife, kept only to cut up tobacco to fill his pipe, having a cane stem, splintered and chawed at one end, did gouge out parts of the splinter. In a short time the sore was healed, and the boy returned to school, yet limping. A year or two afterwards, a pimple arose on the top of his foot, and upon examination, proved to be the sharp point of something, which, in being opened and prized, out came a splinter half an inch or more in length and of smooth edges, if it had any. This is a tough story, but a true one.

Of the value we placed on our dinner buckets, some idea

may be formed by citing an incident which will illustrate them and as reflecting the sentiment of the whole school, taught under old Mr. Levi Durand, in 1829-'30 and '31. There were two children, William and Eliza Paisley, whose parents resided three miles from the school house, and with them came Joseph A. Thompson. They were driven daily to school in one of our old-fashioned chairs by a negro boy larger and older than they, who remained all day to drive them back in the evening. We all cared for Toney, who played with us during recess, rendering such services to the children as asked to do, and amusing us with a peculiar tune uttered through his puckered lips. One morning, just as they arrived at the junction of the Cooper and Burrows roads at the church, their horse became frightened at a gun fired near the roadside, and, suddenly jumping, broke both shafts of the chair, emptying the occupants on the ground. Immediately the boys are up and in pursuit of the horse, while Liza, a little girl, still being on the ground and apparently unable to rise, was crying. A few of us being near the scene of accident, hearing the cries of lamentation of our dear school mate, ran to her relief, exclaiming: "Oh, Liza, are you hurt? Do please tell us," who turning and looking at us, with tears streaming, said in a sorrowing manner: "I loss my dinner," and sure enough, there lay the school bucket upturned, its lid some distance away, and its contents scattered in the sand. Of these two children, William was our dependence in arithmetic, as we, in his class, contended for seats on his right and left in the school by which to copy his work from his slate, for we were not allowed to talk above our breath. In 1836, Liza married Capt. S. J. Snowden, a thrifty, energetic, Christian gentleman, residing below Indiantown church in an elegant mansion where his youngest son, Percy D. Snowden, now lives, and, in a highly commendable style, they raised many children of marked ability and prominence, and fine representatives of the Snowden and Paisley family name, the latter of which became extinct in this county at the death of William Paisley, occurring in 1842.

Of Liza's offspring, there are two men in high and honorable position in our State; her eldest son, Capt. S. J. Snowden, was a gallant officer in our war, and now a worthy and efficient School Commissioner of our county, and the other, her eldest grandson, John Snowden Wilson, a young, intelligent,

temperate, amiable, promising District Solicitor, with a broader field opening before him, by which he will enlarge his legal usefulness, if it is his privilege to do so.

By the expiration of our two hours recess, we are tired of our plays, and watch for the beckoning from the master, and his calling: "Books! Books!" which being done, we hasten to wash our hands and faces, and are quickly at our seats. Much of the evening exercises are on our slates, closing them with spelling one lesson off by heart, which we await with great anxiety, being, perhaps, the most enjoyable work of the day, as we run over the house for our spelling books and spell our lessons before being called up, in an audible whispering tone, these hissings resounding through the house. The manner of getting these spelling lessons even now evokes a smile, and marks the unintelligibility of the old time master's idea as compared with the modern method used in teaching a child to think, and here is the way we prepared our lessons: First by spelling the word half a dozen times on the book, and, hiding it under the forefinger, it undergoes the same spelling in the same number of times with equal rattling of the tongue and motion of the lips, and thus was the whole lesson prepared.

The "turn down" system in spelling was very popular, and with varying success with the more ambitious to spell "head," and one at the bottom of the line to spell "foot," causing the class to chuckle over it. Jimmie Gordon, the genius in the school, without a desire for "book learning," was almost invariably made to spell "foot," when one evening he changed it into "feet," saying it must be that word, as he was there all the time, and plural means more than one.

There was no abatement of the hours of our daily studies, except when one of the patrons, Mr. Samuel McGill, would call in, and beg us out, and for which we all loved him. This practice, he claimed, was in imitation of his father, Roger McGill, who used to come to their schools on Friday, and begged them out. These benevolent acts continued till one day in riding by the school house, while the school master was in one of his tantrum ways, he called to him, in his usual jovial way: "Heigh, old man, you scold worse than an old woman," and upon which the teacher said to the school: "You hear that; look out for squalls, now, I'll do less talking and more whipping;" he kept his word.

When the school was dismissed for the day, there was no disturbance going home, no loitering or playing, but with quickened steps we hurried on homewards to get the dinner our good mothers had kept for us in the cupboard; first meeting the little negroes, we hand over our school buckets to them, who had run to meet us on the road to get "de school chil'en dinner bucket."

Among the many pleasing reminiscences of our early boyhood days, the scenes after school is out present a happy, affectionate and social disposition for each other as they say: "Come go home with me, I went home with you last," pressed to make the visits even, in that we were punctilious in going twice to the other's once. There were coaxing, pulling and hauling, which, proving ineffectual, the tugging of each other was made, sometimes requiring a long race to effect this sweet good-bye.

"A visit returned," as narrated, was made during the bombardment of Fort Sumter by the Confederate soldiers in April, 1861. A cannon ball, from the enemy, fell into Fort Moultrie on Sullivan's Island without doing any serious damage. It was taken up, and after scratching upon it, "A visit returned," was rammed down one of our cannon, and discharged, sending the ball whizzing through the air into Fort Sumter. Its effects are unknown, but its fright to that garrison fails in comparison with a "visit returned" by the school boy to one of his class and playmates, as one evening after school, he went home with William and Liza Paisley, riding in their old chair with them. They had an elder half brother, named Stephen Britton, who was fond of a little fun. We three slept together in the same shed room, but in different beds. At day-light the next morning, Stephen was up to feed horses and attend to other plantation duties, as manager of the place. Returning to the house, and finding breakfast ready and on the table, and William and Sam yet asleep, he procured needle and thread and sewed us up in the sheet. Sam was the first to awake, and seeing the white cloth and sensible of his confinement, the belief dead, buried, winding sheet filled him with horror, and with screams, fighting and kicking, he again freely breathed the open air, and disengaged the sheet with the mental assurance that when good old Mrs. Paisley counted her sheets again she would be minus one of them.

In one other "visit returned," though of less consequen-

tial damage to a sheet, yet it expresses a modesty which the school boy did not know he possessed, till after the occurrence of an accident, happening at a neighbor's house. The returned visit was made to D. Flavel Wilson, school and class mate, who boarded with a relative and his family, consisting of two grown, intelligent and interesting sisters, and residing three miles from the school house, on the Lynche's Creek road. It was mid-summer, and the evening intensely hot and enervating. After taking the "books," a term then in use for family prayers, and before going to bed, the gentleman cut some fine watermelons, and as they were cool and refreshing, the school boy never mincing nor doing things by halves, ate one-half of a large one, even scraping its rind. Thus filled with sweet waters, and feeling good all over, he slept soundly through the night, and on awaking next morning he found—no matter what he found—it was of sufficient discredit to him, a boy of eleven or twelve years of age, to cause him to shun meeting every member of that household, and his bashful mind was much relieved when they moved away to Darlington district.

Visits to Col. William Cooper by a number of us school boys in the evening were held in joyous anticipation. This elegant old gentleman was a batchelor, and delighted to have the boys come to see him. He was jolly, "ruddy, fat and fair," and rotund in figure, and had fun with us as we danced to his fiddling and cut up pranks. These pleasant visits in after life were often referred to by us and described to friends of later days.

Col. Cooper was a planter, and resided on his plantation in an old-fashioned two-story house, surrounded by magnificent oaks, which his father had built before him. Possessed of means and affability, he was popular with all and dispensed hospitality without any distinction as to the social position of his numerous visitors. His unaffected politeness was proverbial. Of much intelligence and great powers of observation and memory, he would interest by telling anecdotes on different characters of his extensive acquaintances, enlarged in his public life as our State Representative in Columbia, and the doings and sayings of revolutionary patriots, obtained in his early life by associations with the McColtrys and the James of the Indiantown country.

In the school house as the hours of Fridays slowly

passed along, we ever had our minds fixed on our expected doings on Saturday, and of which we talked at every chance. The noise, bustle and haste after dismissal of school were far in advance of the other evenings of the week.

Our glorious Saturday morning has come, and we are prepared with fishing canes, cut in the branches, with horse hair lines, pulled from the horse's tail, feather corks and pin hooks. Sam joins the little negro boy, and, calling his dog, bent on catching pike and chub fishes, which abounded in every hole of water of two or three feet deepness, and catching rabbits screwed down and out of a hollow tree in which they had taken refuge from the dog. Amid our sports was ever the mortal fear of ghosts, wild cattle, and run away negroes, and as we were told ghosts only travel at night, and appear to only one person at a time, we easily avoided an encounter with them by getting some one to go out with us in the dark. Possum and eoon hunting at night by white people was never heard of. The woods abounded in wild cattle, and care was taken to go around the green pastures of the open woods, and as to runaway negroes, we were constantly on the lookout for them, and at the least suspicious black object ahead, our dog was quickly called to our side. A spotted honnd called Hunter was our usual defender, and the following adventure will demonstrate our dependence on him:

It was early Saturday morning, and the school boy in fine glee with all necessary piscatory apparatus, with a group of half dozen little negro boys, clad in their long gowns, entered the Big Swamp, head waters of Black Mingo Creek, with purpose to fish in those small lakes above its junetion with Indian-town Swamp, the west bank of which was said to have been a settlement of Indians, as was marked even then by a growth of China trees and other indications of a settlement. Our dog Hunter struck a fresh track of something, and quickly notified us that he had it up a tree, or in other words he had "treed," as was noted by the dog's quick ferocious bark. We hastened to him through bushes and muddy sloughs, and when near the designated tree, we distinctly saw the black hairy things up along the body of a tree in a line. Seeing us, they turned their round, hairy faces towards us, and while we watched them, wondering what they were, some one screamed "little runaway niggers," and that was enough; enough to make bogs unheeded and brambles and briars torn through as we

ran to our homes, and arriving with excited breath, we told the awful tale with, perhaps, some coloring added. A few mornings afterwards, a dead raccoon, caught in the corn field, was brought to our yard by a field hand, and throwing it down there lay the mother of the little runaway negroes before our astonished eyes.

In those years of long ago, wild "varmon," especially coons and possums, were numerous and destructive. When coons were caught in fields in mutton corn time, the hunter of them expected some consideration from the white family, given from their breakfast or dinner table; when a possum, the quarters were baked in the hunters' houses, and sent up to the buckra house for the white children, while the rabbits were all for themselves. Thus was the relation between the white and black races when the school boy, hearing that coons were very savory, if stuffed with mutton corn, and so were rabbits stuffed with garden peas, made the trial and finding them only a rarity and not a delicacy, he ever afterwards relinquished his right to the rabbits he caught, handing them, as the coons, to the colored boys as their rightful property.

The doings of another Saturday in the school boy's early life, and yet fresh in memory, and here they are: It was not an unusual thing to see decanters of whiskey on the side-board in the hall, surrounded by a row of tumblers. The decanter had small pieces of orange peeling in it, with which the whiskey was flavored. One whole barrel of the article was the yearly allowance for the plantation, used in the family for snake bites, sick horses, for bitters and camphor solution, Christmas egg-nogs, and a dram all round to the negroes on Christmas morning and New Year's day as they flocked into the yard, and at the door steps, giving and receiving the good wishes of us all. In the latter part of his father's life, his barrel did not last longer than the fall of the year, and as Mr. Belin, at Black Mingo, was the nearest place where whiskey could be bought, he sent "Big Caesar," considered the most faithful servant, with a big jug for it. Now, it turned out that Big Caesar was inordinately fond of the article himself, and was accused of taking some of it out on the road, and replacing it with water. The next time he sent his jug for whiskey, he sent his son Sam along to guard it, and to prevent the watering of it. Therefore, early one Saturday morning, the little school boy and Big Caesar, in our family chair, with a large

jug in a basket, started on our journey of twelve miles to Black Mingo. The whiskey was bought, and in lifting the jug into the chair, Big Caesar accidentally struck it against the tire of the wheel, breaking the jug and emptying its contents. We started home and arriving in sight of the house, along our long avenue, Sam saw his father walking up and down his piazza, awaiting our coming. Before he could meet us at the gate, Sam, with tears in his eyes, told him of our accident, when he so kindly said: "Why, blame the good for nothing fellow, why didn't he fill another jug and send it; get a fresh horse and go right back;" but mother objected to our going till we had something to eat. The second trip was made in quick and handsome style, but it has been said by those well acquainted with the party that the handsome part of the trip would scarcely have been made eight or ten years further on in the life of the school boy, as the good old gentleman might have received the same quality of his liquor but not the same quantity.

The custom of those good old days was the making of a tumbler full of a sweetened dram for the mother's first sip, and to every child or member of the family afterwards, called our morning dram. It was amusing to hear the little fellows saying: "I speak for the sugar at the bottom," or for the tumbler to add a little water and get all that was left in the tumbler. These drams were given to keep down worms in the children and to prevent fever and chills and ague fits, then so prevalent each year in August and September, and known everywhere as the months of the doctors' harvest. These toddies were now substituted for Pride America root tea, boiled down quite thick, and given to both white and colored children before eating in the morning, which the writer was dosed with in his earliest years as a prophylactic, and which vermifuge must have been quite an improvement in elegance, if not in remedy, on Cow Pen tea, used however before his time, yet nevertheless true. People very generally drank freely of liquors, both at home and in company, yet it was a rare thing to see a drunken man, even at public places, and never in the presence of ladies.

Old Mr. James McFaddin, residing on his large and well stocked plantation of negroes, horses, cattle, and all the common necessities of this life, and than whom no one was more sagacious, prudent, observant, and jovial, was a member of

the Indiantown church, a regular attendant thereof, and whose word was gospel, full of wisdom, and quaint expression of words in the old style. Quite old, yet he pleased and was well pleased with his life, as he told incidents happening in his early days, and as they really occurred, to his admiring young friend and constant visitor. He told of weddings, where dancing was freely joined in by the old and young, and of the officiating parson, tho' not engaging in the dance, yet a quiet observer of it. Willing or unwilling, when the darkness of the night, or the inclemency of the weather, prevented his leaving the wedding house after supper, he remained all night, seated back in a corner, as there was no room in the house in which to place him, as the big room and little side room were filled with mothers and babies, and the hall shed room, already occupied by the groom and bride, and, with a significant wink and chuckle, he added, "and you know it wouldn't do to put him there." Occasionally during the night, one of the more mischievous and considerate fellows, having a regard for his comfort, would make a sweetened dram for him, which helped him to tell funny, yet innocent anecdotes, to those still hugging his corner.

Old Mr. McFaddin was beloved by the McGill families of the long, long ago, and was much concerned in their interests, and in those of the Indiantown Presbyterian Church in connection with the "Williamsburg Presbyterian Church," at Kingstree, then under one pastoral charge. He feared the puritanism and spirit of reform on the part of the Indiantown congregation would cause a schism in the two churches. The Rev. J. M. Erwin, from North Carolina, was our pastor, who, tall and slim of figure, and of cold and repulsive address, condemned from the pulpit the practice of dancing, which being approved by a part of the church members, steps were taken to interpose. Hence was the trial of old Mr. Samuel McGill for allowing dancing parties in his house who, in imitation of his father's, and impressed with a sense that they were good enough in their moral course of life, and in the performance of their religious obligations, did enjoy that innocent and graceful move in dancing in opposition to the uncomely plays of young folks, as practiced at that time, and which were not permitted in his house. Besides, he possessed the light and agile step, as did also his children and kindred families, which perhaps was raised to a higher and more fashionable plane by one of

his sons in the elegant figures of the cotillions just brought in our family dances, and which has been higher raised of later days by his granddaughter, Miss Ellen Davis, who is so admired on the floor, whether in private circles or in crowded dancing halls of the hotels. Her powers of imitation in other's dancing, whether in graceful or clumsy steps, cannot well be surpassed, and for which she is quite entertaining.

A church committee, composed of the elders of the church, was appointed to wait on Mr. Samuel McGill to summon him to trial, to be held in the session house. When the day came those two men were seen approaching his house and as their errand was known, it can be imagined in the manner his soft blue eyes sparkled with indignation, overshadowing his otherwise handsome features. He did not meet them, but the wife did at the gate, and it was said their business was hurriedly dispatched amid her clamors, made stinging by her nimble and then irritated tongue, telling them, among other things, of Mr. McGill's claim to that church which his father had founded, nor did she desist in the denunciation of them till they were out of her hearing, and going at a brisker pace than they had come.

Mr. McGill's trial in the church on the occasion may have resulted in an expulsion or suspension, but not before his case was argued in the Williamsburg church, at Kingstree, where he had many friends who were openly in his favor. Among them was old Mr. John McClay, of Revolution fame, and elder of that church, who declared that if he had to go to Indiantown and pick out a good man, Sam McGill would be his pick. At any rate, the expulsion or suspension did not long debar old Mr. McGill from the privileges of the Communion Table in that church, as judging the father by the son he was not a long while to "fess," and thus became reinstated. There were no more dancing parties given in his house during the remainder of his life, closed 1st November, 1840, being near the 60th year of his earthly pilgrimage, and buried in the Indiantown graveyard by the side of his father and mother, entombed by him in the last years of the last century.

Before the close of 1831, of the three continuous years of Mr. Durand's services as our teacher, there were new prospects to enlarge our educational advantages by opening a larger field, through which a classical education could be obtained, and hence was the erection of the Indiantown Acad-

emy. Mr. Durand's reputation as a good English teacher was known beyond the limits of our neighborhood, having taught school for Capt. John Dozier, residing on Dry Swamp in the China Grove section of country, where he built a magnificent residence, and other spacious buildings where Dr. Hemmingway now resides, and near by is the present Rome and its postoffice, being many years previous to his engagement with us, and who was so pleased with this grand old gentleman, that he sent his daughter, Susan A. Dozier, all the time, and his son, Richard Dozier, part of the time to his teaching at Indiantown, boarding them in the neighborhood. Miss Susan married Mr. Lee, of Sumterville, and from them are the Lees of that town. Hon. Richard Dozier, our pleasant "Dick," married and settled in Georgetown, and his native district has ever delighted to do honor to him as their attorney at law, holding a legal name as high as our State, and a social address of ease and grace so recognized and acceptable to us. Mr. Durand had also taught in the Pudding Swamp country among the Burgesses, and to this school Capt. Dozier sent his elder son, Leonard Dozier, and boarded him with Mrs. Jennie Burgess, who had a most charming daughter attending the same school. A sentiment kind and a love divine was soon engendered, and in a few years the elegant Mr. Leonard Dozier and the beautiful Miss Martha Burgess were at the hymenial altar, and when they made their bridal appearance at the Indiantown church, there was a sensation, as the handsome groom and pretty bride became the attractive feature of that Sunday, as we gazed in wonder at their grandeur and style.

In justice to the old Blue Back Spelling Book, and before dismissing the influences of Old Webster, who was so useful in his day, we should understand the mode he employed to educate the youthful mind. In spelling and memorizing the thousands of words of unknown meaning to us, and of seemingly useless significance, he was training our ears to the sound of letters, strengthening our memories, and making nimble our tongues. To accomplish these results, required three or more years of hard work in a school house, earnest application of our minds to our studies, and submissive or forced obedience to the cold and rigid discipline of an old-fashioned school master, who claimed the right to beat knowledge into your head, rather than fail in his duty.

It would be indeed strange, that if, after spelling so many words of like sounds in the chiming of them, such as asperity, austerity, dexterity, &c., there should be no chimers among us. But we did have them, as in every accidental bit at rhyme in our plays, we used to sing out, "I'm a poet and you know it." Those chimes remembered will be inserted, tho' some of them are outside of our Indiantown school, yet they show the chiming aptitude of the school boys of those times in other communities, who too, received the "Old Webster's" impressions.

It was a custom at our school to "make dinner" as we called it (the term pic nic was unknown then), by placing all the dinner buckets together, under the supervision of the girls, who displayed them to the best advantage, and while all the better parts of the contents of the buckets did rapidly disappear, there would ever remain on the board the cold, dry chunks of the corn loaf, and cold, hard slices of the johnny-cakes. On seeing these remnants, day by day, and perhaps desiring to rebuke the inelegance of the boys, one of the girls, more facetious than the others and equally beautiful made a chime, which became the slang phrase of the school, as follows "Corn bread is rough, corn bread is tough. But glory be to—. We've corn bread enough." The words were new to us, and it is to be hoped they taught us better manners ever afterwards.

Another. It was in the days of the great and unprecedented political excitement among our people, occasioned by the teachings of the doctrines of Nullification. This section of country held intense Union sentiments, which the Nullifiers or Disunionists in derision, called Submissionists or Cowards, and we boys, being all Unionists, had a horror of the Nullifiers. One day at the school house, while at play we saw the deputy sheriff passing along on the road with a cockade on his hat, this being the insignia of the Nullifiers. The sight of his cockade aroused us, and we ran towards him, tho' stopping at a safe distance, and all began to spell in our loudest voices, c-o-c-k--a-d-e, cockade, continuously. The deputy sheriff dashed his horse at us as we dodged behind the trees. Unable to do anything with us, and the spelling of cockade increasing in volume and rapidity, he galloped off, saying he would report us to the school master, and have us whipped for interrupting an officer on the high road \* whereupon one of the Gordon

boys, peeping from behind his tree, hallooed to him as loud as he could, "Deputy Sheriff, Esquire, hog thief and liar, and a confounded Nullifier." We all sent Gordon's epithets after him, till the woods resounded with the echo of our voices, and the officer was glad to get far away.

The occasion for our absence from school each day was rare, but from Sunday school at the church on the Sabbath day was rarer still. On a certain Sunday, our Jimmie Gordon was an absentee, and on the following Monday morning, seeing him coming up the hill to school, we ran to meet him to find his reason for staying away, as was our habit to get something new and fresh from him, when he told the following story. He said, he long had wanted to hear a niggar sermon, and as Esau, their sawyer, was going to preach at their mill, he stole away from his parents, and went to hear him, and to his surprise he handled his subject well. He took his text in Deuteronomy, where a great deal is said about Moses and Aaron, and stuck to the words of his text, these forming the greater part of his sermon, and listening very attentively to the words of his text, he caught every one of them. They were these: "Moses and Aaron went out to reap grass, Moses let his reap hook slip and cut Aaron—"; but our pleasant Jimmie, being one of our chimers, put Aaron in the possessive case, followed by the noun he possessed by right of entailment.

When and how the following catch problem got among us at school, its facts are not tangible at this day, as it afforded a recreation in the amount of fun we had over it, it is here given with the hope that it will cause a smile at our expense, while we were in a quandary: "As I was going to St. Ives, I met seven wives, every wife had seven sacks, every sack had seven cats, every cat had seven kits; kits, cats, sacks and wives, how many were going to St. Ives?" Now, as the seven line in the multiplication table was ever considered the hardest, we, multiplying by seven three times, brought up different answers, and disputing among ourselves as to the correctness of each other's figures, and ascertaining where the errors were, we were told the answer was one, which being explained to us, we accepted the catch as we laugh and say: "Sure enough," with all the grace at our command, as we pictured all the kits, cats, sacks and wives coming out of St. Ives which the man met provided he had the hardhood to confront 2,751 combustibles on the road.

Now comes the Barnwell youth who was another of our chimers. We were classified in the Mount Zion school in 1837, and he too, not unlike many boys of the tender age, imagined he possessed a poetic vein. He told of the verses he had written in a young lady's album the previous year, and was now so disgusted with them, that he intended to follow the young lady even to Mississippi, whither she had removed, for no other purpose than to tear that leaf of his out of her album. For many years all the lines of his verses were present, but now only the two first lines remain and by which all the others can be learned. Here they are:

"A place in your album I am asked to write,  
Which I shall do with all my might."

Years revolving we find this friend acting in the counsels of our State and in the Congress of our late Southern Confederacy.

And that Columbia youth, who said he once courted the favor of the Muses, and they satisfied him that he was not born a poet, as he stepped down to the planes below, but he claimed to have verified what he had heard others say, that there is but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous. Hear him and accept his conclusions:

"I love to see the mowing grass,  
Before the mower mows it;  
I love to see an old gray horse,  
For when he goes, he goes it."

This friend was a son of a professor of South Carolina College, and afterwards its president, was learned and highly esteemed, but died in early manhood.

Ever pleased to receive many of the associations of early boyhood life, and rehearse them to friends of latter days, indulgence is asked to prevent yet another friend, tho' of somewhat dissimilar affections to the others spoken of. This friend was studious, temperate in all his habits, possessing a mind truly intelligent, was classified in the Yorkville school in the same studies, and we two were friends in the true and full acceptance of the word. In July, 1836, there was a rebellion of our class, rightful in its causes, and an altercation with the teacher occurred in the recitation room, and of which my friend bore a prominent part. He left the school in disgust,

followed by his unflinching friends, as we moved into the country, and entered a school in the Brattonville section, between Yorkville and Chesterville, where our friendship increased, if such was possible. He was a poetic author of no ordinary pretensions as did appear in the lines written by him in a diary kept by his friend, during our isolated condition in a strange country, lines indicative of the emotions of the feelings with which they were transcribed. Hear:

"Oh, Mc., the trials we have passed  
Are but the preludes to still worse,  
As is the first uneven blast,  
That marks the stern, huge tempest course.  
But never let its shocks destroy  
The works of friendship we've reared,  
Let not such be the light wind's toy,  
A word forgot as soon as heard.  
Let mem'ry o'er these moments hang  
In some remote, some distant day,  
Like summer clouds o'er setting sun  
When gilded by his parting ray.

To my friend, S. D. McGill: On our having suffered many of the trials of life, and some even severer than those incident to boyhood, and on our having been thrown amongst strangers where the strictest friendship must and did exist.

L. W. SPRATT."

The "some remote, some distant day" have revolved along in the years covering fifty-seven periods of time, and while many of their scenes are indistinctly marked by the old man, who in reviewing them can hardly realize that he is that person, there is one among a thousand, which seems as of yesterday in the now "some remote and distant day," when the two friends were seated in their room at their table with piles of books, including Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary and Donagan's Greek Lexicon between them, the one heeding the kind admonitions and yielding to the superior judgment and intellect of the other. This association has ever been awakened as the setting sun gilds the western clouds, on which Sam rests his eyes in admiration of the beauty spread along the horizon before him, in that they bring up anew the sentiments of the

verses already cited, and his pleasurable connection at school with the Honorable Leonidas W. Spratt.

In the Indiantown country, and perhaps through the length and breadth of old Williamsburg district, Sundays were conceived in our minds as days of grandeur, and a solemnity, heightened by the examples of parents, and their admonitions to keep the Sabbath day holy, as they had been taught. No strolling about, playing, loud laughing, nor talking about worldly things or avocations were admissible; no looking over the crops, no visiting, except to the sick, nor unnecessary cooking, were indulged in on that day. It was said that old Mrs. Elizabeth McGill, grandmother of the writer, whose tomb made in 1787, in the Indiantown graveyard, and the oldest established grave in that venerable burying ground, never allowed fire to be kindled in her kitchen on Sundays. Her piety has been transmitted to her posterity all along the line of her descendants, notably in the pastoral charge of Rev. William J. Wilson, her grandson, whose divine services are engraved on his tomb-stone, placed in the Williamsburg Presbyterian church yard in 1826; and in the present pastoral services in Arkansas of two brothers, Rev. C. Craig Williams and Rev. John C. Williams, sons of her great granddaughter, Mrs. J. Drucilla Williams, of known piety and of widespread Christian professions and usefulness, even in her girlhood.

Continuing in the line of this inestimable old Mrs. Elizabeth McGill, there is a grandson, now in his sixty-seventh year, that in early manhood he exhibited such Christian traits of character as made him a mark in the Presbyterian Churches in this district. He was one of the founders of a new Presbyterian Church at White Oak, being eight miles below Kings-tree, built in 1852, and at its organization he became one of its elders, which church, being unable to survive the ravages of our war, fell to rise no more. In his Christian duties he was aided and comforted by his good wife, Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth McGill, the daughter of old Mr. William McIntosh, of Lower Salem, of widespread Christian profession and practices. He moved to Arkansas in November, 1857, and there became a prosperous planter. Surviving the war, he felt his inability to support his large family on his now prostrate farm, and moved into the city of Camden, Ark., where he permanently settled. All accounts from him by letters, and notices in the press, fix his reputation as a patriot and Christian, energetic and active,

in the Presbyterian Churches, in Sunday schools and at public political meetings. Being ready of speech and fluent in delivery he is ever on hand when called on to address Sunday school children, to offer prayers in church, and to give eloquent talks to his fellow Democrats. Appreciated as a working elder in his church, he was sent as a delegate from his Presbytery to the General Assembly of Presbyterians, convening at Charleston S. C., in May, 1880. After the adjournment of Assembly, he visited his native county, and received much attention from Brother Sam, wife and children, from his loving relatives and numerous friends. The many demonstrations of love, and tender associations connected with his early life among us, after twenty-three years' absence, were made in the ovations at every house, where he and his old brother, Sam, were expected each day and night in several of them. Among the many wonderful and impressive words with which he interested us was in the advice which he said he had given to his four sons, Clarence, Minto, Erwin and Sam, which was this: "Never forsake your family, never forsake the Presbyterian Church and never forsake the Democratic party." Such is Minto Witherspoon McGill, born at Indian-town, Williamsburg County, S. C., on February 24th, 1828, who was the son of Samuel McGill, who was the son of Roger McGill, who was the son of Hugh McGill, who was married to Sarah Gordon, 10th June, 1732, as recorded in old family Bible.

Late inquiry has established the fact that the Rev. Benjamin F. Wilson, president of Converse Female College, of widespread reputation, located at Spartanburg Court House, of this State, is a great-grandson of this pious old lady, of the old McGill stock of people, making four Presbyterian ministers productive of her body. (See the epitaph on Mrs. Elizabeth McGill's tomb at the end of this book or near its end.)

Of this pious old mother's people, whose maiden name was Westbury, there was a sister who married a Mr. McIntosh, by which old Mr. William McIntosh, residing in Lower Salem, and others, were born to them. It is just to conclude that the Westbury piety was also transmitted to this McIntosh family in their various branches as is in the reverend and venerable David E. Frierson, D. D., and his two younger brothers, Rev. E. O. Frierson and Rev. Luther M. Frierson, all of marked ability and Christian prominence in the Presbyterian

Churches of our State and as is, at our home, the good, indomitable and irreproachable Christian gentleman, Mr. William M. Kinder, of Kingstree, an elder of the Williamsburg Presbyterian Church, the oldest established church in our county.

To-day is Sunday, and as soon as possible in the morning we begin the study of our Sunday school lessons, in which we memorize "the Shorter Catechism," many hymns, and verses in the New Testament. Many of these have remained with us in our old age, and none more so than "Christ's Sermon on the Mount," which we easily understood, and affording us pleasure and implanting a desire for future reward at the resurrection. In due time our lessons reach the "Confession of Faith" and tho' difficult we master them in the definitions of "What is Sin? of the commandments, what doth it teach? what doth it require, and what is forbidden in each of the ten; and of justification, sanctification and adoption," which not now at our tongue's end, yet by a revision of them, it is believed they would reinstate their rights in our minds where their doctrines seriously belong, and their sentiments joyously entertained.

By the time our Sunday school lessons are gotten, and the hour has arrived to get ready for church, we are called to the back steps of the "big room" by the servant boy to undergo the washing and scrubbing operations, made with a coarse osnaburg towel and home-made lye soap, and our heads washed and rubbed also, with closed eyes, now smarting, with orders to comb, rake, dislodge, and destroy that pest in our heads, which, with thanks, disappeared with the abolition of slavery. Now, we put on our "meetin' clothes," which have been made at home, cut in the same old-fashion, with a view to its future usefulness and in a size to which we were expected to grow. Of all these clothes our long, white linen shirts remain steadfast in the mind, and unchanging in the washing of them, not exceeding half dozen times in a year, and as we had but one such shirt, it, together with all the other "meetin' clothes," had to be taken off on our return from church before eating dinner or washing our hands and face.

At the church, before Sunday school hour, the Sunday school children did not segregate, but remained seated with the grown people on benches provided for that purpose, fixed outside and near the church. Our teachers were the elders of

the church, Col. David D. Wilson, Mr. William David, Mr. George McCutchen, Mr. George Barr and Mr. William E. James and Mrs. Eliza Montgomery, Mrs. Thermutis Cooper and Miss Lavina James. Blessed are their memories and pleasurable are the recitals of their usefulness and their religious impressions made on our youthful hearts. There were no awards given, but we felt rewarded when our recitations of lessons and good behavior were commended by the teachers, which we prized of greater value than gold.

The occasion which carried the Sunday school boy to get up before day one Sunday morning, and await its first light to study his Sunday school lesson, must have been of uncommon importance to him, as he had been taught that the earliest hours of the morning in study were more susceptible of impressions on the memory. Before it was day he was up and dressed, and calling one of the house boys to accompany him, he seated himself outside the house yard on the back blocks, used to mount the yard fence, and anxiously watched for the coming peep of day, by which light he expected to get his Sunday school lesson. The old moon was several hours above the horizon, and low, swift flying clouds occasionally passed over her face. Then it was apparent, or so imagined, the moon was running away from the clouds to rid herself of the obstructions to give light to the good Sunday school boy, and to mollify his horrors of the darkness of night. This sight had never been observed before and tho' accepting this wondrous phenomenon acting in his favor, he returned into the house to get his Sunday school lessons, thus leaving his friend skimming through the sky, but ever afterwards his wonder and admiration in the purpose of her creation to give light by night in her dominion of it.

These large lightwood blocks were very generally used, with or without swinging gates, for passing in and out of the house yard, and were of regular gradations in their heights, and also used for mounting into the saddle and dismounting therefrom. Similar blocks were placed around our church yards, mostly for the accommodation of old men and young ladies who came to church on horseback. Active young ladies refusing such assistance should well adjust their dresses around them before leaping from their side saddles, as the neglect of such precaution did on more than one occasion, exhibit a display of their agility not at all to their liking.

The Indiantown postoffice was kept by Mr. George McCutchen in his house, three miles above the church, on the Kingstree road. We had a weekly mail, carried in a mail bag on horseback by a post boy, whom we accounted of much regard, and was never molested on the road. The line of mail extended from Sumterville to China Grove, where it intersected with the stage line running from Cheraw to Georgetown. The sending to the postoffice for our mail was seldom, if ever, made; they were brought by the postmaster to the church on Sundays for distribution, and placed on his seat in the church in the care of his family, and given out when called for, and indeed so indifferent were many families about their mail that frequently the postmaster had to hunt up the owners to deliver or carry them back to his home. A few religious and political newspapers, and a few letters yearly from distant relatives, constituted our expected mail. Mr. George McCuthen lived on the old McCuthen homestead, now the property of the Barrs, was a man of strict adherence to his duties as a Christian, a Sunday school teacher, and elder of the Indiantown Presbyterian Church. He and his family moved away in 1835 into the Mount Zion neighborhood, in Sumter district, by which we were the loser of one of our best citizens. After his removal, Mr. Robert Dick opened the postoffice at his house, on the west side of Paisley Swamp bridges, which crossing had formerly been a deep, long, dangerous ford, and into which waters Sam, then on his mother's lap, or around her knee, during their crossing, by some accident, fell overboard out of the old chair in which they were riding and became thoroughly baptized. His mother was on a visit to her dear cousin, Mrs Nancy McCutchen, dear by their girlhood associations and their McCothy relationship, who at that time resided in front of Mr. John Dick's place, and afterwards on her plantation at the church, where she died in 1830, leaving one daughter named Julina, who married Mr. J. Milton Fulton, of Kingstree, and who moved away just after our war into Missouri, and three sons, the eldest of whom, the Rev. Robert G. McCutchen, moved to Indiana, and after whose following was the youngest son, Thomas McCutchen, settling in Illinois, and also her son, J. White McCutchen, who dying at his Indiantown home at the close of the war, his widow and children moved to Tennessee.

The Holy Sacraments in our church were administered

in the spring and fall season of every year, and these occasions were of unusual excitement and interest, and preparations for visitors from Midway, Brick Church, and Hopewell Churches were carefully made and anxiously expected. Elders of these churches, with their wives and children, and other members of them, made the time of these sacraments convenient to visit their friends and relatives down here, in which and from whom they were former members and descendants, being plants from the Indiantown church and the Williamsburg church, the common parent of all of them. The days of the Sacraments included Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, which brought in to them many persons from neighboring localities, and more so of the young men and ladies, these being about the only public opportunity they had of seeing and meeting each other. These new faces were a delightful phase in our otherwise monotonous life, and a stranger coming in our midst was observed with more than ordinary interest, and treated to the best we had, as it was a rare thing to see one at our homes or travelling along on the public road.

An old member of the Indiantown Church, in which he was educated, observed the Sacramental week with such earnest and devout affection, that each of those days appeared like Sunday to the members of his household. His habit of having morning and evening devotions of every returning Sabbath around his family altar was extended to those of Sacramental week with apparent renewed life, in anticipation of the approaching administration of the Lord's Supper. Indeed, and in the view of the Holy Communion, a like state of feeling seemed to have pervaded the entire community, and too the school children, who tried to be more respectful and obedient to their teacher, and from whom they expected kinder treatment.

The old time fashion of pulpits in our churches were so picturesque above the other furniture of the house, that its quaint appearance is yet a thing of the present in the eye of those who observed its structure sixty and seventy years ago. The pulpit was high, and its back frame nearly reached the upper ceiling of the house, all of panel frame of workmanship, painted a dull, red color, and fringed with black, and raised high above the flooring of the church proper, it was conspicuous. Its enclosure was small, barely sufficient to seat two persons at a time on its hard and uncushioned bench, and was

reached by a narrow flight of half a dozen or more steps, supported by a hand railing to its swinging door, which the preacher closed behind him upon his entrance with a slam, who, when seated, only his head was visible, and when standing, only the head and breast. Beneath the pulpit, and in full view, was another frame of an enclosure, in which the two "clarks" of the church were placed, whose business was to pitch or raise the hymns, whom being thus elevated as to place and importance, the congregation easily followed in the singing of their leaders. Mr. Benjamin Gordon, of Cedar Swamp, a singing school master, assisted by Mr. Samuel Wilson, of Muddy Creek, was the foremen in the tenor, while Mrs. Mary Ann McGill from her seat lead the female voices in the part of music, then known as the "tribble." Being educated in music in her girl days, and having learned to sing by the round notes, and possessing a voice of unsurpassing sweetness and volume, Mrs. McGill's church singing was the delight of the church, and inducing many persons from abroad to attend the church and to hear her sweet voice ringing in accord with the sentiments of the verses of the hymn. Her voice went out like that of a sweet and clear sounding bell, with a similar cadence, as was testified by the Hon. Joseph Scott who, in his early life, residing with his brother, Mr. Samuel Scott, on the old George Whites place, across the Indiantown Church branch, a half mile from the church, could distinguish her voice above the other singers on a Sunday, when it was not convenient to him to go out to the preaching.

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## CHAPTER IV.

INDIANTOWN ACADEMY IN 1832—LATIN LESSONS—NULLIFICATION EXCITEMENT—PUBLIC DINNERS—FISTYCUFF FIGHTS—WAGON TRIP TO CHARLESTON, IN 1833—PLOW BOY, &C.

Before the close of the year 1831, the employers of our school concluded to build an academy, that a higher education might be given to their boys than that obtainable in what was then known as an old field school. This spirit originated with our pastor, who was a Latin and Greek scholar, sanctioned by

Col. D. D. Wilson, ever solicitous of the interest of the rising generation, and urged by others who equally enjoyed the belief that a knowledge of the "classics" was indispensable before the appellation, "he is a good scholar" could be applied. Such a distinguishing feature in our society at that time carried great weight in the people's favor, and a consideration of respectful attention among the ladies, and this state of preferment occupied the school boy's mind and stimulated his ambition.

The Indiantown Academy, built of long cypress poles, and holding the proud distinction as the first of the kind, was placed at the head of Mr. Samuel McGill's avenue, and was ready for the services of a teacher. Mr. McCamy Morgan, from North Carolina, brother to the wife of Mr. Erwin, our pastor, was engaged, and he assumed his duties the first of January, 1832. Mrs. Erwin was also sister to the great and renowned preacher, the Rev. Morgan; was of amiable and social qualities, residing in the Indiantown parsonage house, in full view of Mrs. McGill's house, by a wide avenue of half mile length. These two ladies were on most intimate terms as were shown by hoisting a white table cloth from their windows, meaning an invitation to a dinner then in preparation. When the Rev. Mr. Erwin moved away, and the Rev. A. G. Peden became our pastor, the same courtesies were interchanged with Mrs. Peden, who, together with her husband, was a favorite with all of the lower congregation of the church.

A Latin class of six boys was formed, consisting of David E. Frierson, of Klapp Swamp; S. Jackson Singletary, of the Lake; D. Flavel Wilson, D. Edward Wilson, Edwin Erwin, and Samuel D. McGill of Indiantown, Rudiman's Latin grammar, with parallel questions and answers in English and Latin, was placed in our hands. Oh! it was such a delightful privilege granted to the Latin boys to study their lessons outside the confines of a crowded and bustling school room, and they enjoyed it prodigiously, if not profitably, as they walk up and down the roads, memorizing their Latin lessons, at other times basking in the sunshine, or reclining on the ground beneath the spreading branches of umbrageous oaks. Everything being new and inviting and an incitement to excel, we get our lessons with a vim, and afterwards when we better understood Latin pronunciation with a relish, and thus concluding that Latin was not so hard after all that had been told to us,

the expressed opinion of others to the contrary, notwithstanding.

With all our joy there was a sadness mingled with it, found in the absence of many of the scholars from our new school, who, for three long years, had endured with us the rigid discipline of old Mr. Durand in the session house. Among these were the step-children of old Mr. Robert Morris, viz., John G. and William E. Howard, and their two sisters, Rebecca and Maggie, whose "visits returned" were often made and highly agreeable. They were the grand-children of Capt. Jack Graham, of Black Mingo, whose usefulness in this district will be found elsewhere. Also Mr. George McCutchen's children, young George, Patsie and Jennet McCutchen, and their cousin, Mary Scott Barr, who, after the death of her mother, was with them, and a special little favorite in our school and beloved by us all. She and Patsie McCutchen died in early womanhood, to the great sorrow of Sam, with whom there were many pleasing associations mutually implanted in our breasts. Also, the late Capt. John F. D. Britton, whose superior height and corresponding strength were soon acknowledged in the school, causing a reluctant submission to them, and primarily among them was the pugnaciously inclined school boy. John used to tell of his fight with William Paisley in which Sam had contrived to get him whipped, and had promised to assist William in it. Aware of this agreement to "double" team him, and just before the fight began, during our 12 o'clock recess, he called on a tobacco wagoner, then camping at the church to come and witness the fight, and see him get fair play. He promised to do so, saying he would wear his whip out on the first boy who interfered in the fight, and during the fight, good as his word, he stood over the combatants with his drawn, long wagon whip, while Sam capered around worse than an old turkey gobbler, and fearing the horse whip, which was being shaken at him, he was forced to see his friend on the ground and on his back and to hear him bleat out, "Take him off." After this affair, a friendship of grand proportions between John and Sam was made, lasting to the end of the life of John Francis Durant Britton, occurring in 189... than whom none was braver to defend his rights and those of others, and more constant in his attachments and sincere in his religious professions of the doctrines of the Methodist Church.

Of course the Latin scholars were delighted, as they memorized the six Latin cases and apply then to "penna," a pen, and to "Penelope," the name of a woman, which even at first sight was pronounced in three syllables. The declension of the first example in adjectives, being "bonus, bona, bonum" good, was found not so easily fixed in our minds, combining the terminations of the three genders in the first and second declensions of nouns. We go right along with the pronouns and relatives, and with some difficulty we conjugate the irregular verb, "sum, esse, fui, to be," but as an amendment to that task it was pleasant to decline "amo, to love," through its various moods, tenses, numbers and persons. The ease, fluency and pomp with which we repeated these as we walked along the road or perched on the branches of an oak tree by the road side to everyone passing us, did so familiarize the other scholars, boys and girls with their terminations of the number and persons as they did say:

Pres. o, as, at, amus, atis, ant.

Imp. bam, bas, bamus, batis, bant.

Plu. ram, ras, rat, ramus, ratis, rant.

That most delightful to the school boy in its repetition with its proper rythmical accentuation, as he was perched upon the highest branches of our "Latin oak" tree, was the poetry by which rule all the tenses of verbs were formed, namely: "O" of the pres. indicative, i of the perf, "re" of the infinitive and "um" of the supine thus: From "O" we formed am and em,

i, ram, rim ro, sse and ssern,

u, us and rus are formed from um,

All other parts from re do come."

As soon as we have gone through the Latin rules we are told we were prepared to begin to "read Latin," and the first book given to beginners was "Historia Sacra," having an easy and comprehensive Glossary at the end of the book. There is no doubt that the manner of our rendering the Latin sentences into English was murder of the King's English, which, however, in part and time was improved by the superior education of Davy Frierson at home, who obtained that distinction from his elder brother, Henry Frierson, who had been sent off to school in another district. In a few years afterwards, Henry

Frierson graduated in medicine, was noted for the elegance and affability of his expressions of words, and of such entertaining and intelligent address that his death in early manhood at the beginning of his medical practice and usefulness was everywhere lamented throughout the scope of his acquaintances. Even up to the present time the older inhabitants of Pudding Swamp speak of his intelligence as so distinctive that they express their belief in it by declaring, Dr. James Henry Frierson was the smartest young man Williamsburg district ever raised.

During the year we had read through "Historia Sacra," but without that proficiency to which we had hoped to have attained, and as a sample of our manner of reading the first sentence in it is given, and was thus rendered: Deus God<sup>t</sup> creavit created coelum the heaven et and terram the earth intra within sex six dies days. "Vivi Romae" was the next regular book, and placed in our hands, but as we did not fully understand the proper construction of sentences there was a difficulty in it which we did not surmount and here is the manner of our translation of its first sentence: Proca Proca vex the King Albanorum of the Albians, habuit had duos two filios sons Numaterem Numator et and Amulium Amulius. All the English branches were neglected and Latin was the only study and was believed and asserted to be the one thing needful. We did, however, memorize speeches out of the "Columbian Orator," and were required to speak them in school every Friday evening, and to which many neighbors came to hear our speeches and see our oratory. To assist us in our declamation of these orations, single or double pencil lines were drawn under certain words or sentences by the teacher, by which we knew when to gesture with one or both hands.

Our speeches, grand in conception, were beyond our comprehension, as even in boy's speech, which said: "And if I fall below Demosthenes or Cicero," we erased those two distinguished names, unknown in our common reading, and substituted: "Do ketch me before I hit the floor." Some boys do try to show their smartness, others only to have a little fun, as was the case of Jimmie Gordon in his report of a negro preacher's sermon already given.

A public examination and an exhibition of our oratorical powers were held in the old church. On the appointed day, the teacher marched us two by two from the Academy to the

church where a large assemblage of spectators was already seated. Arriving, all the scholars with the teacher leading entered the church, leaving the boy outside who had been selected to open the ceremonies, by entering unexpectedly at a back door of the church, make his bow and ring out in his accustomed style: "Guided by reason man has travelled through the abstruse regions of the philosophical world." At the beginning he spoke in a quick, sharp, fearless tone of voice, but in a short time his voice dwindled down to a piping strain and ere its end was reached was scarcely audible.

Such was the want of discernment of character by the teacher, as most of our boys would have been a better selection to first confront the vast assemblage of people present with their eyes fixed on the speaker, especially the courageous William Paisley of deep, sonorous voice, who could and did thunder forth his speech: "Born, sir, in a land of liberty" and commanded attention and commendation. The defection of the selection of the teacher on this occasion can only be excusable and perhaps can be found in the vain assumption of the pomp, glory and forwardness of the school boy, the shadows of which he has cast before him all the days of his life. Be these a happy or unfortunate quality of mind, it has been his to possess many affectionate traits of character, yet if an imposing address and if erring ways ever succeeded by penitential tears believing a "fess" is good for the soul.

With our transit from the church into the new and commodious Academy, whose clay chimney fire place occupied two-thirds of its width and its cracks daubed with clay, we were promoted from English to Latin as a reward for our hard earned reputation as smart boys, which enthused our souls and stimulated our ambition. New games and sports were introduced, and as we are now a free and easy sort of fellows outside the school house, we left "free jack" behind us, a word of confession and exemption from pinches and cuffs. We climbed the tall pine saplings and other trees and bending them down, we made riding horses for the girls, or bending them to other trees we change from tree to tree, and thus go a good distance without touching the ground, or getting up into high branching oaks and crawling out to the end of the limbs, we descend by bending down the higher limbs to the next lower ones till the ground is reached. These exploits frequently required two or more boys to assist in the bend, and

sometimes they were followed by heavy falls; two of the latter are noticed, one being serious, the other comical. One day Davy Frierson and Davy Gordon, in attempting to bend down a pine sapling, snapped it off and fell ten or twelve feet to the ground, seriously injuring the latter and causing his absence from school several weeks. These bendings of trees and their limbs were not enough display of activity in the estimation of one of the boys as he declared he could jump from limb to limb as squirrels do. Announcing the time of the expected feat, the other boys assembled to witness a new and wonderful leap of this rattle brain boy. He did perform the feat, but being unable to clinch his finger nails into the limb on which he had alighted he fell on his back a distance of about twelve feet to the ground. Then it was he saw a flash of lightning and stars in broad day time, and, springing to his feet, he ran away from the tree ten or fifteen paces before he caught his breath, upon which he exclaimed: "Thank God."

There was an evident fact seen and freely expressed before the close of this memorable year, A. D. 1832, that the Academy had not fulfilled the expectations of the employers, and it fell to rise no more at this place. Let this be as it may, we boys had a tolerably good smattering of Latin, as the school boy would occasionally throw out a Latin sentence or two and more so perhaps to those who did not understand a word of it. Besides, we learned to swim in the deep cypress ponds, but more so in the waters of Indiantown Swamp at its bridge, whither we would go as soon as the school was dismissed, often running its distance of a mile in our haste to undress on the bridge and to leap headforemost from it into its waters below, where we "splunge" and splash till weary of water, and ascending we find a headache awaits us for our imprudence, as slowly we homeward go.

Thus our Latin class was dissolved; David E. Frierson joined a school in his neighborhood and S. Jackson Singletary joined Robert and White McCuthen in the Bethany school in Iredell county, N. C., and the other four remained at home. In the second, third and fourth years following, most of this class was again together, tho' in different classes and in different schools, with the exception of one from whom we parted and never again had the pleasure to salute him as A. F. fellow of an academy. Edwin Erwin, the son of our pastor, Rev. J. M. Erwin, represented much of the aptness of our

class, and placing Davy Frierson out of the race, he had a better knowledge of the uses of a Latin education and so described them to us. He had two interesting sisters attending our school, and removing to North Carolina with their father in 1835, we have never seen each other since.

Amid the great political and social disturbances in our State and district the new Indiantown Church was completed, and, after painting, was ready for its occupancy. The seats being numbered the members were solicitous in the choice of them. Two or more of the more wealthy and liberal in the support of the church favored the monied assessment plan, but this was soon silenced by the magnanimity of all the members, and a drawing for the seats was agreed upon. Mr. George Cooper was given the first choice, by reason of a donation in money left by his deceased father for the benefit of the Indiantown Church, and it became a question where he would make the selection, which being done, showed the judgment of this excellent citizen and Christian gentleman. When the drawing took place, the two gentlemen favoring assessment were allotted the back seats, but the congregation, with its usual benignity, permitted them to select other seats which had not been taken up in the drawing. A somewhat strange coincident was in the case of three of the old families in the allotment of their present seats. In the old church Mr. Samuel McGill's seat was between Mr. William McFaddin and Mrs. Jennie McCrea's seats, and in the new church the case was made, only that they were in a line. This arrangement, however, did not give the children of these families a chance to tease each other during divine services, as it did in the old church, but with all their parents' eyes of frowning aspects, there were shy looks with mischievous, yet loving behavior, mutually indulged in by the little boys and girls of contiguous and convenient seats. Becoming thus kindly associated they could not be debarred from giving many affectionate signs as they peep around and recognize each other at a distance. Where is he so dull that a recall of those blessed and innocent moments in the church in his earliest life does not excite a tear and a wonder as he asks of himself, where are those little boys and girls to-day? Where are they of school boy days? In one way, the grave answers, and in the other eternity will.

The first sermons preached in the new Indiantown Church, as Sam has ever been and is yet impressed with, were

delivered by Rev. Mr. — Morgan, of North Carolina, already spoken of. These sermons may have been in the dedication of the church or on a sacramental occasion directly afterwards, and were very effective in their delivery. The school boy, seated together with other Sunday school boys, on the first and second left hand pews of the church, was impressed to such depth of his soul that he remembers the words of his texts of both sermons, the floods of tears, created by the passionate eloquence and tearful impressiveness of Mr. Morgan's picture of the love of a crucified Saviour, that his memory is revered and that occasion embalmed, as moulding in part Sam's profession and faith in the redeeming blood of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Mr. Morgan's face was suffused with tears, and his voice in its pathetic illustrations, seem yet to reecho in the spacious dome of the church, even after the lapse of more than three score years, whenever the old man enters within its sacred walls as he repeats his texts, "Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in that my house may be filled." And, "Simon Peter, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Lord, thou knowest I love thee. Feed my lambs." The second inquiry and answer were similar. The third time he said unto him: "Simon Peter, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Yea, Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee. Feed my sheep."

The nullification excitement which had disturbed the people of South Carolina for many years, reached its culmination in 1832. Many of our public statesmen declared the tariff duties imposed on the Southern States by Congress as being unconstitutional, and measures were discussed and resolutions adopted to nullify their operations, in that they were in a majority, while the minority vigorously opposed separate State action and the sovereignty of a State. In Williamsburg district we were about equally divided in opinions and sentiments, being bold to express and defend their respective rights, and hence hostile dispositions were engendered. Passion overruling each faction, known as Nullifiers and Unionists, there were many bloody scenes enacted by the fists at the court house, at public dinners and on public highways.

A fisticuff battle was fought on the bank of McCottry Lake, between Mr. G. Henry Chandler, Nullifier, and Mr. William J. Cooper, Unionist, the one depending on his pluck, ambition and manly powers, the other trusting to his strength

and powers of endurance. These two young men of fine proportions, were believed to be the best in the whole Indiantown country, and hence their expected engagement to test the man created an interest and much speculation by the respective parties they represented. They meet, shake hands, strip and are placed in the ring by their seconds, surrounded by friends of the two combatants. They engage, Chandler leading and following up his opponent, who was parrying and giving back, when he said: "Cooper, don't run." After many rounds, Cooper leading and following up his opponent, who was giving back to catch breath, when he said: "Chandler, don't run." The fighters, falling to the ground, first one and then the other on top, without any decided advantage to either, their friends interfered, and declared the fight a drawn battle. Chandler ever afterwards claimed that he would have whipped Cooper but by reason of Cooper's previous preparation in having his hair closely cut and his body greased, by which he could not hold him.

The greatest fisticuff fight within the memory of the oldest citizens, occurred at the Indiantown muster field just before the nullification excitement between James Cooper and young Hugh Hanna, both residents of the Lake section. Cooper having cursed old Mr. Hugh Hanna, it was resented by his eldest son, who declared he would not allow an old man to be cursed. These two young men were of equally large stature and of proportionate limbs and strength. They met, stripped and entered the ring and soon they were at their best, first one and then the other on the ground, made so by heavy blows. During this bloody fight, Col. David D. Wilson, then captain of the Indiantown militia, walked away several times and returned to ask the bystanders to part them. The fight still continuing, he again came up, and in piteous tones, he begged: "Do men, for God sake, part them." When last the combatants were on the ground, Hanna was alone able to crawl upon Cooper, who said: "Take him off," in a whisper so low that his second had to put his ear to Cooper's mouth to catch his words.

Mr. Hugh Hanna, Jr., died shortly after his marriage, leaving only two children, Harvey H. and James J. B. Mr. Harvey Hanna married Miss Hortenza Gamble, of the Turkey Creek section, moved away into Arkansas before the war and is now a useful, highly esteemed citizen in his adopted State.

James Hanna remarried with us and died a few years ago, leaving a widow of known beauty, and a small family of children.

Another fight occurred between Mr. W. G. Gamble and Col. William Cooper, in front of the Corner Store in Kingstree. These two gentlemen were political opponents and of highest prominence in their respective parties. Meeting at this place, Gamble demanded of Cooper an explanation of some remarks he had made. Cooper explained, but not to the satisfaction of Gamble, who replied: "To say the least of it you have equivocated," Cooper instantly striking with his whip, which he held, and receiving in turn a heavy blow from Gamble's fist, fell to the ground, and told the bystanders he had enough. The combatants were parted.

And this one: Dr. James Bradley, the Union leader and speaker, was returning from a fishing hunt with his cane across his shoulders on the public road four miles above Kingstree. He was in a deep study with his eyes closed as was his practice. He met young —— Cockfield, of strongest Nullification doctrines, with a party of gentlemen, returning from Kingstree, who, observing the Doctor's fishing cane, insultingly said: "Is that your submission pole?" Dr. Bradley resented the insult by striking Mr. Cockfield, but before either got hurt their friends parted them.

About this time at a hotel in Charleston, known as "Sign of the Buck," there occurred an instance of uncommon heroism and of such philosophical reasoning under a trying circumstance, that its record is here ventured as a source of merriment. A South Carolina medical doctor, a native of Sumter district, at the hotel dinner table was discussing State politics with a double-fisted, raw-boned Kentucky horse drover, holding different opinions, and both being ardent advocates of their principles, soon hot words were interchanged, and our doctor called the other a d—n liar. Instantly the Kentuckian jumped from his chair, leaped over the dining table, and seizing our doctor by the throat, pushed him violently up against the wall. Our friend with his tongue lolling out of his mouth, and unable to extricate himself from the iron-grip, drew his knife and opened it, and thus consulted with himself: "Shall I stab him, or shall I not," and I concluded, "Shall I not stab him." The boarders at the hotel interfered and pulled them apart. Explanations being made and accepted, they re-

paired to the "bar" and thus became friends during the remainder of their stay, notwithstanding the great rage at the time, as the doctor used to tell us he never was so mad in his life. Hurrah for our good and benevolent "Old Hall," as he was familiarly called in Williamsburg, where he lived the last thirty years of his life and died about the beginning of our war. His conclusion, "shall I not stab him," became a note, and was highly commended in those days, and the sentiment in these days ought to be in humane adoption as in beautiful contradistinction to the hip pocket murderer drawn only to kill you, and for what?

Dr. Henry Dubose was a physician of established reputation, and few, if any, excelled him. For many years he was a fixed feature in the town of Kingstree, where he lived. His pluck in defense of his rights have often been exhibited, and his benevolence and liberality to the poor have ever been acknowledged.

Here is another instance of philosophical conclusion, occurring in Columbia. A strong supporter of State right doctrines in the adoption of Nullification acts was arguing with one of the professors of the South Carolina College, a Yankee, who, differing in opinions, gave strong reasons against such rights and their supporters. The State right man arose and called the other "a d—m liar." The professor still keeping his seat, replied: "You must prove by twelve of my peers that I have lied, or you have lied."

Throughout the State these fights happened in almost every instance by reproaches made from one party to the other, the Nullifiers denouncing the Unionists as submissionists or cowards, and the Unionists taunting the Nullifiers as "all smoke and no fire." These Nullifiers adopted an insignia called a cockade, made of blue and white ribbons, representing the palmetto tree in its centre and fixed on the side of their hats. These cockades were construed as exhibiting a warlike disposition, and if not offensive they caused ridicule. With the exception of a few members of the Indiantown Church, residing over the "Big Swamp," the entire church and community were Union people. One Sunday one of these boastful members wore his cockade hat to the church. The boys, headed by White McCutchen, hastily constructed an imitation cockade and pinned it around "Nep's" neck, a privileged fice dog, and regular attendant at church, which, with his insignia, strolled

about and through the church during services, upsetting mothers' baskets in search of bread, as was his custom. Visible was the subdued chuckle of the congregation, and notable was the children's curiosity as they pointed at Nep's necklace, all to the mortification of the cockade gentleman. These people held intensely Union sentiments and unequivocally refused to join any act, tending to weaken the laws of the United States. In maintaining these Union sentiments, they were guided by such devoted patriots as Col. David D. Wilson and Col. William Cooper, members of our Legislature, obtained through much strife and hostile opposition; aided also by Congressman Thomas R. Mitchel, of Charleston; Hon. R. F. W. Allston and E. Waterman, of Georgetown, Gen. Wade Hampton, of Columbia, and Richardson and Manning, of Sumter. By our leading statesmen and Sam's parents, his conservative sentiments were engrafted in his youthful mind and there they have been nurtured up to the present time.

These deep rooted feelings of conserved patriotism were made demonstrable in our first secession movement in 1851, as in his vote for State delegates, recorded in his diary; in his reluctance to endorse our secession ordinance made in Charleston in 1860, still having faith in a returning sense of justice among our Northern friends, strengthened by the closing paragraph of President Lincoln's first inaugural, but to be overshadowed in the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and the Yankees invasion upon the soil of South Carolina at Beaufort, but to be revivified in 1890.

Our Union cause found strenuous advocates in every voting precinct in Williamsburg district, and in many of them there were divisions of sentiments even in families, as were those among the Grahams, Mouzons, McClavys, Hannas and others of Revolutionary stock, and indeed the Nullifiers claimed to be representatives of that spirit of their forefathers in resisting oppression as they had done. The State leaders of both parties are of national record, but those of this district are not, and they are written in this narrative as they are now remembered. These may be of interest to those who remember those exciting times as actors, or as accidental hearers, and who, no doubt, can recall many other prominent men and stirring incidents worthy of record.

In Kingstree precinct, the Unionists were under the leadership of Dr. James Bradley, Fultons, Witherspoon and

Scotts; the Nullifiers under the Singletons, Peter Gourdin, Nelsons, Salters and Gambles. Dr. T. D. Singleton, Sr., was a candidate for Congress against the Hon. Thomas R. Mitchell, whom he defeated but died on his way to Washington. On Santee, Dr. Buford and Maj. Sabb were unable to contend with such strong and ardent Nullifiers as the Gourdins, Keds and McDonalds. At Anderson, the Union cause prevailed, and Matthew L. Martin had everything his own way, being a host within himself, and Anderson section would lose its high standard for unanimity were there no Martin there, but fortunately old Mr. Martin's social, political and intellectual position among us was bequeathed to his only son, the present Daniel Z. Martin. At Black Mingo, the Doziers and Capt. Jack Graham were barely able to hold a hand in the Union cause with the Nesmiths and Brockintons of extensive and influential family connections. At Muddy Creek, the Union cause was largely in the ascendancy, and the Nullifiers had no showing with Capt. Williams Johnson, the Haseldens and the Coxes. The Lake voting precinct of large territory and population, was overwhelming in the strength of the Nullifiers; the upper and middle portions by far the most populous were controlled by the leaders, A. F. Graham and Samuel E. Graham, Cockfields, McAlisters, Mathews, Rodgers and Sauls; while the lower and eastern portion was controlled by such Union men as Mr. James Graham, Singletarys and Browns; and along Lynehe's Creek by Stones, Eaddys and Carters. The upper Lake section was the bone of contention and great exertions were made by the Union party to break into the ranks of the Nullifiers, but its people were determined and remained steadfast in their adherence to the doctrines of Calhoun, Hayne, McDuffie and others.

Public dinners were given by both parties and frequently on the same day and at the same place. Such dinners were given at Kingstree, one at Fluitt's Hotel by the Union party, and was addressed by Dr. James Bradley, the Union candidate for the Legislature; the other at Staggers' Hotel by the Nullifiers, and Dr. Thomas D. Singleton was the speaker and candidate for the State Senate against Col. David D. Wilson, candidate on the Union side. This election was held and resulted in a "tie." Young Dr. Singleton was said to be a speaker and orator and was ready at all times to mount the rostrum and discuss the political issues of the day. Being well

educated, he had the reputation of being a first rate physician, affable and elegant, his address was almost irresistible. His early death created a feeling of sorrow among his friends and political enemies, leaving a widow and three little daughters, who, in a few years, were the pride of our people, wonderful in intelligence, refinement and the lofty bearing of the distinguished of our State. The many virtues and excellencies of the late Mrs. Louisa Singleton will long remain fixed and hallowed in the memories of the people of Williamsburg.

A great gathering of the two contending parties was made in the Lake country at the concurrence of the public roads, leading from the Anderson and Laurens bridges, where the town of Scranton is now situated. Each party had their dinner on the opposite side of the Laurens branch of the forked roads, and were in speaking distance to each other, and it was a common talk of the probable scenes of that day and of its speculative results for many days prior to the expected meeting. The school boy was given permission to attend this dinner, and placing himself in the care of a neighbor, named John Morton, esteemed a bully and one of the acknowledged fighters on the Union side, he felt safe, as bullies in those turbulent days were highly thought of and their friendship desired. At early morn of the appointed day we set out on horseback for the place of the big meeting, it being eighteen or twenty miles from our homes, at which arrival we found an immense concourse of people already on the ground, consisting of every size and condition.

Before dinner there was much talking and joking between the two factions on the public road, and for a while everything was in a very pleasant and enjoyable way.

After dinner, the all-absorbing topic became more of an irritating character, and as soon as the epithet, "Submissionist," was given, either to himself or a Union friend, Robert W. Fulton, of Kingstree, peeled away with his fist at John F. Graham, the insulting Nullifier, and by the time they are in full fight, and Fulton in the lead, the friends of the engaging parties rush in to their assistance, and many of them too became engaged. Among these combatants were N. M. Graham, Unionist, and C. W. Cade, Nullifier, and many other fights occurring, a general fight was imminent, as men pulled off their coats, threw their banters and shook their fists at each other. Our old friend of the morning, ran in among the

Nullifiers, pulled aside his shirt bosom, exposed his naked breast to them, and begged them to "make a dig," but they failed, so great was the size of his frame, and arms and fist in fine proportions. There were cursing, swearing and ranting on all sides, amidst which the school boy, having lost his tutillary companion in the great hubbub, accidentally found a boy from Kingstree, the late E. J. C. Mathews, a relative, and holding on to each other for self-protection, mounted up into a cart standing by the roadside.

Raised above the crowd we felt more secure, but the noises, banters and fights increasing, and seeming to have centred around our cart, the frightened school boy leaped out over the wheels into the road just in time to be in the way of Capt. Ebenezer Singeltary, who was then charging down the road through the crowd on his large, gray, blind horse, and to receive a knock-down and a slight bruise on his foot. On, on, came the horse and man, leaping up into the air and bounding over the crowd, striking right and left with his stick, exclaiming aloud: "Get out the way, you d—m sons of bitches." Men were run over and wounded, some got out of his way, others attempted to seize his reins and jerk the rider off. This charge through and over a crowd of men of several hundreds yards' compactness, was a benevolent success, in that he had cleared the road and stopped the fighting. This feat accomplished, as designed, Capt. Singeltary dashed down the road beyond the reach of friend and foe, where, wheeling his horse around, he complacently reviewed the scene he had just enacted. By this time, Robert D. Blakeley, of Kingstree, a bullying Nullifier who had been wounded in the charge, mounted his horse to pursue the charger, who fearlessly observing his approach, warded off Blakeley's stick with his own and gave several severe blows on Blakeley's head. In the meantime, while this fray was going on, which viewed from the crowd had the appearance of a desperate encounter between brave, youthful, dashing Bob. Blakeley and the old man, Capt. Ebb Singeltary, whose anxious friends loudly screamed: "Do run yonder, Blakeley is killing Old Ebb." The surprise of the condition of these two single combatants may be guessed when Blakeley slowly returning, was seen to be bloody, in a measure, from head to foot, while the friends of Capt. Singeltary, who had flocked to his rescue after his fight, reported him as being all right with scarcely a scratch

on his person. Then, and ever afterwards during his life, Capt. Ebb Singeltary claimed he had made a better charge than Gen. Washington had ever done.

The fighting thus unexpectedly ended, with bloody faces everywhere visible, and the great wrangling dying away, and Mr. Morton having found his protege, we join the long cavalcade at twilight and go home with old Mr. James Graham, ten miles distant, and remained with him that night, together with a large company of Union friends. Old Mr. Jimmie Graham was a host in the Union ranks, beloved and respected by all, whose moral, patriotic and Christian qualities are now delineated in his descendants of to-day. The greater part of this night was consumed in the recital and review of the scenes of that bloody day, which, when fully written, will convey the spirit of the rising tempest of the excitement of our susceptible people. And for what? but to pave the way for the last and supreme act of a chivalrous and once proud generation, as declared and accepted in 1860.

One other meeting of the people was called, yet in memory, composed entirely of Union men, to hear a speech from the Hon. Thomas R. Mitchel, then candidate for re-election to Congress. We congregated at the Witherspoon place, one mile below Kingstree, and the whole district of Union men seemed to be present, anxious to hear Mr. Mitchel and others who might desire to give more light on the pending political crisis. Twelve o'clock of that day came, but no Mr. Mitchell arrived, and shortly afterwards a messenger from Georgetown arrived to say that Mr. Mitchel had been suddenly taken ill the night before and could not be with us. We were sorely disappointed, and while the committee of arrangements and others were anxiously looking for some one to address us, in the absence of Dr. James Bradley, it was publicly announced that Capt. Jack Graham, old and infirm as he was, would undertake to speak. Capt. Graham coming to the front, said he could not well undergo the fatigues of a speech, but he had an article written which we were welcome to, if we would get some one to read it. At this the cry was made for Squire Blakeley, who coming up in response, with a smiling face, and turning to the old gentleman, said: "Capt. Graham, is the article in your own hand writing?" This being affirmed, and looking upon the crowd, he said: "Gentlemen, I beg to be excused." Here Capt. Jack, as he was familiarly called, being

a little disconcerted, said: "I'll read it myself," and adjusting his old brass frame spectacles over his nose, and leisurely unfolding the rolls of his paper speech, he proceeded to read page after page, occupying several minutes, and hearing no applause and noticing squads of people around him leaving, he suddenly discovering his mistake, and as suddenly stopping, said: "Poh! Poh! Poh! I brought the wrong paper from home." This proved to be an agricultural article prepared by Mr. Graham for publication.

All efforts to get another speaker on the stand were ineffectual, and the truth was apparent, that tho' we had many men of great political information, born of Williamsburg, yet they could not, or would not, be induced to make an off hand speech. As was the case then of sixty years ago, so is it now with many of her sons. Truly we are a peculiar people and are recognized as such by neighboring counties, who presume to make allowances for our shortcomings, as they say: "He is from Williamsburg."

There was no disturbance and this day afforded much enjoyment. Late in the evening, one young man mounted his horse to go over to Kingstree village among the Nullifiers, where they, too, had a small dinner. Being alone, and his friends knowing his pluck, they were solicitous about his intrusive visit. Sure enough, soon there came a dispatch from Kingstree, saying: "Tom Rose and Gadsden Gamble are fighting." Instantly mounting their horses, a hundred or more men dashed up into Kingstree. Finding the fight was over, being assured that their friend had had a fair fight, and that it ended as well for one as the other, they returned to their friends, and soon the crowd dispersed.

Capt. Jack Graham was a man of distinguished character, who had faithfully served in the legislative halls in previous years. Many anecdotes were told on him, showing the peculiarities of the Williamsburg people. They persisted in calling him "Old Jack Grimes." He resided on Black Mingo on the place where now stands the fine residence of the McConnells. His old house was a resting place for travellers, it being about half way between Kingstree and Georgetown, especially for the judges and lawyers of our courts. In one sense, he was the most useful man of those times living on that line, as he kept a wood and blacksmith shop and vehicles and horses to let. Being a church-going man, and anxious to better connect

himself with the Indiantown Church, he cut a way across Black Mingo Swamp to shorten the distance, which ford to this day bears his name.

Capt. Jack Graham left two children, a son and daughter. Of his son's descendants are the families of John S. McCullough and John S. Graham, the latter of whom resides on the place of his great-grandfather. He has every promise of an equal usefulness with him in the affairs of our State. Of the descendants of the McCullough branch is the present J. Graham McCullough, who, just started out in life, is a young man of much hope in the church and on whom his friends have placed an interest in his future usefulness in our State. His daughter's descendants are John G. Howard's family, residing on Birch Creek, and William E. Howard, who moved away, and the two Howard girls, Rebecca and Maggie. The former married W. G. Cawley, residing on Black River; Maggie married Capt. W. J. Grayson, leaving four sons, one of whom is W. Watson Grayson, our popular clerk of the court. At the death of Mr. Howard, his daughter married Mr. Robert Morris, on Turkey Creek, from whence were Dr. Robert F. Maurice and Hon. Samuel W. Maurice.

In front of Capt. Jack Graham's house in a large open field, was the Regimental Parade Ground, of the upper and lower battalions of Williamsburg and Georgetown districts, commanded by Col. William Cooper with Capt. S. J. Snowden as his adjutant. At every annual parade the drum and the fife made such thrilling music that hundreds of boys and negroes followed in their marches. The cake cart, covered over with white sheeting, with its ginger cakes and pies, were next of interest, and old Aunt "Fillis Brown" from Georgetown, pocketed many a four pence and seven pence. These parades were the delight of the old and young. The officers with their long, blue, swallow-tail coats, with double rows of brass buttons and long red sashes around their waists, were the lions of the day, and with their high military hats with feathers fluttering in the breeze, and heavy swords almost trailing the ground, they presented a spectacle of warlike heroism.

However, these swords and the general appearance of the officers did not compare with that story which Jimmie Gordon told to us at school. "Long ago, two boys ran away from home and went to the war. After many years' absence, one of the boys returned on a furlough. His mother met him with

great joy, but was soon shocked, and hastening to call her husband, then out in the field at work, she shouted: "Old man! old man! what do you think?" "Why, old woman, I'm thinking about everything." "Our son Jimmie has come back from the war. I can't stay in the house with him. He's a cursing and a swearing till I can't hear my own ears. He has a long knife a hangin' to his belt and one 'em dregs the ground."

### WAGON TRIPS TO CHARLESTON.

A description of the long established custom of our farmers' trips to Charleston with their wagons loaded with cotton once or twice a year, is supposed to be of interest. Two or more of them joined company for mutual protection along the road. These trips were generally made in November or early December, that the yearly allowance of groceries, clothes, blankets and wool hats for the negro men, blue checkered handkerchiefs and shawls for the women, including a barrel of apples for the children and one of whiskey for the plantation, would be on hand at Christmas and New Year's day. Georgetown was then considered a Yankee and Jew town, and was only used for convenience, until years later the Sampsons, Munroes and others opened large stores of merchandise, and the town assumed a place of importance. The people of Williamsburg then traded their cotton here till the construction of the Northeastern Railroad, completed in 1857. Charleston in the meantime, was taking care of herself, rising to higher and grander proportions through the enterprise of her people, as shown in the construction of the Charleston and Augusta Railroad, and her lines of steamboats, plying the PeeDee River and stopping at Georgetown for cotton, and the upper Santee down to Wright's Bluff, through the Santee canal into Cooper River, and deposited the cotton on her wharfs.

Sam's first trip to the great city was made late in November, 1832, and high were his expectations of what things he would see, being told before leaving that he would be like the little boy who said "he couldn't see the town for the houses." These trips required six days going, and five on the return trip, exclusive of the three days in the city, making fourteen days, if not hindered by accident. As nothing eatable could be bought along the route, rations and feed were prepared for the long journey. Baked wheat and corn biscuits,

beat rice, bags of sugar, coffee and salt, junks of home made soap, towels, side of bacon, etc., packed into a chest. Two bales of cotton, packed with a pestle at its four corners, stuffed with cotton seed, the whole weighing 300 to 350 pounds, were placed in the body of the wagon, filling their interstices with corn, while four similar bales were placed across, resting on the railing of the wagon body, and secured by two long poles lashed down. A bucket of fresh tar was suspended to the end of the coupling pole, and the feed trough suspended to the back of the wagon body, in which were placed pots, frying pan and a short forked pole, used to support the wagon tongue at nights and at feed time. Fodder, bedding and blankets were piled up on top under a homespun cloth, which served as a tent at night. Places were found for baskets of fowl, ducks and eggs, which were carried to town and sold.

Thus equipped with four horses geared to his wagon, on Tuesday at daylight, the wagoner in clean clothes, and proud of his calling, mounts the wheel saddle horse, seizes his long "gee" line, pops his whip, and punching his off wheel horse with his foot, we are soon on the road for Charleston, not, however, before an affectionate good-bye has been given mother, who, after various admonitions told of the "meetin' clothes" tied up in a bundle with father's in the wagon, which he must put on in Charleston to look like the city boys. We are soon overtaken by father on horseback. Slowly and steadily we drive along, and arriving at the old Scott place (now Thompson's) we are joined by Mr. Thomas Scott's wagon, himself on horseback, and by Wm. R. Scott, his brother, and John Rowlong, a school teacher, on a pleasure trip. We camped at the well of Williamsburg Presbyterian church, and after feeding our horses and eating the purleau of rice and chicken, we all settle ourselves around the campfire. The click of the trace chains and the restlessness of the horses somewhat disturbed our rest. We had a joyful surprise, as upon examining the necessary articles to be carried along on our journey, nothing was wanting. Col. D. D. Wilson, who seemed never tired of speaking of old Uncle John McGill, not only as a jolly companion, but as a great wagoner, making frequent trips to Charleston, said he used to drive off his loaded wagon the evening before the appointed day of starting, and camp a mile or two that night from his home, that he might be near the next morning to send back to his home

for any necessary article left behind. It was narrated that a widow lady of great push living near Kingstree used to accompany her wagon on a Charleston trip at least one-half day, and thus ascertain if all preparations were properly made, and on one occasion it was discovered that the wagon trough had been left. She dispatched a negro man on horseback for it, who hitched the trough to the horse and dragged it along on the ground till he reached his wagon.

At daylight the next morning we are moving on and at its close we are camped at Murray's ferry. Thursday morning we drive into two flats, and after three hours poling over the waters of the swamp, seven miles from bank to bank, we are safely landed, and passing through "Hog Crawl bottom" we enter a long straight reach of road. Passing by Mr. Shipman's plantation and house of entertainment, we struck camp for the night. Friday morning, we crossed over the canal bridge, by Bigham's old church and Monk's Corner, and then we encountered the very bad roads through Broughton's swamp. The camp this night is forgotten, but it is probable we did not stop in Broughton's swamp, which had the reputation as the haunts of robbers and lawless runaways. On Saturday, we had a pleasant time, and turned into the great State road, running from Charleston to Columbia, eighteen or twenty miles above the city. What attracted most along our line was the "Live Oak avenue," the immense trees, growing in straight double lines, with extended branches interlocking, formed an arched way up to an elegant white mansion, placed several hundred yards from the public road. Here at noon we feed, watering our horses at Goose creek. After a short rest we crossed over this tide-water creek on an arched bridge of beautiful construction, intending to camp at the Ten mile hill and spring that night. Here we heard, for the first time in our lives, the roar and rattle of the railroad cars, which a mile or two away resounded through the woods like a thunder storm. Jumping to our feet we listened with some fear, as the horses pricked their ears and became somewhat fractious. On Sunday morning, being only ten miles to our journey's end, we are in no hurry to get on the road but spend the early hours in washing off the smoke of camp fires and putting on clean clothes to make our debut into the great city. Starting, we soon reach the turnpike road, and coming to the Four Mile House, we imagined we were already in

town. Many ladies and gentlemen came dashing by, mounted on fine horses, which added to the grandeur of the ladies' riding dresses, heightened our ideas of the elegance of Charleston people. Added to our curiosity were the city negro women, dressed in fine style with baskets of cakes on their arms. Meeting us they walked along by the wagon, putting on winsome ways and courteous addresses to the negro men and offering to buy the poultry and eggs. The men, tho' delighted, would not make any bargains, nor could they be induced to go home with them, as they feared their tricky ways as had been practiced on others. Arriving in the upper part of town we drive our wagons into Welch & McClary's public wagon yard, and properly arranging our business with our servants, and promising to be back the next morning, we walked down King street and put up at a hotel on the eastern side of King street.

On Monday the wagons were driven down to East Bay and remained there the greater part of the day, giving Sam opportunities to look at the ships and count the chimes in St. Michael's steeple. On Tuesday hundreds of wagons filled King street, and their passing and repassing each other were of much trouble, while they almost hindered pedestrians crossing over from one pavement to the other. The greatest wonder was where all these people came from and what was the matter that made them walk almost in a trot. Sam did not relish the hotel fare, when he saw the nice smoking sausages on the table, because he had heard older people say that town sausages were made of young puppies. The city drinking water and the heated, stifled air in his bed room made him sick, and consequently prevented him from seeing much of the city. He longed for his mother's burnt whiskey and spice at home. Being thus indisposed, he was in his room in the hotel in bed part of his stay in the city. This ever being his way of acting and thinking, that when he is sick, he is sick, and when he is well he is well, leaving no intermediate or half way ground.

On the evening of the third day the wagons with their load of supplies were ready to be driven out of the city, and Sam being sick, his father arranged for him to lie over till next morning, take the train twelve miles up to Woodstock, walk out from there to the public road and meet the wagons at a designated place. He was placed under the charge of Mr. John Rowlong, and at daylight we two are on board the South

Carolina and Augusta Railroad, not yet completed, if rightly remembered. This ride with its velocity, its rockings, jumpings and bumpings produced dizziness and increased his sickness, and, with difficulty, we two walked across to the State road, and arriving there before the wagons. The boy had to lie flat on the ground while awaiting. Directly, Mr. Rowlong announced the approach of the wagons, and the boy was quickly and comfortably laid in the wagon. The free air of the country soon revived him. During the day we were overtaken by his father and Mr. Tom Scott, in company with half dozen other gentlemen, who too were on their return, and among them were Mr. Isaac Nelson, of Kingstree, in a sulkey, and Capt. John Smith, of Pudding Swamp, in a gig. Sam leaps out of the wagon as he gladly accepts the arrangement made for him to ride with Capt. Smith as far as Kingstree. That night we all stopped with Mr. Shipman, a tavern keeper, and at daylight of Friday morning we were pushing toward Murray's Ferry, a string of wagons ahead of us, and arriving there we found great numbers of wagons already there awaiting transportation. It was ascertained that our turn to cross the river could not possibly arrive before Sunday. Without hesitating, we turned down into the Santee River road and crossed over Santee at Lenud's Ferry the same day, and stopped at the ferry house. Saturday morning we are again on the road for home, and arriving at Mr. H. D. Shaw's place, three miles below Kingstree, on the Lower Bridge road, we parted company, and Sam bidding good-bye to his friend, Capt. Smith, leaps behind Mr. Nelson's sulky, and in a short time we were at his house, three miles below Kingstree.

On the arrivals of the wagons, Sam mounted one and arrived home as hearty as a buck, so great are his powers of recuperation, after a trip in the wagon of sixteen days' absence.

#### GRAYSON'S SCHOOL AND PLOW BOY.

In January, 1833, the school boy was sent to board with his sister, Amelia Scott, wife of Mr. I. T. Scott, whose marriage was celebrated in 1826, and who is yet living in Arkansas in her eighty-seventh year. The object was to go with Scott to an English school taught by Mr. B. B. Grayson, on Cedar Swamp at the "Old Brush Stand," and review his English studies, which had been neglected in the study of Latin the previous year. The first three months' attendance under

Mr. Grayson's tuition satisfied the mind of the school boy, that his former English lessons had not been forgotten, and thus expressed his belief with an egotism which, no doubt, exemplified our old copy for "V," being "Vanity and presumption ruin many a promising youth."

During these three cold and wet winter months, John Scott and Sam McGill trudged along together from Mr. Scott's place, now Mr. Joseph A. Thompson's, through the lonely and sloppy bogs and pine forest to the school, and when in the little school house, one of them had an easy road to travel, while the other frequently received corrections in his open hands. The school master used the ferrule in preference to the switch. On our way to school John, ever fond of pranks, would loiter behind, Sam walking ahead on a narrow path, would throw a heavy pine knot against a tree just before him, would disperse his friend's reverie. On our return the two friends, now in no hurry, would hunt Calamus root on the "tussicks" growing in Holmes' Swamp.

The three months' term of school under Mr. Grayson having expired, the school boy returned home to his father, who immediately put him to the plow, and as an inducement promised to give him a four year-old heifer cow. These were joyously accepted, because he would get horseback rides to and from the fields twice a day, and some of them more than a mile away. April, May and June found him in a highly contented condition, dexterously holding the plow handles and extending his "gee" and "haw" in commanding tones in consideration that he was now a master. Cheered with the thought of a continuous increase of his stock of cattle, this problem was made: "If every calf be a heifer calf, and each one to have a heifer calf at four years old annually, how many cows, heifers and calves will he have at the end of ten years." He got the heifer and called her "Full Pen," and when this boy married and settled in 1844, eleven years after, he had a small stock of cattle from historic Full Pen. Ever since, there has been one of her name in his stock, and now, after the lapse of sixty years, there is one "Full Pen" and heifer yearling feeding in his front yard pasture.

After the three months' plowing, the balance of the year found the school boy at leisure, as he visited his cousins and neighbors around Indiantown. Most of these were his father's people, nephews and nieces, and their relations to each other

were so closely and tenderly observed that the interest of one was the interest of them all. They loved their Uncle Sam and family, and at the first information of sickness, their presence was quickly made in the sick room. But most of his idle moments were given to Jimmie and Davy Gordon, hunting with them with an old, single-barrel flint and steel gun, finding only much hindrance to his everlasting shooting in getting shot and powder and gun flints, as the latter had to be picked between fires and the pan rubbed with pumice stone, and with all these there were many "ka whap a snap" before the gun went off with a deafening explosion, and with a perceptible kick behind, yet doing some damage before her. We enlarged our fishing places as we go to McColtry and Wilson Lakes, and glide over their smooth surfaces in a canoe and bring up the big, blue bream from their bottom, or shoot the big gar fish as they lie near the surface of these waters. Or, he goes home with the Gordon boys and watches their skill as workman in the making of fancy powder horns, fancy boxes, &c., with characters carved or painted on them. One such was made, written with pencil along in the inside, "D. P. Gordon, 1833," and given to his friend Sam, which was carried along in the four years he was off at school, and which remained in his house all the days of his married life, as his wife's needle, thread and button holder.

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## CHAPTER V.

### BETHANY ACADEMY, NORTH CAROLINA, IN 1834—SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

Weeks before the Christmas holidays of this year, a broader field than plowing, sporting with gun and dogs and fishing tackles was projected, in which to give the school boy a classical education, then only obtainable far away from home, as was the general belief. The conclusion was made in chief by the influence of Col. D. D. Wilson, who argued that Sam should be given a chance to get an education, he intended to do the same thing for his son Edward, they had already paid extra money for their Latin, and that he would be glad to have these two boys go off together to the Bethany

Academy in Iredell county, N. C., a thrifty Presbyterian neighborhood. Accordingly, Sam's father yielded to the wishes of Col. Wilson, whom he greatly esteemed, and preparations were made for the departure of Ned Wilson and Sam McGill first of January following, to go in company with William M. Scott, of Cedar Swamp, who was to return to that school, where he and Jackson Singeltary attended the previous year. These two boys were to be placed under his care and direction in the long journey of two hundred miles, occupying not less than six days, and as William Scott was older, and of early piety, these parents gladly placed their sons under his charge.

In early January, 1834, all things being ready, including home-made winter and summer clothing for eleven months' wear and tear, and receiving his mother's admonitions during many preceding days amid her prayers and our tears, the re-assumed and newly dressed school boy bade adieu to his people.

In the old family gig, resting on wooden standards, secured on the axle, and a new trunk lashed on the hind seat to balance the weight of its passengers on the shafts, the negro man, Ned, was seated along side of his young master to drive him to Bethany, and bring back the horse and gig. We soon join company with Scott and Ned with similar outfits, and arriving at Anderson Bridge we put up with old Mrs. Anderson for the night. On the second day we were in Society Hill, in the Douglas Hotel, and before the noon of the third day we were in Cheraw, stopping to have our horses shod. This being a new sight to us we watched the manner of putting shoes on horses. Shortly, we are off for Wadesboro, but had not proceeded far before we were told that a certain creek just ahead was swimming, and that it would not be fordable for several hours. Returning to Cheraw, we put up in Moore's Hotel, being attracted by his large sign. After supper, while Scott was engaged in conversation with a strange gentleman, Sam proposed to Ned a walk out into the street. We had not gone far before a drunken man came staggering up to us in the dark, and muttering something, we betook to our heels, and was soon back in the hotel. In the up-stairs room of the hotel where we slept there were two beds, Scott and Ned occupied one and Sam alone in the other, who scarcely was asleep before he was aroused by a crashing noise in the room, and fearing it was robbers, he instinctively covered up his

head to await his fate in the dark. It proved to be the plastering of the room falling on our beds and the floor, but doing no damage to us except inflicting a slight bruise on Ned's face.

At the end of the fourth day's journey we were in Wadesboro, N. C., and all along we wanted to know where the North Carolina line was. On the fifth day we crossed through Rocky River at a ford where there was a rock dam of a few feet height, and a small grits mill house, made also of rocks. This was the only river in our journey of 200 miles. On the sixth day we were among the hills and rocks and icy valleys, which sights verified what had been told us before leaving our homes, but which, at the time, we could not understand, that we would see hills high as a pine tree, rocks as big as a meeting house, and ice of thickness to hold up a horse. This day we arrived in Salisbury and put up with a Mr. Slaughter, and finding its streets all mud and red clay Sam, in descending the miserable roads over which he had passed, wrote by Ned's return to his parents, that even in the streets of Salisbury our "old farmer" had to take a second pull in its mud and deep ruts.

On the evening of the seventh day of our toilsome trip, we are at our journey's end, and are with Mr. W. A. Dunlap, our expected host for the next eleven months. He lodged us in a hewed log cabin in his yard. This place and the whole country we had passed in our last day's journey and here around us, cast a gloom and a sadness, as the yard trees and forests of tall oaks and hickories presented a scene only to be seen in our cypress swamps in the dead of winter. There was not a vestige of green upon which to rest the eye, as the pines with their ever green tops had entirely disappeared in entering Iredell county, situated on both sides of the South Yadkin River, and the only alleviation to our distressed minds and disappointed imagination, was a distant view of the Brushy Mountains, beyond the Yadkin.

In a few days after our arrival, D. Flavil Wilson joined us, and as S. Jackson Singeltary was already here, we South Carolina boys were almost inseparable. There were no negro servants and we found it a job to cut off the big oak logs for our fires, and shoulder them into our cabin and to kindle up the fire without lightwood. Mr. Dunlap had but two negroes on his place, old Maum Rose, a 200 pounder, and Ceasar, an awkward and broad visaged boy, who, in spite of us, would

associate with us without giving any assistance, and call us by our names, so strange to our senses, and for which and other familiarities, he suffered by Jack's wit, tricks and slaps.

We entered the Bethany Academy under the tutorship of Mr. Hugh R. Hall, a native, of middle age, cold, unimpassioned and unobtrusive. These traits of character were those of his general neighbors and of the young generation with which were united sober dispositions, rather desiring the profession and practice of Christian virtues and the cultivation of the intellect to the total neglect of elegance of manners and a seeming disregard for personal charms. The men wore long broad tail dress coats of darkened gray color and pants and vests to match, all of domestic fabrics, the change in their Sunday clothes being that of a finer texture of the wool. Inured to labor, they were a hearty set of people, and accustomed to the severity of their climate, they could be seen in bitter, cold, freezing weather in their shirt sleeves, with axes on their shoulders, doing all the work on their farms.

Our boarding place was a mile from Bethany Academy and Bethany Church, and our foot path thither wended through a plateau of forest of magnificent trees without an undergrowth to obstruct the view. The lands, comparatively level with many little hills and dales with gushing springs of water, were productive of grain and their meadows of hay, and divided into little farms, the eye could take in at a sight a dozen or more of them. The dwelling houses were comfortably made, some were of two-story heights and many were of large hewed oak logs, with chimneys of rocks, made smooth inside, leaving the outside edges rough and irregular. The old church, large and commodious, was a plain frame building, ceiled with soft yellow pine, with a gallery in which the scattered negroes and school boys were allotted, and judging from the number of names with dates carved in the soft wood, it had been the boys' privileged possession for several decades. The South Carolina boys were not long in following suit, but accidentally observing in an obscure corner of the gallery two lines carved in poetic measure among other writings, they too late repented of their folly:

"He is a fool allowed by all  
Who carves his name upon a wall."

Just behind the church yard, enclosed by slate colored

rocks, and in sight of the academy, was the residence of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Frontee, a Frenchman. With his wife, as an assistant, he taught a female school.

The first three months of our domiciliary in Bethany found us in a very disconcerted state of mind, caused by our circumstances; our book studies could only be made in the house around the hearth in a heated and stifled room, by the light of tallow candles, snibbed by our moistened fingers with our spittle, directly opposite to our former mode at home; everything was new in dress, in diet and in manners, and there was no outside recreation save that Sam found along the long and narrow valley of the Academy Springs, the waters of which dashed over pebbles and small rocks, enclosed by high hills and the bare protrusions of their rock beds. Here for the first time we saw the little ground squirrel of brown color with white streaks along its body. They were so watchful, as they lay basking in the sun shine at the mouths of their burrows in the crevices of the rocks, that only one hasty sight of rocky homes.

In our discomfitures we pined for a walk on the sandy roads and the pleasant days of our winters in South Carolina, as here many of the days were snowy and sleety, and when bright and cloudless the heavy freezes at night would crisp the ground, which, when thawed by the sun during the day, the roads were all slush.

We learned a few useful trades in the mending of rents made in our clothes, and the darning and patching of them. In the blacking of our shoes with bought blacking in tin boxes (unheard of before), we became experts equal to the shine claimed by the shoe blacks of our cities, which polish we considered to be a great improvement over the lard and tallow grease used by the negro boys at our homes. Yet, with all our philosophy to make the best of a bad bargain, these cold wintry days were the saddest Sam had ever experienced, as the whole country had the habiliments of death around it, and there were neither songs nor smiles outside our own society.

Mr. Dunlap, our host, kept the postoffice, whose mail arrived on Friday of each week. Our letters from home were two weeks on the road, and if delayed on their route, they would not come to hand till the following mail day, and frequently our letters would be three weeks date previous to their reception. The postage on our letters was written 18 3-4 cts.,

the payment of which was kept in account and paid quarterly or annually, or at the end of that current year. Mail days were of great interest to us, as we hastened to our house in the evening with the hope of hearing from home, and when none was handed over to us our disappointment was almost beyond control. Sam got more letters than the others, and they were of more interest, whose mother's ease and fluency in writing filled two first pages of our long foolscap paper with the health of the family and with neighborhood news, condition of crops, &c., and devoting the third page in prayers and admonitions to her son, who, in opening these letters, would withdraw from the crowd and thus avoid an exposure of his shallow tears. In one of these letters she told of the intended marriages of his two sisters, Mary McCottry and Jane Caroline, to be solemnized 26th April following, and similar letters were from other members of the family. Well, of course, the Gordon boys wrote, and such letters as they were: "I drop you a few lines. I got no news. I must close," and that was about all, but in after years they became noted as writers of "bulletins." One letter received from a friend and relative, J. W. M., telling among many other things, the marriages of his two sisters, and Miss Sarah Ann James' marriage and the probable marriages of some others, was addressed in most elegant composition, one sentence of which yet remains, viz.: "Marriages, and giving in marriage, have become as much the order of the day as in those days immediately preceding the entrance of Noah and his household into the floating temple, the ark."

The long wished vernal days arriving, the buds appear and as quickly unfolded into leaves. The sweet carol of birds and the green freshness of the earth in the valleys and along the roadside, produced an exhilaration of spirits. Here summer seemed to succeed spring so readily that there is no variableness of weather from hot to cold and vice versa. All are in their summer attire. Just here an unforeseen difficulty presented itself to the Williamsburgers in the change of their dresses, as our summer clothes were cut and made at home before we left in the view of our expected growth. The calculation was beyond the mark, as we did not fill up the allotted space. Now we are at our wit's end, but our ingenious Flavel soon remedied our sad cases by procuring additional needles and thread, and in a short time we were all right.

About this time "tights" came into fashion and pants were cut, made and used to fit the skin, more so by those on whom "tights" developed the formation of a well formed leg. Jack remodeled a pair which necessitated a leap into them, and over the logs or a sideway step in walking, and in getting into them, Sam would assist and smooth out the creases and push them over the calves of his legs. The style of our dress coats was very unlike that of the Bethany boys, who, with all their assumed distance from us and cold demonstration of affection, did good-humoredly signalize our coats as swallow-tails, which we accepted in good faith, but not when they reflected on our intelligence as will appear in the following scene in our debating society.

The South Carolina boys formed a society, had a common interest and desired to be in each other's company, and were unanimous when an occasion arose. In our debating society, which met every Friday night in the academy, we were frequently put on the affirmative and negative side of a question and in opposition. At our last meeting Scott had been chosen to open the debate in the affirmative, and another student to reply in the negative. These two chose the balance of us alternately. Friday night came and Scott was prepared. Repeating his argument to us beforehand, we pronounced it first rate. He spoke greatly to our satisfaction, but when his opponent arose we listened with interest, as he rebutted every argument, dissecting them by pieces with fluency and eloquence. This speaker did not stop at this, and by way of his glorification of his acquired debating powers and assumed superiority, he spoke of the extreme simplicity of the argument of the gentleman from South Carolina, and declaring, if this was a specimen of the intelligence of that State "may God help her." Before he finished with his reflections on us, the other four South Carolina boys had moved over to Scott's side of the house and were seated there, while Scott, under much excitement, made ineffectual efforts to speak.

After the debate was over, one of our boys approached the offensive speaker out in the yard, and throwing off his coat, said: "You can out talk us, but I'll be dern if I can't whip you." The young man very graciously appeased our ire by an apology, and saying it was only a little pleasantry, and too, after the manner of lawyers in the court house when

they have a bad case, and politicians when they freely apologize to get clear of a drubbing. After this exposition of presumptuous heroism there was no similar occasion to exhibit it. In the latter years of Jack's life when he and Sam lived as neighbors in the same section of this county, the scene in the debating society of that night at Bethany was ever a source of great merriment.

Our recreation on many Saturdays consisted in our seven miles walk to Statesville in early morn, and return at late noon along the now hard and smooth road. The sights in the town, its magnificent court house, and the many town and country people greatly delighted us. In our trips we crossed many creeks, known by numbers, and on which were many rock dams and mill seats. The greatest concern in these trips was the preservation of our shoes, which, by reason of sharp rocks along our path, hardly sufficed for a month's wear, and the only expense incurred was the half soiling of our shoes. There was one mill of large proportions, called the Allison mill, the proprietor of which owned many slaves, and not far off on another road was the residence and plantation of Col. Simonton, a man of prominence in the county and owner of many slaves, who was a State Senator.

The appearance of a dozen or more of the Bethany school girls, whose homes and boarding house less than a mile from our home, and whose path to school intersected ours half the distance, and who so charmed the Williamsburgers, that opportunities were concocted to put ourselves in their way to and from school. The girls, too, seemed curious to find out what sort of fellows we were, and were not very backward in taunting us, loitering around the division of our paths and tripping lightly away before our approach. This state of affairs could not long be endured, as the sprightly boy undertook to break the ice, by introducing himself to a group of the girls, he was soon initiated in their good graces. Oft' repeated "pleasure of your company" increased the fervor of our attachment, and the memory of sweetly smiling Selina Allison and the dignified and handsome Cecelia Simonton is as fresh as that of later acquaintances. A description of his interview with the girls, given to his friends on his return to them, so captivated Scott and Jack that they requested an introduction, and Sam, after first getting permission from the girls, presented his two friends.

In the various excursions with the girls, we roam through the open woods and find many varieties of plums, grapes and patches of delicious strawberries along the bluff of the creeks, and hearing of a strawberry valley over the Yadkin river in a rugged and unsettled section we conclude to go over there. It was early Saturday morning and a number of us were at the designated place of meeting. There was a certain place where the river banks are almost perpendicular on both sides, and arriving there along narrow paths, winding around the hills, we found a large tree felled across the stream resting on the opposite bank. Here the river is quite narrow, confined by hills of forty or fifty feet above the bed of the water, whose current below was swift, lashing its waters against the rocks and making splashing noises. Well, here we are and the fear of the rotten condition of our log held us in check for a short time, but throwing and heaving heavy rocks as best we could against it and resting our own weight at its end, we conclude to venture on it. One by one we cross over, except a little girl whose heart had failed in every attempt to venture on the log, and standing alone she was crying. Jack and Sam returned for her, and she consented to cross with us if each would hold a hand. She was told not to look down, and as we three are on the log with locked hands, the girls kept repeating, "Do pray look up," and in a few seconds more we all are safe over that awful chasm. In our valley we found the strawberries literally covering the ground, so much so that we dare not sit or kneel, lest they imprint fast colors on our clothes. Regaling ourselves to our hearts' content we are again on our homeward trip, and go a good distance up the river to avoid our log, reaching home in safety.

The boys and girls grew in affection, and when we failed to meet at the division of our path in the mornings and evenings we would deposit some token on a stump at its confluence, which we all denominated "our stumpy love." Of these tokens, there were bunches of flowers with love kisses verses concealed, bearing the addresses, also grapes, pound cakes and melons with names scratched on them. There were other girls whose names have not passed away who have claims on our memory in their connection with the pleasant associations of that year. Yet with becoming deference to the ladies, there was one of lisping tongue, with whom Scott was

a favorite, who afforded some silent merriment in our crowd in the pronunciation of his name, rendered by her as "Mr. Stott."

Several of these girls invited us to join a French class under Rev. Mr. Frontice, which they had just formed, and we gladly accepted. Now we were together in the same school room an hour or so of each day for one or two months, and the more advanced scholars laughed at our clumsy tongues in French pronunciation of words. The girls did learn, but we did not, only to say in French many familiar expressions. Sam, however, learned one useful sentence of the hundreds he had written in French as were contained in his French reader, which has been of lasting benefit, and which for many subsequent years he knew the French thereof, reciting to hundreds of friends, trying to enforce the benefits of such a sentiment as, "The forgetfulness of religion soon leads to the forgetfulness of all the duties of man."

In the year 1834 members to the legislature and senate were to be elected. Of course we were in favor of the re-election of Colonel Simonton, Cecelia's father to the senate. On all public occasions at the Court House, speechifying was the order of the day, and the candidates, a dozen or more, vied with each other to mount the rostrum. One of these was of great interest to us and it was his first appearance before the public as a candidate for the Lower House. Mr. Lowdenmilk was tall and heavy of frame, and was quite gifted and humorous. We South Carolina boys were attracted to him, whose jollity reminded us of our pleasant Colonel Cooper at our home, and of Colonel Wilson in his enjoyment of funny incidents, both being our representative men of Williamsburg, South Carolina, and hence was our preference for Mr. Lowdermilk, whom we followed through the crowd to listen to his anecdotes, and our laughing attracted his attention. On the stump, he spoke of his new and untried position before his fellow citizens. Politics, he said, was new to him; he well knew dogticks, yerlinticks and sudsricks, and in time he will know politics, as he conceived them to be by derivation more ticks than all the rest of ticks put together in their annoyances. At this there was some hissing, but, also, great cheering, and the hurras from the South Carolina boys were noticeable. When the speaker came down from the stand he requested an introduction to us.

When the day of election came, and we being concerned, Scott, Jack and Sam obtained permission to go down to Statesville on foot and there await the result of the election, and bring back the news to Cecelia. Night found us with an immense crowd of anxious people in the Court House, awaiting the arrival of couriers from the various voting precincts. Hour after hour passed and many returns of the votes cast had been brought in by the couriers whose yells could be heard all over the town as with foaming steeds they dashed up to the Court House. By this time the enthusiasm of the South Carolina boys was on the wane, as it became evident from repeated enquiries of the canvassers of the returns that Colonel Simonton had been defeated. They went over to the hotel, eat supper and returning to the Court House, fatigue overpowered them, and reclining on the benches, they are soon asleep. Awakening at the peep of day, we are soon on our homeward trip, Scott leading. Ascending the high hills and looking down upon his two friends, he gave a whoop to them as they are still clambering up. And all these hardships were only to make Cecelia cry, as she heard of her father's defeat.

"Every sweet has its bitter" is acknowledged in a trial made by the schoolboy during a two weeks' vacation of school in June. Our vacant time was given to trips on foot to Statesville, in fishing in the numerous mill ponds within easy reach of our homes and in swimming in the Yadkin river.

All of us were in the highest glee on a certain morning, as we were seen on our way to call on Thadeus Crawford, whose father was a brewer of wines from grapes on an extensive scale. Thadeus Crawford was a schoolmate and was glad to see us coming up to his house. He entertained us well, and led us down to his father's large store of wines, some of which were many years old. He drew wines from kegs and barrels for our sampling, and while the other boys merely sip them, Sam, who doing nothing by halves, drank glass after glass. These wines were new to the boy. He had tasted no other but the old Malaga used by his mother at home on pancakes.. Many days succeeding this found Sam in a very unusual condition of mind as phantoms holding up his words and acts seemed to pursue him, as the eyes of well executed pictures hanging on the wall follow you up whithersoever you go in the room. Looking up to heaven he used

then and afterwards the prayer of the "Publican" standing afar off and smiting upon his breast, "God be merciful to me a sinner," which cry has ever been a sweet solace, carrying with it the assurance of acceptance by reason of the sincerity of the heart which induced its utterance. The trial of subsequence was thus marked in his 16th year.

A confession and perhaps a palliation are made in the first six lines of a temperance address, out of forty-eight lines read in the Hall of Sons of Temperance at Cedar Swamp in 1860.

Intemperance is a social evil,  
A device suggested by the devil  
To ensnare the just, the good and the wise,  
Men worthy of imitation otherwise;  
But yielding, they yielded their estate,  
And fell a sad victim to their fate.

In the many visits to Statesville on Saturdays we formed acquaintance with Frank Machett, of this town, a lad of about our size and age, but was in advance of us in general intelligence and refinement. His father had been the town school master and hence his superior qualifications. Frank took a liking to us, and in his many efforts to amuse us he asked us to go around with him and he would introduce us to the girls at the town boarding school. Jack and Sam accepted the invitation, and the girls kindly entertained us. There was a piano in the parlor and the girls gave us sweet music. Now, we had never seen a piano before, and Sam was wondering where such music was enchain'd, and observing one of the girls turning up and down a double looking wine glass, and seeing shining particles pass from one glass to the other, he concluded that had something to do in producing the music and made inquiry concerning it. The young lady graciously explained the uses of the hour glass, as such it was. On our way home Jack was surly, and thus gave vent to his wounded feelings: "Sam, you are the biggest fool I ever saw, because you exposed us before those beautiful girls. I too was wondering what that glass had to do with the music, but I had sense enough to keep my tongue and not expose my ignorance."

Before the end of the autumnal months of that year, the health of Scott declined, and he was forced to return home.

Thus for five or six weeks we were without out shepherd. In the meantime a letter was received from home advising Sam of an expected change of school in the next year, located in Sumter district, being only one day's drive from Mr. James G. Burgess, his brother-in-law, residing on Pudding Swamp. In early December, our four old gigs drove up to Mr. Dunlap's to carry us back home. We stopped in Salisbury, Rocky River Hotel, at Wadesboro and Cheraw, thence to our homes, making the entire trip in six days.

The separation from the Bethany boys in 1835, was in this wise: Ned and Flavel Wilson returned to Bethany, the latter of whom moved away with his father during this year into Tennessee. When last heard from just before the war, he was very rich. Jack Singeltary entered the Chapel Hill College, remaining there till November, 1836, when he entered the South Carolina College. William Scott, with his mother, his elder brother, Joseph, and his sister Mary moved away.

The fifth boy enjoyed the advantages of a good education supposed to be only derivable in being sent off to school far away from home. And what had he learned from books might be untrue, if answered entirely in the negative form, yet he did learn much of general things by the powers of observation, which might have been more extended and useful had he been a better listener and not possessive of so much gab. The absence of these qualities has been conspicuous throughout his days, and at times has rendered him uncomfortable, causing a sigh, and a wish he had listened more and talked less. The many memories of this year's life, slumbering in the mind for fifty years, have been easily revived at his bidding in his attempt to transcribe them in this narrative. Bringing along with them no serious regrets and presenting many pleasurable scenes, it is wonderful that they have not been oftener revisited in the fabrics of his dreams, in which state of blessed somnolency full one-half of his life has been occupied, and his way of thinking is, it would have been in the interest here and yonder had one-eighth more been added to his inactivity. A dear friend of early boyhood days, when the general election of 1880 was made and its results declared in favor of the school boy as county School Commissioner, hastened to his home in Kingstree to announce his own election and that of his friend, and remarked in his joy the office will help Sam. Immediately his wife, ever a dear friend and relative, when

told by inquiry the amount of his salary, exclaimed: "What is \$600 to Cousin Sam, he could spend half a million." While her friend is deeply affected, he begs to differ in her ideas of her cousin's free-handedness, when he declares that one-half of her calculation, say 100,000 annually, would, in a great measure, satisfy that supposed extravagance.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### 1835—EDGEHILL ACADEMY, SOUTH CAROLINA—SCENES, INCIDENTS, &c.

Early in January, 1835, the school boy took his departure for his new school, without those agonizing feelings as those of the last year, understanding that he would return to his home during the summer vacation and that he would be placed under the guardianship of David E. Frierson, a relative and one of the class at the Indiantown Academy, in 1832. In due time Dave and Sam, conducted by Dave's father, after a day's ride together, arrived at Edgehill Academy, near Stateburg, in Sumter district, for the year. This arrangement proved to be one of the countless blessings of Sam's life. He has been ever pleased to recall his connection with the people of that old historic burgh, and their wealth, refinement and intelligence.

Old Mr. Frierson placed us under the care of Mrs. Louisa Murrell, as hostess, and Mr. Willard Richardson, as our preceptor, boarding with us. Our landlady was a grand-daughter to Old General Sumter, the game cock of the Revolutionary war, was quite intelligent and held very decided opinions favoring nullification doctrines, yet being discussed in that section of country. The students of this school were nullifiers of the most violent sort, as were their fathers, and here Sam listened to the arguments between Mrs. Murrell and Mr. Richardson and learned from them, if nothing else, the respect due our leading statesmen, when speaking of them, to put "Mr." before their names, and thus it was, Mr. Calhoun, Mr. McDufie, Mr. Hayne and so on. These did not much interest, but when they spoke of Gens. Hampton and Manning and Mr. Richardson, the Union school boy was all aglow with admira-

tion at the sound of their names, so dearly remembered at his home the three years previous.

The Academy was situated on an elevated plane and its surrounding hills were gentle and of mild declivity, and in some places deep sand was a hinderance to the comfort of pedestrians. Mrs. Murrell's house was in sight and near the spring. From its antique and dilapidated condition, large and commodious, resting on pillars eight or ten feet above the ground, we called it "the old castle." There was one large room upstairs in which eight or ten boys were placed, with single and double cots, and a division in it where four other boys had their lodging. As soon as supper was over all were required to come down into the large dining hall and each provided with little brass lamps. We had to study our lessons under the immediate supervision of the teacher, who kindly gave us instructions whenever asked to do so. He remained with us till the hour of nine o'clock arrived for our retirement. At the end of the 10-months' term, the schoolboy could read at ease the first six books of "Virgil's Aeniad," and such was his proficiency in them that he wrote, during his leisure moments, a literal translation of the first, second and sixth books, and which were used the next year by the class below him. During this year he had reviewed some of the English branches as one day of each week English lessons had to be recited.

The winter of '34-'35, during the month of February, was of extreme severity, and we boys up stairs suffered much in the cold, caused by the many broken panes of glass in the windows of the old castle, which we tried to fill with our clothes. It has been said that many of the trees in the city of Charleston were killed by the cold and biting winds of this remarkable Saturday in February of that year.

Among the boys, there was great levity and noise upstairs after the hours of study, but there was one boy who did not participate in any of the rude tricks, but was ever a quiet element in our society. On retiring to his double cot, in which Sam was his bedfellow, he would kneel beside it, heedless of heartless remarks made in fun, but Galleo-like, "be cared for none of these things." David E. Frierson was devout and constant in his religious duties, earnest and affectionate in his tender regard for the temporal and spiritual interest of his Cousin Sam, obedient and respectful to his

teacher, untiring in his studies and a strict observer of the Sabbath, he was the embodiment of all good. Continuing through his collegiate course in the South Carolina College, and our Theological Seminary, there is no wonder now that he is at the head of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of South Carolina.

In this school of 50 or 60 boys there were G. Wash White, from the fork of Black river, facetiously called "Fork," Hugh S. Fraser from Georgetown and Thomas Monk of Sumter, who for weeks after their initiation into the school, joined the school boy in declaring and maintaining their Union sentiments, but soon they learned by rough experience to knock under and let the nullifying boys have everything their own way. And yet among them are those of sacred remembrance, as the Andersons, Sanders, Lenoirs, Murrays, Bradleys and Maletts, and a pleasurable emotion arises as they are recalled. A student of the South Carolina College desiring to improve on certain branches of his studies during the summer vacation, attended our school two or three days of the week, boarding at home but dining at Mrs. Murrell's. His name was John N. Frierson, whose father was at his summer seat, a little distance below Stateburg. They were immensely rich people, yet kind and sociable. On one or two of his returns home on Friday evenings, the school boy accompanied him and remained till Monday morning, but visiting Sumterville on Saturdays. While at their house he met Mr. Garden, a young Sumterville lawyer, and listening to their conversation, he heard them recite quotations from Shakespeare, a name he had never heard before. Their quotations were of charming significance, and when he retired they were ringing in his ears, but he could not think of the name of the book, which they frequently consulted that night, and he was not slow the next morning in handling the magnificent volume, and inscribing the name thereof in his diary, that he might refer to it if memory failed. It was also Sam's pleasure to go home with Tom Monk, living a few miles from Sumterville, on Fridays, and go with him to the village on Saturdays, where he heard the following joke on his would-be friend, John Peter Richardson. At that time there was an old merchant in Sumterville of Jewish birth, who formerly kept a store in Kingstree, and he was a friend and admirer of Mr. Richardson, who, when in town calling on the merchant, was

shown a sample of his champagne, which, when tasted and pronounced fine and directly consenting to treat by request, the old man would step out into the street and proclaim, at the top of his voice, "Gentlemen, gentlemen, come, come this way, John Peter Richardson's treat," and this friend was lucky if his friend's supply of champagne did not become exhausted. In one of the visits made to Thomas Monk's house, Sam met a Mr. Dupre, a Baptist minister, who, residing there, showed him an album, belonging to one of the ladies of the house, and which he had never seen or heard of before. This album contained many pieces in poetry, and two stanzas of these are yet with him in memory's page, and which he thought, at the time, to be the grandest sentiment ever conceived of or expressed on paper—as follows:

"Forget thee?

Yes, when yonder sun  
Shall cease his course to run.

Forget thee?

Yes, when yonder sky  
Shall wither, droop and die."

Among the many boys of the Academy commanding more than ordinary recommendations to our favor was Sebastian D. Sumter, who, when a child, accompanied his father, Col. Sumter, sent as a minister to Brazil. "Seb," as we called him, was a special favorite and he was pleasant and entertaining. On the 4th of July a public dinner was given at the Academy Spring, and it was called a pic nic dinner, which name pic nic had never before been heard of. The oration was made by Mr. Frank Sumter, a young man of much promise, of pleasing address and popular with all. After dinner the company repaired to the academy and engaged in the dance. The figures in the dance, the grand dresses of the ladies and the attention given to them by the gentlemen were objects of great admiration, as the school boys perched up on benches outside and peeped through the windows.

About the first of December the school closed for the year and the school boy returned home, to return no more. Mr. Willard Richardson was from the North and was called a Yankee, but the school boy is indebted to him for what he is in the classics and the moulding of his mind, and for which

favors he has never been loud in the denunciation of the Yankee family. Such was the assumed rigid discipline of Mr. Richardson in the school room, his distant manners and awkward carriage of his heavy frame, that we all called him "Old Bull." Yet, he was kind, respectful and attentive, and even compromising to the inelegant practices of the boys during school hours in the absence of girls, where it was not expected to apologize for such misdemeanors in a school room, and for which a Roman Senator in antiquities was expelled from the Senate.

### CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, 1835.

The three weeks vacation in December were passed at home with the Gordon boys and Ned Wilson, who too had returned from his school. A short time before Christmas, and while on a visit to his sister, the marriage of Mr. Samuel A. Burgess and Miss Eliza Epps was solemnized at the house of the bride's mother, and Sam accompanied his brother and sister to the wedding and witnessed the ceremony thereof. Leaving after supper in company with Samuel M. Mathews, Sam accepted an invitation from James L. and W. Covert Mouzon to go home with them to their father's, Hon. Samuel R. Mouzon. The magnificent residence of Mr. Mouzon was not yet completed but in course of completion, and we boys slept in an outhouse. In the afternoon of the next day, a crowd of boys crossed over the river at the Mouzon bridge, on their way to a dance at old Mr. James Gamble's, and stopping at old Mr. Peter Mouzon's, who was full of Christmas and jokes, we were kindly entertained by him. Upon arriving at the gate it was remarked by the boys at the house that Sam McGill, the college boy, was in the crowd. Entering the house we were met by the old gentleman, who, after meeting the other boys, came up to the stranger and grasping his hand, said: "I'll be d—n if this isn't old Sam McGill's son." These two "old Jessys," as we wild chaps called them, cruelly changing it to "Old Coggers," had been friends in their early days, and hence they were on intimate terms. Mr. Mouzon was delighted at meeting the son of his old friend, who too was glad.

We were given a dram all round. At twilight a dozen or more young gents including Sam, John and his brother, Edward Plowden Montgomery, were seen dashing up to the house. Alighting and encountering negro men and boys, we

put our horses in their charge, expecting from us a quarter next morning for their services, and soon the piazza floor is crowded with us, peeping in at the dancers already on the floor. Among the dancers, Sami recognized David M. Duke, whom he had met before, dancing with a young lady of exquisite beauty of face and of figure, and being the centre of attraction, all seemed to know Miss Adelaid Dick Gamble. At this party the school boy formed acquaintances with the Gambles, the Mouzons, the McGills and the Montgomeries, which extending into intimacy with every membeer of their families they were ever interested friends.

Early Christmas morning Sam hastened down to Kings-tree to spend the holidays with his sister, wife of William R. Scott, the sheriff, then living in the jail. Here he met Mr. Isaac Nelson, his old Charleston friend of three years ago, who with his family had just moved from his plantation into the village. As he and Mrs. Nelson were friends of the McGill family, Sam received many marks of affection as he partook of their hospitality in the Fluitt Hotel, to which Mrs. Nelson had attained by inheritance from her father.

It was this Christmas which initiated the school boy into the graces of all the citizens in Kingstree, and of which there has never been any abatement, as has been demonstrable in latter years as he and his friends all over this county count on the Kingstree poll. It was this visit which engendered a friendship with James L. Mouzon and his cousin, Peter B. Mouzon, who were ever specially interested at all times and under all circumstances in the advancement of Sam with private means at their command and free, open declaration of their sentiment in his favor.

It was this Christmas, while lying awake just before day, he was delighted with the crowing of fowls all over town, and in listening, he tried to count the various crows and fix the number of roosters. Ever afterwards a joy would arise to be awake at a similar hour, not only to experience a like sensation, but holding a wish to meet another new day with a bright and happy face. Does the following incident account for this preference of the hour of a day? On the night of the 11th of February, 1819, the mother of the writer of this compendium of these recorded facts, as often told by her to her loving son, had travailed all night, and to her boundless joy at 4 o'clock of the morning of the 12th she was delivered of a big, fat,

bouncing son, and when placed in the bed, she has often said, she never felt so happy and thankful in her life, that the crowing of the fowls for day was such sweet music to her ears, and so also were the lusty cries of a boy child, who had succeeded her six daughters already in the family.

As this boy advanced in years he was petted by the family, as his eldest sister, who did much of the nursing, used to tell him that he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. He had his choice of whatever things were placed on the dinner table, and the breast of chickens had to be reserved for him. Old Mrs. James, a neighbor and friend, used to say to the family this boy is a spoilt one and no good will ever be made of him, which prophecy has come to pass if his dash and harum scarum sort of a life make up the history of one's life, tho' equipoised by his benevolence for mankind perhaps by naturally conjoined principals.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### 1836—YORKVILLE ACADEMY, SOUTH CAROLINA—SCENES, INCIDENTS, &c.

Before leaving the Edgehill Academy, Mr. Daniel Frier-  
son informed his son, David, and this school boy that arrangements had been made to send them the next year to the Yorkville school, then in high favor under the tutorship of the famous Mr. Edmunds. In early January, 1836, the school boy was off for the Yorkville Academy in a private conveyance under charge of Ned Snowden, colored, to bring back horse and chair from Camden, whcre the schol boy expected to take stage via Columbia on to Yorkville. The trip from Camden to Columbia over the deep sands and high hills was so laborious to the stage horses, and so slow in progress that the school boy frequently dismounted from the stage and footed it, more for recreation than sympathy for the jaded horses. In Columbia we were driven up to Hunt's Hotel, located near our State Capitol. Those passengers who were expected to take the Yorkville line were lodged together in a large hall with movable screens of white homespun between them. Aroused before day and breakfast being served, the stage at the steps

of the hotel with our trunks in a covered caboose attached behind and the stage driver tooting his horn with loud and varying blasts, we are off from Columbia. About noon we are in Winnsboro, and the school boy, first ascertaining the length of the relay, hastened up to Mount Zion campus, and upon inquiry he is soon in company with D. Edward Wilson, who was then a student under J. W. Hudson, teacher of that renowned preparatory school for the South Carolina College. The hour's rest to the passengers and the relay having been made, the stage driver again notified us of his readiness to proceed, and accommodating him, we in early night are in a hotel at Chesterville for the night. In that evening's travel the school boy's face looked gloomy; as he saw the red clay roads of deep and muddy ruts, he was reminded of the condition of the country in Iredell county, N. C., the two preceding years.

In the early morn of our third day's staging we are aroused and fixed up in the stage coach. As soon as the day had advanced a few hours, the school boy, partly moved by the cramped situation in the stage, but more so to look at the beautiful country, presenting neat farms on fertile plains, with handsome and comfortable residences, leaps away from the stage and mounts up with the driver on the outside, and soon is pleasantly entertained by him, as he permits the use of his stage horn in the varied and prolonged sounds which were thrown round and round, and in serpentine contortions, much to the amusement of the driver, if not to the passengers. From Mr. Casheon, the stage driver, he learned the following facts: he lived in Yorkville, kept boarding house for the students of the Academy, and that half dozen or more were with him. Now several of the Williamsburg boys had preceded the school boy, traveling by private means, and he learned that Edward P. Montgomery and W. Covert Mouzon were with Mr. Casheon, and that David E. Frierson and his brother, William, John F. Brockinton and W. Frierson Rodgers boarded across the street from him with Mr. Jeffreys, who was known as Mr. Edmunds' right-hand bower, as his spy and informant. It was a pleasant idea to board with Casheon, whose house was next door to a large hotel, where people were constantly coming and going. Casheon kept public entertainment during court week and public days, and on these occasions the town was crowded with people from the country. Desirable place for boys to board was not a primary consider-

ation, at least for the first few months, and we were advised to move our board, which we did.

A boy's life in a gay and fashionable town with money and credit at his command, and a boarding school for girls in full view of the male academy, were not conducive to extend that educational progression which their absence the year before at isolated Edgehill Academy had created. Mr. Edmunds was a Scotchman by birth, now old, fat and gouty, with an assumed display of school discipline not commanding the respect of his pupils; was versed in the classics, and during recitations he leaned back with closed eyes in his easy chair, with feet resting on a bench, so familiar was he with the texts and marginal notes of the Delphini Edition. All through the classic language these extravagances are of frequent delineations, such as in Virgil's description of a storm on sea, where the waves lashed the stars and disclose the sand at the bottom of the sea, or in Horace's dialogue with Lydea, where she accuses him of being lighter than cork, and more irascible than the Adriatic sea, yet she declares: "Tecum vivere amerui, tecum obeam libens." At these and similar sentences the old gentleman would exclaim: "Hyperbole! hyperbole! Soars too high or creeps too low. Of things wonderful to show." He had his favorites in school and did not conceal his prejudices, and one instance is here cited. He took up an idea that the school boy was smart, and if he was tardy at the morning recitation hour, or for any presumed or real additional facial sunbeams on his ever ruddy, fat and fair cheeks, he would exclaim to him and to the school: "Oh, Domine, Domine McGill, ne cedas blanditiis voluptatis," and so frequent was this declaration given, that the school boy received the soubriquet "Domine" in the school.

The months of January and February, 1836, were very cold, and a mill pond a few miles to the west of Yorkville was frozen over to a depth of ice as to make skating over its surface safe and delightful to those who had already learned the art. Among these were a dozen or more from the North, and it was a grand sight to see them skim along with ease and grace. Sometimes a lady would join a gentleman, and they would imitatively run the long Virginia reel, or when the pond was clear of obstructions, they would indent their initials. This was new and rare sport to the boys of the low country, and they essayed to trust themselves on skates, only to have their

heels where their heads ought to be. The school girls were there and so were the school boys, and these would unite in a slide from the bank upon the ice, and assist those who had fallen, amid much merriment, in their attempts to get upon their feet. The girls were inclined to be alone in their amusement and the boys did not intrude on their modesty, and these sports were of several days continuance as evening recreations after school hours.

On one of the cross streets leading from the court house, Mr. Allston and family resided. He was assistant teacher in the academy of English and Mathematics. With him we Casheon boys were placed to board. Here was the most delightful part of the town, and at the end of this street the Hon. I. D. Witherspoon and family resided. His father, Mr. Harvey Witherspoon, then of Lancaster Court House, was a native of Williamsburg. We boys received some attention from him; more, perhaps, to the school boy as of connecting blood. The cool and refreshing winds coming from the Spartan heights during the summer were often such as to cause the closing of our shutters.

A subscription of two dollars and our attendance at a big ball given in a hotel in June, at which were many of the school girls, was of such consequence to the boys of the low country, dressed in cassimere buff pants, as to fix their reputation as good dancers and graceful and gallant fellows, and effective of subsequent visits to the ladies in the town, and kind tokens of recognition as we passed by the female school on our way to the academy. Foremost in preference among our crowd by the young ladies was Bill Prowden, who, sharing with us the qualities we had achieved in the ball room, had an additional charm of a beautiful face, making him a favorite.

A fine rifle was raffled off at a hotel at a dollar a chance. The school boy's number was among the first numbers, who, on throwing, was offered five dollars for that throw by some one in the crowd. "Out with your money and take it," was the reply. Not doing this, and all the throws being made, Sam's throw was the winner of the rifle, and the man claimed it as his, at the same time handing in his five dollars, which being rejected, a row ensued. Mouzon seized the rifle, and running through the crowd with it, holloed to us: "I've got the rifle, you boys do the fighting." With much loud talking by Sam and courageous acts of Montgomery, who was the

pluck among us, we received no injury. The rifle became public property in the school, and the only trouble was to keep her supplied with powder, bullets and flints.

In the school there was a little flint and steel pocket pistol and a little Lapine watch, both of which have a history. The watch was obtained by the swap of a blue broadcloth coat, with a double row of brass buttons, bought in Charleston the preceding winter by Sam for twenty dollars, which was imposed on him because it did not fit. For this reason he would not wear it, and made ineffectual efforts to get it off his hands. A clever young lawyer of the town was frequently in our room, and we were as often in his office. The lawyer tried on this coat and it fitted him to a notch. He offered to trade the little lady's watch of most exquisite designs on its face and back, for the coat, saying the watch cost him thirty-two dollars, and claimed the difference. It was not running, and the lawyer, receiving twelve dollars, withdrew. The watchmaker in town was consulted, and guess Sam's surprise and his indignation when informed it can't run, never was intended to run, baskets full of such watches could be bought in New York at two dollars and a half a piece, and that the silver was genuine and was worth a dollar. The lawyer kept away from the school boys for a time. It was sold among the students, first for \$20 cash, next \$15, then \$10, and last for \$5, when she was carried to the Florida war in 1837, and when last heard of she was among the soldiers at their camps as a ready dollar passing around the table dozens of times during a single night in the hap and hazard games.

Of the pistol's importance, it was beyond the shadow of a doubt that its tragic use was not available. On a Friday night many of the school boys were at a party three or four miles out in the country. Their assumed superior intelligence and elegance of dress and manners soon became offensive to the sturdy young yeomanry of that neighborhood, and a row ensued. On the following Friday two of the boys who had been informed of another party expected to be had near by the former one, would go, and loading the little pistol to its muzzle, they went, bent on mischief. They were soon recognized as students of the week before, and they were set upon and were forced to beat a nasty retreat. The boy with the pistol in his pocket outran the other across the field and over corn beds, when the boy with less speed received kick after

kick, helloed to his friend, "Why don't you shoot? Shoot, man, shoot," and he got in return to his anxious cries for help only as the other helloed back, "No time for shooting." Early in the night, when Sam was hardly asleep, his chum came in, and upon inquiry he said "they had a grand time;" but all day Saturday and Sunday Sam was called to apply ointments to his chum's wounds; thus the tale was unfolded.

On one or two occasions some students and young men of the town paraded the streets in the silence of midnight hours, removing sign boards, singing songs and beating tin pans, much to the annoyance and complaint of the quiet citizens. A second invitation to do so was rejected by several of the students, and for which one of them was called a coward by one of the town men in a lawyer's office the evening after a second raid. This he accepted, but when he spoke of a certain young lady in the town in very abusive language, who had been heard to say that boys engaged in such riotous and disgraceful doings ought not to be respected or received in company, the school boy rising from his chair, threatened to knock him down, but was hindered by company interfering. This was followed by a spar between us, and culminated in the school boy giving the — lie to the other, who instantly returned it, and an encounter being again prevented, Sam asked him to meet him at the hotel the next morning at ten o'clock, and we will prove who has told the lie. After Monday morning's recitation lesson Sam and Ned Montgomery secretly stole away from the school. Some of the boys wanted to go down and see the fight, but the two friends thought it best to keep them away for fear of a riot. As they walked down the street on to the appointed place, it was evident that the town was aware of the expected affair. Arriving, they found his opponent and a dozen or more of his friends complacently seated in the piazza of the hotel awaiting our coming up, and the silence was broken by Sam saying to his man, "The — lie passed between us yesterday evening; step out and we will prove who told it," when he so kindly replied, "Why, Mc., you gave it first;" "It makes no difference, you returned it, and I won't lie under a lie;" "Well," says he, "if I've got to fight, I'm going to do it well," at the same time divesting himself of coat and vest. They encounter on the pavement. Sam's first lick brought him down flat, his second got him to his knees, who, rising, they strike at the same time, Sam

receiving a heavy blow on his nose by the heavy and hardy fist of the blacksmith by trade. Fighting in a blind and bloody condition, and the fingers of his opponent securely grasping his new stock, Sam was getting the worst of it, when Ned, seeing his friend's disadvantage, dashed through the crowd regardless of opposition and cut off the stock, by which Sam had been knocked down time and again. But soon Sam's long hair gave the other great advantage, and he was about to be whipped, as he often fell at his opponent's feet, but hearing Ned's voice above all the loud talking, he said, "Don't interfere, Ned, I'll whip him before I stop," and hearing hurrahs from the outsiders, the fight was renewed with desperate efforts, and luckily seizing the other by the throat with his fingers, clinching as a deadly grip and dealing a few licks under the short ribs, Sam became master of the situation, still crowding and pressing back his opponent, they both fall from the high pavement, Sam falling on his face among the rocks and losing his hold. Slowly they are on their feet in an exhausted state, when their friends interposed, saying, "Boys, you are both whipped," the one readily accepted, while Sam took the arm of his friend without saying a word and they were soon in a room in the hotel, washing away the blood and a young doctor plastering the gashes and bruised places made on his face. The result of this fight has ever been held as one of the great blessings of the school boy's life, teaching him a useful lesson, that nimbleness of foot and a moderate degree of pluck do not constitute a fighter, and that it is safer and more honorable to be a good talker in emergencies than to resent a little insult.

A spirit of patriotism pervading the bosoms of a half dozen boys of the school, and Kings Mountain being in easy reach, they determined to visit this historic battleground. In the early morning of a Saturday they are mounted up into an old stage coach with two in hand of the horses. The day was hot, and by ten o'clock the horses gave signs of weary limbs, and in an accommodating spirit the boys halt at a spring of cool water near the edge of the road that their horses might blow a little and cool off. These recline upon the green grass, they talk and refresh themselves, almost forgetful of their journey's end; now they are undecided in the continuance of it, till one of the boys proposed, "Let us drink up the dry goods and quit the drive." Agreed to. The next morning

after their return, other students, anxious about their late arrival, called around at our rooms to hear the news and to get a description of our sights and sentiments, but they were reticent and gave nothing of interest. In a few days their adventures of that day leaked out, and a communication ludicrously describing them, was gotten up for publication in the "Yorkville Miscellany," published by old Mr. Melton, but the article being intercepted, it never saw the light of printer's ink. It ran somewhat in this manner: A squad of would-be soldiers, under command of Corporal Dominie, while bivouacing in the Kings Mountain section of country, was surrounded by a dozen Domestic Catawbas and two black fellows with red eyes, who, being more than two to one, fell into them and there was not a single one left of the soldiers to tell the tale. In extenuation of their assumption of heroic deeds in undertaking to demolish twice their number, their friends claim they fell early in the battle, yet receiving no outward bruises.

A cadet company of the students was formed and organized by the election of Sam McWhorter as captain and Ned Chambers and Fred Dinkins, lieutenants. Saturdays were our drill days, and we made quite a display in our blue denims jackets and white linen pants. The parade we had on Fourth of July morning is memorable. The company was ordered out at three o'clock to form and march down the main street to its southern extremity, where another company would join us and fire off salutes with our old-fashioned muskets with blank cartridges, with which we were well provided, succeeding the booms of an old cannon stationed there for the occasion. We obeyed orders and assembled. Awaiting the coming of day, our officers marched us into a grog shop, now lighted up and expectant. We took dram after dram in honor of the glorious Fourth, and when the order was given to fall into line a few literally complied with it, yet we arrived all safe, giving loud and repeated huzzas along the street. The cannon boomed and the muskets fired most from along the line trying to obey orders. It was not yet day when an old negro man, passing along the public road, was intercepted by two or three of the boys and shot with blank cartridges. Hearing the screams of the old man, the school boy said to them, "It was a mean trick," when his chum said, "If you repeat it I'll shoot you." It was repeated, and a part of his pants legs and boot were torn off, making only a slight bruise on the

calf of his leg. As soon as his chum fired he attempted to dash away into the ranks, but received a deep wound, staggering and falling to the ground. Sam was quick in raising him, and we two left the ground together to conceal the injury his friend had received, and with much difficulty we got back in our room. The profusion of blood was startling, and we soon had a doctor, who pronounced the wound not serious.

After the June vacation in school Mr. Edmunds opened his second session. The school was divided into three language classes, and in the second class the school boy was numbered, and Leonidas W. Spratt of the "Old Indian Ford" section, gave it a prominence. The order of morning and evening recitations was changed by Mr. Edmunds, much to the detriment of the second class and to the advantage of the third, comprising J. F. Brockenton, E. P. Montgomery, W. C. Mouzon, W. E. Plowden, who gave to it its prominence, and this was a class of fifteen or twenty students. Our second class of ten or twelve met in consultation, and chose Spratt as our spokesman to present our grievances to the teacher and promising to abide its results. On the following morning at our accustomed hour of recitation, we were on our seats with well prepared lessons. Spratt explained to the teacher the injustice of a change of hours of recitation by which a sufficient time could not be given for the preparation of our Greek lessons. Mr. Edmunds became confused and excited, saying "you shan't dictate duty to me ruling here," and heedless of our representation, he loudly called up class number three to recite. Whereupon Spratt arose and gathering up his books, said, "If I can't recite at my regular time I won't recite at all," and started to leave the room, which observing Mr. Edmunds, said: "Get out of my house, you little puppy." Spratt hurled back to him, "who do you curse, you — old rascal," and throwing down his books and advancing he encountered the teacher also advancing towards him, and they fight. By this time the school boy was there and holding Mr. Edmunds' arms for Spratt to pound him well, he was caught by Davy Frierson, saying, "do, cousin Sam, don't hurt the old man," and other good inclined boys of the school interfering, the fight ceased. Our class again consulted and Spratt proposed to go in a body to the Brattonville school, being ten miles below. While preparations were being made to leave, Mr. Edmunds offered an amnesty to all except to Spratt, which the

school boy refused to accept, tho' Mr. Edmunds and himself had been on good terms. Spratt hastened down to engage board and tuition at Brattonsville for the two endeared friends, and soon they are under the tutorship of Rev. Cyrus Johnson, a Presbyterian preacher, and are boarders of good Mr. Moore. The many acquaintances and our connections in Yorkville excite a pleasure, and a tear as oft, as they flit before his astonished vision. Among the students were Dixon Barns and B. C. Jones, inseparable friends from Lancaster, Baxter Springs and Halcott J. Pride, from Catawba river, the latter of whom was our wit and our humorist, and the town boys already mentioned, not exclusive of one or two of the Melton boys, and among the ladies were Miss Jane Moore, Miss Hariot Chambers, Miss Gill from Lancaster and the Williams and the Postell families. At Brattonsville during his three months' engagement the school boy formed many pleasant associates, and was a visitor in the families of Dr. Bratton, the Murphys, Chishms, Rainey's, Williamsons and a host of Moores.

Spratt, in delicate health and of a slender frame, was a close student, preparing to enter the South Carolina College in November, and was solicitous in Sam's studies with him and anxious to carry him along. But Sam found more enjoyment, aside from Spratt's interest in him and words of wisdom, in the company of Tim Williamson, whom he frequently met, who had just returned from the Florida Seminole War, and who gave such interesting descriptions of the soldiers' adventures in it as to fill Sam's soul with warlike enthusiasm, and he almost concluded to become a soldier.

Our term of three months at Brattonsville expiring, the school boy left for his home to arrange the payment of his debts and make preparations for future developments in his country's cause. His return was made by stage to Columbia, and thence to Camden in company with William E. Plowden. At the latter place, our money being exhausted, we made our journey to Sumterville on foot in one day. At home, the school boy was concerned how to ask his father for several hundred dollars with which to pay his exorbitant York debts, and applying to his mother, the money was obtained in a manner not comparable to the magnitude of her son's extravagances of that year, which was even inconsiderable to those of the other boys from the low country, and in two instances approximating a thousand. It is said that the father of one of

those boys, in looking over an itemized account and finding "pair of silver-mounted spurs" charged, exclaimed in his usual words, known and repeated by his friends and neighbors, "I wish I may die if an English Nobleman could have spent more money," but he paid it.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### 1836—A LONELY TRIP TO YORKVILLE IN OCTOBER—TRIALS ON THE ROAD.

The many adventures of a school boy, far away from his home, do so intrude themselves upon our mental visions, some pleasing thus to behold, others sad in their retrospect, but so closely allied as to form a life-long copartnership, that a few of the pleasant ones will engage this time. It is of a trip from his home at Indiantown up to York in the latter part of November, 1836. He was alone, and driving an old farm horse of his father's, of heavy body, short and hairy legs, with fetlocks sweeping the sand, and a speed from twelve to sixteen minutes to the mile by the watch, he did well correspond with a home-made family gig or chair, whose rounded back concealed the passenger from back view, save only his head and neck, and whose stout and hickory shafts were by usage bent, and whose stirrups were scarcely a foot from the ground.

Thus equipped the school boy, tolerably well dressed for a Williamsburg lad, with his flowing cloak of huge capacity and weight, made his first day's journey to Pudding Swamp section, and spent the night with Mrs. Jennie Burgess. Next morning when about to resume the road her son, Samuel A. Burgess, who had not yet settled to himself, seeing the slender cord attached to the school boy's watch, an old time family piece, and suspended around his neck, said: "Ah, boy, that cord won't do; robbers won't regard it." Whereupon he cut a buckskin strap from a large dressed hide of that noble antler with which the woods then abounded, and fastening it to the watch and putting it around his neck, said: "Now you have a watch guard, and if the robber gets your watch your neck is got to go with it." Leaving our friends and jogging along at our ease we arrived at the Salem church, commonly called

"Brick church," about noon of the day, and as it was broad daylight the school boy ventured to ramble through the grave yard. At sundown the village of Sumterville appeared, and in a short time the boy and his horse were comfortably lodged at the hotel.

After supper Sam strolled out along the sandy streets, and was soon attracted by a lighted bar. Entering and being a stranger, it was very soon apparent that he was the object of regard and the subject of inquiry. Ere long he was approached by one of the crowd, who was a handsome young man, with his long, black curly hair, his hazel eyes and his clear complexion. Coming up quite near, he kindly and courteously said: "Pardon me, sir, you so much resemble a dear friend of mine, who but lately was with me in the Florida war, that you must be a brother of his. Please tell me your name." The school boy did so, and asked of him the name of that friend he so much looked like, and upon his giving "Tim Williamson of York," "Great heavens," exclaimed Sam. "What! Tim Williamson? He is a special friend of mine, and I have been with him all summer, more or less, ever since his return from the Florida Seminole War." About here there was a short pause, made in the interest and given to the health of our mutual friend. Afterwards Sam told of Tim and himself being at a grand ball at Chester Court House a few months ago, where Tim introduced his young friend to some young ladies as his brother, and also to his sister, who, learning our innocent game, addressed him during the night as Brother Sam, dancing the Virginia reels and other dancing figures as partners, and in the meantime introducing him to her affianced, who so generously humored the joke and joined the amiable imposition for a time made on those who were not familiar acquaintances of the families. The much conversation had during this accident between these two newly made acquaintances elicited many amusing incidents and anecdotes narrated by us relative to the friend who had so unexpectedly brought us together. Thus the night was joyously spent, by which a friendship arose and which continued during the life of Dr. John Smith Rich.

On the morning of the third day, after a late breakfast, the school boy was again on the road for Camden, a distance of twenty-eight or thirty miles. During the delightful reveries of the preceding events, and mentally revolving the scenes

of last night, smiling at their reminiscences, pleased with self and all the world, and almost reconciling the belief that he was a hero, the day wore away, and at twilight there were yet three or four miles in advance to Camden. Descending a hill of gradual declivity and coming to its foot, there was seen on the left of the road a morass, or bay of thick and low under-growth bordering its edges. When he came opposite, all on a sudden there was a crash among the bushes, and quickly looking in the direction of the noise, Sam distinctly saw a black object of the height of a negro man standing just out of the road and in the thicket just behind a clump of bushes less than ten paces off. Sam involuntarily dropped himself all in a heap upon the wide footboard of the chair, thus placing its wooden frame between him and the robber. His horse was quickly at his best speed, and urged to exceed even that, as the whip was used without stint or mercy, and with hair erect on we went and soon entered the river road. Still running for our lives we dashed down a hill, and entered the valley of a swamp or creek this side of Camden, and to our surprise its waters were running over the road and out into its valley. Now the school boy had passed along here three or four times before, and the valley was dry each time except in the channel of the creek on the Camden side, which was spanned by a high bridge. Our speed being thus checked we plunged into the water, and going several hundred yards in the increasing depth of water, now running into the footboard of the chair in the darkness, and seeing nothing but water ahead and water and trees around, the school boy's heart began to fail. He halts, thus argued, if I retrace my steps the robber will kill me; if I proceed the waters may drown me and my good horse. Seizing the latter horn of my dilemma, I clucked to my horse, which, instead of advancing, actually looked back at me, and I not heeding his premonitions and his instinctive forebodings of ill, applied the whip, yet giving him loose reins to do all he could in our present danger. Now we are again moving with cautious steps and slow progress, for the water is fully up to the horse's breast and had forced Sam up into the seat. To add to his horror the clouds had snatched away the light of the stars, and were dispensing a light shower. Our gait was hardly perceptible across the current of water, and only by the light of the opening of the trees above us we were able to make out the road, when Old Farmer gave a long

groan indicating swimming water just ahead. We halt, and Sam remembering the several hundred dollars of his own and money entrusted to him either by Mr. Isaac Montgomery or the Hon. Samuel R. Mouzon or both, now forgotten, to deliver to their sons, E. P. Montgomery and W. C. Mouzon, students attending the Yorkville Academy, fixed it more securely around his waist and gloomily concluded to risk the accidents on land rather than the seeming certainty of death in the waters before. We turned around, and in doing so we got into a side ditch, but my good horse by a desperate bound safely arrived in what seemed to be our road. Slowly and anxiously we are again on dry land, and watchfully and noiselessly we are at the junction of the Sumterville and River Roads. Of course there was no consideration as to choice of roads, and passing the fork of the roads without the least sign of a cause to increase our fear, we are again at high speed down the River Road. There was an immense clearing and enclosure on our right, and after a mile or two along the road in great heat of horse, there was a dim light seen in the distance back of the field. Looking for an entrance to get to the light, we at length found a large swinging gate, through which we enter and rattle down a level, hard avenue, and with screaking and jingling noises, we arrived at an inner gate of like dimensions, from which is seen a large brick building of three stories height, and other fine buildings standing in the rear. After repeating hailings, an answer is given by the man at the stables, a considerable distance from the residence, holding a lantern, whose light had been our beacon from its first appearance to us on the public road. Upon his coming up to the gate, this man very civilly accosted the school boy, and learning his late distress in the water, and his intention of going on to Camden, he said: "Yes, the creek is swimming, caused by the breaking of our mill dam five miles above," and oh! even at this late date the school boy is able to recall the joy of his heart when this man said: "Sir, if urgent necessity doesn't compel you to go to Camden to-night, you had better stop with us." He instantly leaped from the gig, and saying, as he leaped: "Thank you, sir, thank you, sir." The man kindly said: "Wait a few moments till I see master." Soon returning, this kind colored servant opened the gate and conducted the school boy up to the elegant mansion, with broad rock or marble steps, to the capacious piazza of like flooring material,

supported by huge columns, where the master and son awaited his arrival. The young man descending the steps with a light in his hand, met the stranger, and assisting him up the steps, handed him over to his father and returned to the gig. Received with marked elegance and true Southern hospitality, the old gentleman conducting the stranger along an extended passage by a flight of stairs, with mahogany railings and grooved banisters, invited him into the sitting room to take a seat. Before fully recovering from frights of previous hours, and from the splendor of the furniture in the room, the school boy was asked concerning his night's trials in the water. In the meantime, the young man, who had gone with the servant and horse, came in and the old gentleman said: "Son, have you put up the young gentleman's horses and carriage?" At which inquiry Old Farmer and the old shattering and ricketty gig informally arose in the school boy's mind in comparison with the style of traveling equipage presumable to equal the impression created by his general appearance. "Tea" was brought in to him in large silver waiters, containing silver dishes of many varieties of delicacies, nut crackers, spoons and forks, all of silver, and the feat of eating on his lap, tho' new, was executed without an accident to disturb his returning equanimity.

In the room with us there was a gentleman from Columbia, who was addressed as Mr. Taylor, and the conversation was kept up between this visitor and the young gentleman in part. Among the subjects spoken of they mentioned the name of one great wag and wit, whom both had accidentally met in their travels abroad, and the young man related this incident of this wag's drollery: "He was traveling by stage along a high and deep sandy road, and the speed of the horses being slow, a few of the passengers dismounted and walked for some distance. Among these were the young man and this unknown wag, and being utter strangers, but in pleasant conversation, when the latter inquired of him: 'Well, sir, what mought be your name?' 'My name is Chestnut,' I replied. Upon hearing it, and looking pleasantly in his face with a benignant smile lighting up his face, he said: 'Chestnut! Chestnut! By G--, it is a wonder the hogs haven't eat you long before this time.'" Thus the school boy found that he was among the Chestnuts, a name not unknown to him nor in the history of his State, and while he was an attentive and silent listener

he suddenly was attracted by a loud rumbling noise behind him where he was seated, and folding doors being drawn aside we were invited into the ladies' parlor, and the splendor of the mirrors suspended all around, the glitter of large silver knobs of the doors, the gorgeous tapestry of the windows and the elegance and refinement of the ladies, created a feeling of bewilderment as he wondered "where am I at," and to his credit it can be said, he made no grievous mistakes in the answers elicited from him.

It was now bedtime, and this handsome young man, student of the South Carolina College, with a servant, led the way up to the third floor. Arrangements being made for a daylight start the next morning, the young Mr. Chestnut offered a guide to conduct the school boy around to Camden by their mill, being many miles out of the way, and the guide and my conveyance would be in readiness at day light. Being undressed by the servant, as part by part of them was dusted and hung up and boots delivered to another servant to be brushed, the school boy, turning to the young man, said: "I'll be off before you are up in the morning, let me settle my bill," when he, in a somewhat surprised manner, said: "I hope, sir, you didn't take us to be tavern keepers." "No, no, no," said the other, "I only thought it was politeness," and thus it was made worse. After bidding Mr. Chestnut good-bye, which he cordially returned, and added: "God bless you," the McGill boy stepped back to the further end of the room to take a running start to jump up into the bed, the highest he had ever seen, the servant drew out steps ascending, he was snugly and tenderly covered, and the young man again smiling, left the room. We never met again, tho' we frequently heard of each other through Hley Coleman, Chestnut's chum in college and McGill's lawyer friend in Kingstree, and again during the latter year of our war, Gen. James Chestnut was in position at Columbia, and complimented his old friend by appointing him "assessor of the tax in kind."

At dawn the next morning, the school boy was aroused by a servant, bringing in his boots and saying all things were ready and waiting at the gate; and off he goes, another servant leading the way on a mule, around by the mill, and as the Camden town clock was striking the hour of nine, we are at a hotel. Giving his conductor a dram and a breakfast at the hotel, and after an hour's refreshment, Sam is on the road for

Lancaster Court House, and lonely he trudged along on an unknown road without anything of note, till about sun down, he met a colored man who informed him that Lancaster C. H. was five miles ahead. In these old times one might travel a whole day without meeting anyone, because there was not many people except on plantations and they had little or no business out of it; colored husbands excepted, having wives on neighbor's places. Dreading the shadows of night, our gait is quickened, and going through a branch in which there seemed to be much quick sand, his horse pulling along with apparent heavy strain, the whip was applied to him, and jumping, he broke the leather strap which holds the single tree to the crossbar of the gig. Leaping out into the water, and ascertaining there was no way to secure it to its place, Sam, without revolving means, quickly bethought of dear Sam Burgess' buckskin strap, with which he had secured his watch around his neck, which was quickly untied and put in place of the old broken strap, and with a relieved heart he is again on his way. Darkness soon set in, and there was no appearance of the site of the court house, tho' expecting to see it at every turn of the road. Presently a mile post was seen in darkness at the edge of an old field. In an anxious mood, Sam was soon on the ground to find its figures, and after much fumbling over its face in the dark the figure V was made out by him. Here Sam was in an unknown place, yet with a resolution to reach his desired day's journey, because in those old times it was hardly considered a proper thing for a stranger to intrude on private families, as for the accommodation of travellers public stopping places of entertainment were generally located about half way between our court houses on the road, known as the country's highway. In the course of two hours from his mile post, the school boy succeeded, amid the horrors pictured just ahead in his imagination all along his solitary trip in darkness, in arriving at a hotel, where he found its inmates had retired and its streets as silent as death, but being safe in the hotel he was happy.

On the 5th day Catawba river was crossed over in a flat, and from thence to Brattonsville the roads were sloppy, rocky and of reddish clay, and appeared to be of little accommodation, judging from its unfrequented and unimproved condition. Resting two days with Mr. Moore, our former home, and settling up board and tuition bills, we are, at the close

of the second day's rest, in Yorkville. Calling on old Mr. Edmunds, we had a pleasant conversation, but when the subject of amount of tuition for the present session was brought up there was a slight unpleasantness, as the school boy offered two dollars for the three weeks in which he had attended, while Mr. Edmunds claimed twenty dollars in full for five months, and denying his right to have left his school. The school boy failed to see the justice of Mr. Edmunds' demands in connection with the Spratt affair, and left the old gentleman, who notified him that his father would be written to if necessary, after waiting a reasonable time. All other business being finished, now came the duty to tell Adicks, Saddler, Latta, Hutchinson, Jennings, Casheon, Tomlinson, Postell, Williams, Witherspoon and others of their kindnesses to him, which proved to be the last opportunity, and to bid an affectionate good-bye to the many school boys, so pleasantly connected, for the last time, with the exception of Reuben Rice and B. C. Jones, as students of the Medical College in Charleston in '40 and '41.

The lonely traveller and his horse are on their homeward trip on the road from Yorkville to Lancaster C. H., which latter place they enter at the end of their first day's journey. Nothing of importance occurred, as they leisurely go from thence on the Camden road, but watching out for the V mile post and the branch of quick sand, when we drank water, and the school boy smiled as he looked at Sam Burgess' buckskin strap yet securely acting its part in the equipage. Passing over a large flat rock lying on the road and forming a part of it, the boy stopped to examine it, and what did he know about rocks, and the only engagement of his mind was the wonder how in the world it got there, and resuming the road we are in the suburbs of Camden, just as a school of children was dismissed. There were many girls, and as they entered the public road where Sam was leisurely driving, he leaped out of the chair to walk along with them. They screamed and affected to run from him, but upon saying to them that they were school girls and he a school boy, they became appeased, and walked and talked along the road into town, where, bidding them good-bye and getting his horse, which had intuitively followed along,

In the parlor of the hotel at Camden two gentlemen were engaged in conversation, and they being quite interesting Sam

was an attentive listener. He learned from them that an old dilapidated two-story house, standing a short distance from the public road in the eastern suburbs of this town, had been used by the British during the Revolutionary War as a hospital, and around it Colonel Tarlton had his headquarters, and that bullet holes could yet be seen through its frame, and by inquiry he found that this house was on the Sumterville road. He became anxious for the coming of the next morning that he might visit the house, picture the agony of grand Uncle Sam McGill, who, according to family tradition, had been captured by Colonel Tarlton, carried to Camden and suffered the hardships of a prisoner for many months, and shed a tear for his condition and distresses, as he surveyed the expected doom of his country's cause, and held up before his eyes the weepings and lamentations of his wife and two little girls. In the early morning of the third day's trip the school boy despaired this dilapidated old house, standing a little distance from the road in an open field. He sprang to the ground and went directly towards the house. Before reaching it something whispered and he halted. Was it ghosts? At any rate the great desolation settled his mind in the conclusion as exactly fitting their supposed haunts, and he returned to his horse, hearing, as he thought, strange noises behind. We are off from there; we cross over the high bridge reaching across the creek on which Chestnut's mill was placed, and we pass through its valley, now dry, without being able to designate the place of his wise conclusion, so confused were his recollections of the surrounding trees. We are soon at the fork of the River and Sumterville roads, where we get a view of the extensive fields of his friends, the Chestnuts. Now, we are approaching the place where the negro man was, and guess our surprise to see him still standing there by the roadside, being nothing more or less than a black and charred stump five or six feet high. Before sundown Sumterville was entered, and he was soon rejoined by John Rich, and presenting his brother, N. G. Rich, Hugh Richardson and Tom Waities, we enjoyed the evening. The occasions which brought us together in the next year expanded our friendship. Hugh Richardson, a fine specimen of the Richardson family, graduated at Charleston Medical College in the class of '40-'41, together with his friend Sam, and settling in his native town at the beginning of his fondly expected usefulness as a doctor. Thomas

Waities, son of Judge Waities of Revolutionary fame, was a great wit and a favorite in the circle of his friends. He removed to Kingstree in early manhood, and engaging a school there, died. In the evening of the fourth day Kingstree was reached and a few stories told to his friends, at which they heartily laughed, and in the early evening of the next day Sam and Old Farmer are back home, accomplishing the trip of one hundred and sixty miles in fourteen days, ten of which were made on the road, and averaging thirty or thirty-five miles a day. The trials encountered in the trip and the escape made from drowning were told to his parents, when his father said: "I ought to have sent a boy along with you, but I was provoked with you, because you had spent two or three times more money than was necessary," while his mother, yet in tears, said: "My son, my prayers saved you."

#### CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

Before the Christmas holidays of this year there were two marriages solemnized on the same night and in the same neighborhood, and to each of them the school boy received invitations, and at which he was present during the festivities of these occasions. Mr. Jos. White McCutchen, an old schoolmate, relative and friend, married Miss Mary Ervin McCutchen, daughter of Mr. Hugh McCutchen. After witnessing the marriage ceremony and partaking of the supper, he bade adieu to the bridal party, and in a short time, dashing along a dry and sandy road of four miles, he hastened to the other wedding, the house was crowded with invited guests. Dancing couples were on the floor of the hall, and gracefully gliding through the different figures. Seizing an opportunity the school boy led out a partner, and being expert in the art of dancing, he was soon at his ease, much to the pride of his mother, who, with her smaller children, was present. Mr. John A. Salters married Miss Caroline McCrea, daughter of Mrs. Jennie McCrea, relict of old Mr. Alexander McCrea, residing five miles above the Indiantown Church, where Dr. Joseph S. Cunningham now lives.

In connection with the wedding of Captain Salters there is an item of interest, as it illustrates the spirit and amusement of our people. On the next morning, on a level and sandy stretch of woods below the house, there was a horse race, arranged several days previously, between Samuel E. McCul-

lough's fine bay saddle horse, backed by Samuel B. McClary, with a stake of \$25, run by David M. Duke, and Capt. William Brown's elegant bay horse, run by John W. Singletary. The distance being five hundred yards, both horses were put at their best from the jump, Brown's horse winning by double his length.

Here at Captain Salters' wedding John and Sam became acquainted, and how that introduction has been extended and the friendship mutually interchanged are matters admitting of easy and positive constructions. In 1854 Captain John A. Salters was elected to the legislature, much to the gratification of his friend, who strenuously supported him in the campaign and made more demonstrable in latter years during the five canvasses made for the office of County School Commissioner in the years of the eighth decade of this century, as on the days of counting the votes cast for the offices at Kingstree by the managers of election precincts and it was "nick and tie" in the results. 'Twas then Sam's friends would boast: "You just wait till the Salters votes comes in."

There was yet another wedding ceremony in 1836 on Cedar Swamp, and as weddings in those days were weddings indeed, in that the immediate neighbors anticipated their advents, and expected invitations to them, and to which they would surely go, rain or shine. Capt. B. B. Grayson, formerly from Colleton, and schoolmaster, married Miss Polly McCullough, of Cedar Swamp, and as the school boy received a special invitation, he was there in all his glory, being assigned the duty to entertain a "college girl," also present. It was during this year "Old Williamsburg Deestrikt" had off at Barhamville Female School, near Columbia, Miss Louisa Shaw, Misses Anna and Sarah Wilson and Miss Sarah Fulton, who were ever received and entertained as "college girls," but who, nevertheless, modestly refused any preference when in the society of other girls.

## CHAPTER IX.

1837—FLORIDA WAR EXCITEMENT—MT. ZION ACADEMY,  
SOUTH CAROLINA.

The first days of January of this year there was an unusual excitement among our people, as soldiers were needed to go to Florida and subdue a warlike spirit again exhibited by the Seminole Indians of that State, and the 31st Regiment of South Carolina Militia, composed of the Upper and Lower Battalions, was required to furnish one company for that purpose, and was ordered to assemble at the Regimental Parade Ground (Black Mingo) to enlist volunteers and draft soldiers, if necessary. At the call of the fife and the drum, John F. D. Britton, Thomas R. Grier, J. L. Brown, W. G. Cantley, Winfield Scott and E. P. Montgomery stepped out to the front, and the school boy seeing those, his friends, moved with a patriotic sentiment and aroused by warlike music, forgetting his obligations to his parents, who had already put him in readiness for the Winnsboro School, joined the volunteers. His father, being present at the time, hastened home to tell his mother, and when the school boy arrived that night he heard the greatest lamentation, and after hours of supplicating entreaties, and yielding to his mother's tears and prayers, he promised to abandon the war idea. In a few days he was off to school, but not before writing to his friend, Ned Montgomery, giving his excuses, and even hinting to rejoin him if his backout was considered disgraceful. He was not called on again, and everything connected therewith turned out all right, except the loss of his pension, which now would greatly assist in getting tobacco, as friend Cantley, in his accustomed suavity of words and his happy manner of expressing them, has declared his pension from the government for his Florida war services keeps him in good tobacco, and he is quite liberal with it among his friends.

A few days succeeding Ned Wilson and Sam McGill are on their trip to the Winnsboro school, in separate gigs, with two negro men to bring back their equipments, and thus the two old cronies are again together, after a separation of two years in different schools.

The Mount Zion Academy was situated in the upper part

of the town of Winnsboro, consisting of a large brick and double story building with surrounding cabins in the campus, and Mr. J. W. Hudson and two assistants conducted the school. Here were many students from different parts of our State and a few from adjoining States, so popular an educator was Mr. Hudson, who was sociable with his students and by whom he was called "Old J. W." Such differences from former teachers did not fail to impress the school boy, who in a few years, when he became a school master, adopted his mode of instruction. To the above qualities was added a familiarity with the scholars as he played and joked with them at battery ball, in which he was an expert, and the school boy being about equal to him in this game, was ever placed on opposite sides. While there were some boys of starched manners, proud of their purses and gold watches, yet there were Dunavants, Greggs, Kennedy, Pegues, Aiken, Buchanan and Ayer with whom the Williamsburg boys, Thomas McCutchen, Edward and Lawrens Wilson and Sam McGill were on most intimate terms.

In the spring time of this year, a company of half dozen students of the South Carolina College came up in the stage to visit their friends at the Mount Zion Academy, and among them was Jack Singeltary, who had left Chapel Hill College and was now a student in the South Carolina College, whom Sam and Ned had not seen since they were at Bethany School in 1834. Jack was quite interesting in his usual droll manner of narrating facts of jolly scenes in a college life. He told of many students in Columbia whose names were of State fame, and when the name of young Wade Hampton was mentioned, the school boy expressed a desire to see him, and requested an introduction to him when he returned the appointed visit, as old General Wade Hampton had a place in his memory, as in reading his services in the old Revolutionary war, and in recalling these accounts in the days of the Nullification excitement and their responsive feelings, Sam wished to demonstrate to the grandson and son of this illustrious name. The return visit to Jack at Columbia was made in the stage, and there was a disappointment in one way, as young Hampton had either graduated or was away in the country at his father's farm, where he was accustomed to go and carry with him some of his collegiates.

But the novel sights in Columbia amply repaid Ned and

Sam, escorted by Jack. They walked up the broad steps of our capitol and from thence had a view along the wide business street of Columbia. Through the halls of the college and the Steward's Hall. It was an amusing sight, the rapaciousness of some of the students at the dinner table as observed by a stranger. Next we walked out into the near country and visited the asylum, where from the top roof of its spacious building, we overlooked its back yard, and observed the ways of a few of the unfortunates. One man in the enclosure of the back yard made signs to us for tobacco, and having none we let drop a bunch of segars. In an adjoining yard in a separate enclosure, was a woman in greatest agony and of apparent mental aberration, wringing her hands and walking to and forth in a brisk pace, and thus she continued as long as we remained there.

During our short stay in our Capital, we formed some new and pleasant acquaintances among the native Columbia students, who accompanied us around and thereby entertained by pointing out the handsome public buildings and private residences. While around a festive board in a back room, one of the students told among other anecdotes, how Horace's Ode, beginning, "Ode profanum vulgus, et arceo," had been once acted in a bar room, as a pompous collegiate turned his back on an apparently ignorant and unfortunate stranger, leaning on the counter quite near, saying: "Ode profanum vulgus." Whereupon the slighted and offended man understanding his words and meaning, replied: "Et arceo," and applying his heel to the posteriors of the arrogant collegiate, and not cease to kick him till he had him prostrate upon the pavement. Thus were fixed that "appearances are deceitful," and a sentiment was embalmed to respect our present company.

The time for our departure from Columbia arriving, the two inseparable friends, Ned Wilson and Sam McGill, telling an affectionate good-bye to Jack Singeltary, mounted into the public stage at morn, and by midday they are back in Winnsboro. One of them at least was full of news and replete with description of the sights they had seen in Columbia and the doings and sayings of their new acquaintances made during their two days' absence from their school.

Our class at the Mount Zion Preparatory College, consisting of twelve or fifteen students, was preparing our studies by which we expected to enter the "Freshman Class rising" in

the South Carolina College in the following October. The school boy, qualified in English, Latin and Greek branches, was aware of his defection in Mathematics, and hence, it can be said to his credit, he did not wish to compromise Mr. Hudson's influence by asking for a letter of introduction to the professors of our South Carolina College, then considered equal to an entrance into that time honored institution. This undecided state of mind was relieved by an affair which, to be somewhat excusable, gives place to another item of interest before its record is made. A class of students, not content with the every day fare as served in the steward's hall, would engage suppers to be brought to their rooms. After 10 o'clock lights are extinguished in our cabins and silence reigns supreme in the campus. Old Maum Suckey was the caterer, and furnished chicken, bacon and rice cooked together, and kept her accounts with chalk marks made on the side ceiling of her cook-room. Prompt payment had to be made or an exposure was expected. It so happened that one of the students left the school, and this old woman's bill remained unpaid, and she was noisy about his treatment of her, and proceeded to his cabin to seize his trunk or any other property she could find, and finding nothing, she walked up and down through the campus and calling his name, exclaimed: "He teef my money! He teef my money, and the debil will get him."

In the latter part of June at the beginning of the second session, the school boy, with no regrets, left the school, and arrived at Pudding Swamp after four days' journey. The next day being 4th July, a great concourse of people, bound for Kingstree, was on their way thither to attend the dinner and hear a 4th July speech from Mr. Gustavus Rich, who had lately settled among us. He was a young lawyer of much promise, a graduate from the South Carolina College, and being highly connected in Sumter, his native home, he was received with marked attention, and being amiable in disposition he was affected by our open demonstrations. On that morning no sooner had this writer arrived at the court house than he was approached by the committee of arrangements, and asked to read the Declaration of Independence before the delivery of Mr. Rich's speech. He begged to be excused in that he had never read it, but this excuse was quickly overthrown as James L. Mouzon, W. Gadson Gamble and others, including the orator of the day, accompanied Sam into Dr. Richard Jar-

rott's drug store, opposite the court house, and he read the article over aloud. So Rich and Sam walked arm in arm along the aisle of the court house amid the sweet strains of the fiddles made by William D. McClary, William R. Scott, T. Armstrong McCrea and G. Henry Chandler, whose art as violinists has never been surpassed in Williamsburg district, and the effects of the music coming from the gallery was exciting as they played "Washington's March" and other patriotic tunes. After the speech, all went over to the Nelson Hotel, and dancing immediately began by Mr. Joseph Burgess first leading out a partner and heading the long Virginia Reel, much to the joy of the bashful young men, who could not venture among the young ladies in the hall till Mr. Burgess broke the ice for them. After dinner the regular toasts were given, and enthusiastically applauded. Among the toasts one was offered to the orator and reader of the day, the latter of whom when loudly called for, being in the large hall of the Nelson Hotel with the ladies in the dance, transferred the honor of reply to the orator, who it was said complimented the gifts of the reader and excused his absence as a fortunate and elegant possessor of the "light fantastic toe."

Arriving home and satisfying his parents, whose money Sam Davis had squandered, in the conclusions he had reached in abandoning further scholastic pursuits, he accepted the change from books to leisure with a light heart and joyous anticipations of sport with gun and dogs and fishing apparatus in company with his neighbors, and with the Gordon boys, who had moved away a few years before to the famous water mill in all that country, which their father, Mr. John Gordon, had purchased from Mr. Ballume. Here Jim and Dave built and painted a neat cottage for their parents, and a store house for themselves, in which they placed some groceries, including a "barrel," which proved to be a great annoyance to their neighbors and farmers, requiring additional watch over their corn houses and horse feed, and for which they suffered. This store was a new feature in our religious society, and while the colored boys and men tried to profit thereby, there were strenuous efforts by the law-abiding citizens to drive the traffic away. It was so pleasant to visit the Gordon boys in their new occupation, telling and hearing miraculous tales, and by way of palliation for his absence from home. Sam would carry back with him a wallet of trout and bream to his parents. In

a year or so Jimmie turned his talents to painting, and became celebrated in his profession, doing much business in the town of Georgetown and the surrounding plantations of the wealthy rice planters, where he died during the war. Dave was a house carpenter and built several fine residences in the country. He died directly after the war.

In the unbounded enjoyment of his freedom, the fat boy would join his neighbors, Mr. William Hanna, Capt. William Brown, Capt. S. J. Snowden and Mr. Alex Knox in driving for deer, which sometimes consumed a whole day, and one such is in view. Deer were plentiful around our plantations, but they were not easily taken, as when started they bound away to the Big Swamp or to Tyes Lake, and being often chased they are off and away at the first intimation of a run, as heard by the blowing of the huntsman's horn and the loud echoes of responding hounds, as they howl for joy at the sound of the horn. Away off over the stage road, in the bays and thickets lying between it and Britton's ferry county line road, were this celebrated deer drives, known then as Brown's Bay and the Long and Short Cod "dreenes," where deer were almost as plentiful as rabbits, and hither on an early Saturday morning our company were driving and here follows the manner and results of that day's drive.

We had killed one deer, and while consulting together as to the next drive and surest stands, suddenly one of the dogs slipped away into a pond quite near, and started four deer in a bunch, which came bounding seventy-five or one hundred yards, broadside of us, when we all fired double-barrel guns at them, and only one deer was felled. Now the hunters were claiming what particular number each had shot to establish their marksmanship and ownership of the deer's hide, when they turned to the boy, who was silent up to this time, to find out what deer he had singled out to shoot, and in answer he replied, "I shot at them ranging." Returning home late in the evening with two deer tied behind our saddles, the tired dogs struck a deer track in a branch along which we were riding. The company slowly proceeded, while Sam dallied behind, keeping opposite the dogs, and out came a yearling deer, and as quickly Sam alighted from his horse and fired, and he saw the deer as it made a complete "summerset." He helloed to his friends, "I'll be damned if I haven't killed this one," because he had been missing all day, and his friends ever after-

wards told this curse as a good joke, and old Mr. Hanna used to say it was made without strain or a balk, and in vain Sam essayed he meant a mill dam. No sooner had the hunters come up when the gutting process was begun, and this being Sam's first deer, he had to be capped with the deer's maw, and its contents emptied on his head, in commemoration of the long established usage of our fathers and a demonstration of good luck in deer hunting through life.

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## CHAPTER X.

### 1838—AT HOME—SCHOOL MASTER—SINGING SCHOOLS— A GRAMMAR SCHOOL—QUILTINGS, PLAYS, DANCES, &c.

In the latter months of the year 1837, Sam being frequently in Kingstree, accepted an offer from Lawyer N. G. Rich to do office work for him and to read law under him. He commenced Blackstone, then the first and great book among the legal profession, but before Christmas he discovered that law was reason and matters of hard facts, without a margin for flights of imagination, and as his reasoning qualities rested on first impressions without balancing contrary things with contrary things, he soon left in disgust, and was in search of a school, for his father and neighbors, who instantly flocked to his call, and formed one for him. By the first of January, 1838, he occupied a school master's chair in the Indiantown Academy, where he had been a school boy six years previous. His school consisted of twelve scholars, and his services engaged for six months at three dollars per scholar per quarter, and when it was known that young Sam McGill was to teach, the children thought it was so funny to go to school to a school boy, chief of whom were Capt. William Brown's children, Frances and Abner, as Frances exclaimed: "What! go to school to Cousin Sam Davis! Who is afraid of Cousin Sam Davis? Now, won't we have a fine time in the school house." Alas, the delusion! In the first weeks they declared this teacher to be meaner than their former teachers, because he was tighter in the school house, but ere long they expressed their belief in his mode of teaching as being the best, as he introduced new rules and new words in the school, which

they had never heard of before, and it was very pleasant to hear the children repeat after him: "Recess, intermission, discharged for the day." At the expiration of his engagement, he disbanded that school.

But a presumption which continuously marked his intellectual advancement in his own eyes, and strengthened by outside compliments, induced him away in the abandonment of the then humble occupation of a pedagogue, to tempt literary fields of physics and medicines, as a benevolent and profitable investment, which proved to be the great mistake of his life in that he was cut out for a school teacher.

In the spring time of this year, a stranger on horseback, appeared in our midst, claiming to be a grammar teacher, and promising to give a complete knowledge of English Grammar in twenty days, and asking five dollars per scholar. The young men of the neighborhood eagerly embraced the opportunity to know grammar, and a class of ten or more was formed. To the expressed surprise of Mr. Withie, the grammarian, the young school master did not engage with him, but did not obstruct his progress. A deputy sheriff, commonly known as "Tampa Bay," happening in the neighborhood at the time, ceased his riding and joined the class. After many lessons had been taught, the young school master, who was in his own school house, made it convenient during his 12 o'clock intermission, to step up to the Indiantown Church, in which the grammar school was being held. Seeing and hearing the operations, he was satisfied of the incompetency of the teacher. A day or two before this school closed he was again there, and heard the grammarian ask Mr. S., one of his scholars, to analyze this sentence: "He rose up," who, not responding, was again requested to analyze this sentence: "He rose up." After inwardly digesting an answer, the scholar very complacently and confidently said: "Well, I suppose he got up." When the twenty days were up, Mr. Withie, without any equivocation as to the justice of his full pay, forthwith demanded the amount, and there being great dissatisfaction in the class, not alone in Mr. Withie's failure, but his retention of them for twenty days from their plantation duties, they retired to consult, asking Sam to be present with them. One young man proposed they pay one-half, while others were willing to pay his own board and that of his horse and let him slide, but William Paisley, ever bold and uncompromising,

said: "The school has turned out a possum skin, just as I said at the first, now, gentlemen, I propose we give him the cow-hide, and I will lead in the application."

Before concluding upon the study of medicine many circumstances of an agreeable kind were wont to keep the mind in its accustomed laughable channel, and visits to his relatives and numerous friends only increased his vanity and prolonged his adapted idleness. The friend of his earliest days, having left the Mount Zion College the preceding year, was now giving the study of medicine his time and attention. Ned Wilson, with all his studious and sober habits, would sometimes stop and join a recreative party. On a bright summer day we were fishing in Wilson Lake, and on the return we passed through large cornfields, and made straight to some large shade trees about its centre, left for the accommodation of field hands during the heat of the day and for little negro babies and their nurses. These kind provisions for the comfort of the negroes were generally made on all large plantations. Under these shades Ned and our party took shelter from the oppressive heat of that day, but soon we are again on the path home, and on reaching the well of water in Col. Wilson's yard, he drew the water. After quenching our parched lips and washing our faces and hands, we sat down to cool and rest under the large spreading trees surrounding the well. The time of day being asked Ned, who always had some sort of a watch, even at school, he searched his vest pockets, then all his pockets, but no watch could he find. We retraced our steps, searched for his track, but without avail. When this well was cleaned out a few years afterwards, Ned's lost watch was drawn up along with the mud at its bottom.

In the summer of 1838, a Singing School was formed and taught by Mr. Marion Timmons, from Marion district, and another school the following summer, by Mr. \_\_\_\_\_. These were new, profitable additions to our society. All the young people eagerly joined, and the old, if not scholars, gave their encouragement and frequently their attendance. The expectations of all were raised to a height; to the old, in that their children would learn to sing by note and increase the volume of their church music. To the young, in that they would be able to sing in music books, and greater still, they would have an opportunity to be in each other's society. The school was to be taught every other Friday and Saturday for three months,

engaged to give a certain number of days at a dollar a scholar. The Kentucky or Missouri Harmony succeeded Smith and Little, who had introduced four patent music characters—sol, la, me, fa—which were received at the time as a great improvement, and capable of easy understanding. Our music was written on three staffs, the first or upper one was the “tribble” for ladies of fine voices, the second or middle staff was the tenor for gentlemen of finer voices and ladies, while the third or bottom staff was the bass for gentlemen of deep and sonorous voices to sound the lowest notes. We soon learned to sing by note, many of our old church tunes and many new pieces of music, both of a solemn and serious construction, without understanding a syllable of its principles. Old Mrs. McGill, happy as she led the tribble, assisting the others and giving aid to the singing master, when asked to do so, for she was an adept in music, and to whatever proficiency in music her children may have attained, are attributable to her. With all deference to the good old gentleman, one song of his made to his name-sake as a little fat boy riding on his knee and well shaking him up and down, was of such general usage in those times that it will bear an exposure in these times, pleading its antiquity in its defense: “Yankee Doodle went to town, to buy some molasses,” &c., &c.

The tenor class was usually led by the teacher, strongly supported Eli McFadden, Sidney McGill and a number of others.

These two sessions two years engaged in singing schools, left the scholars well pleased with their musical attainments, and before they closed, when the scholars were in a happy and gleesome mode and in full blast as to voices in sweet accord, there was music in their singing, the like of which had never been heard in the Indiantown new church. Thus associated for these two summers and in subsequent singing schools, there arose the tenderest and lasting attachments, and a number of couples were married.

In many of the songs there the bass generally led off at the beginning of the third line of the verses. While all these songs have passed away out of memory's reach, there are two which haunted the writer for several late days, or during this writing, till by diligence and perseverance in their recalling, he has succeeded in collecting their names, and part of their words and tune. There was one tune called “Ocean,” in

which there was a fuge in the third line of the verse, "At thy command the winds arise, and swell the towering waves." This tune was a great favorite, and when it was not convenient for Col. William Cooper to be present he would send word to the class to sing "Ocean" for him. The other tune recalled is "Newburg," and the memory of its invocation to the heavenly bodies, the sentiments with which it was clothed, and the joyful manner in which it was rendered, were such an excitant to the soul that day and night gave no rest till it was revivified. There is music in Heaven, and this song of ours and its spirit may have been in miniature of the celestial choir, with the hope that the comparison is not blasphemous or irreverent.

About this period, there were great improvements in our outward styles, in dresses and in manners. The boys wore ready-made clothing, a high, velvet or silk stock buckled around their necks, and linen shams over the bosoms of their cotton shirts, to which could be attached paper collars, wide rim straw hats of palm leaves and high heel boots. The girls were attired in white or colored cambrics or fine calicos, straw bonnets trimmed inside and outside with roses and laces, half incircling their faces. On the arms of their dresses there were great puffs of feathers fixed on the upper arm, and great bus-tles of the same stuff secured around their waists, giving in full the grecian bend, and their low quartered shoes were tied with broad, black silk straps or ribbons, on both sides of the shoe, and winding around upward they were tied in a double bow knot where they could not slide downwards.

At the Singing School during the 12 o'clock recess, the matrons were busy in spreading out their dinners of bountiful preparations, and the boys and the girls are around the well, drinking water and along the roads in playful ways.

The improvements in our outward style were the sights of elegant barouches around the church yard, which in the last years have driven away the old chairs or gigs elsewhere described. Two of these fashionable barouches have a place which go to show what manner of people we were. Col. Cooper used to tell that he accompanied his cousin, Sam McGill, down to Charleston on horseback to bring home a barouche, which the old gentleman expected to purchase there. The barouche was bought, and when they got to Lenud's Ferry on their homeward trip, where taking out their horses,

the old man, in pulling it down into the flat, the end of tongue fell at the water's edge as the tongue slid out of its proper socket, when he who had been pushing from behind, seeing the expected accident, ran around to rescue his friend from drowning, who jumping up, said: "God preserve me, Billy, I have broke the thing."

Mr. John B. Pressley used to tell this one: He and Mr. Hugh McCutchen went down to Georgetown on horseback to bring home a barouche, which Mr. McCutchen had bought in Charleston and had shipped to Georgetown. They hitched their horses to it, and when they got out into the street, as we imagine they could not guide their horses nor keep out of the way of drays and other carriages, when Mr. Tom Scott, of Kingstree, seeing their condition, kindly came to their relief, as he went to the horses' heads and crossed the inside lines for them.

Singing schools were not our only pleasurable recreation, as "Quiltings" at neighbors' houses were of a seductive character and collective of our youths. At quiltings, the girls were on hand at early morning, prepared to do a good day's work, and a few neighboring boys attended during the day to assist in striking off the lines, making thumb stalls, handing around thread, needles, glasses of drinking water, and rolling up that part of the frame already quilted. About the going down of the sun, the quilt, yet in its frame, is raised up on high to clear the hall of obstructions for the "plays" expected to be had during the night. These plays were enjoyed by the old and the young, and to none more so than the great, wise and good Col. Davy Wilson, who would mingle in the crowd of players, when at his house. As twilight of that quilting day comes on, the girls change their dresses to suit the occasion, and the young men are soon seen galloping up to the house, arrayed in their best clothes. In all communities there are conductors of these plays, and being good singers and pleased to interest the company, they are the lions of the night. Eli McFaddin and Sidney McGill had a notoriety for fine singing, and their readiness to begin and to keep up the amusement. All being in the house, the conductor announces we will begin by playing "Old Sister Fibby," at which the centre of the hall is cleared and all take seats. He leads out a partner and places another girl in a chair in the centre, and going round they sing: "Old Sister Fibby, how merry was she," etc.

Whispering a boy's name he advances, and a hat being given to him, they sing: "Put this hat on her head, keep her head warm, two or three kisses will do her no harm." In this manner the play continues till all the couples are on the floor and are singing, the only change being, "Old Brother Trueluck" in the place of "Old Sister Fibby," when a boy is in the chair, and that ten thousand sweet kisses in the place of "two or three kisses" made by some of the more inconsiderate boys.

Some one proposes "Road to Baltimore," at which two conductors with their partners, and the centre of the hall being again cleared, walk slowly round and sing:

"Here we go to Baltimore.  
Two behind and two before,  
Round and round and thus we go,  
Where old string beans and barley grow.  
See how the farmer sows his seeds.  
Thus he stands and takes his ease.  
He stamps his foot and he claps his hands,  
He wheels about and thus he stands  
Awaiting for more barley."

When another couple comes in. It is thus continued till all are on the floor and singing. These plays were generally ended with a lively song and all prancing around and shuffling their feet, they sing: "Jim McCraein is my song, and we will dance it all along," &c. The play "Contentment," when asked: "What will content you?" created change of places beside the girls, requiring a run from one seat to the other to avoid lashes made by a knotted handkerchief, and sometimes the boys were made to put on ugly faces and assume awkward postures before the girls. "Weave the Thimble," all are standing in a circle with partners, each holding the right wrist of his neighbor with his left hand, weaving or passing the thimble with the right hand, while one person stands alone in the centre to find the thimble on its weaving way, quickly passing from right hand to the other. As soon as the thimble gets around, a whistle is made, by which the finder is notified to begin the hunt. Attracted by whistles all around he tries to open their fingers when he is told he is on "cold track," and at another time when he is turned away from where the thimble is they say you are on hot track, and the weaving becoming lively, the thimble passes in quick succession and as quickly

returns. The hand in which it is found the same becomes the finder in the ring.

Another play is called for when everybody is seeming drowsy and sleepy. All are again in a circle with their partners and are seated, when the head one says to his right hand girl: "Old Mother Hobgobble sends me to you," who inquires: "What for to do?" "To beat one pestle as I do," using one hand. This goes round in the same words and manner, when the head one asks to beat two pestles as I do, using both hands; then three pestles as I do, using both hands and one foot; then four pestles as I do, using both hands and both feet, and the last order from Old Mother Hobgobble is to beat five pestles as I do, using both hands, both feet and the body rising and beating on the chair. Here the play breaks up with a big laugh, amidst the blushes of the girls. This play hardly equalled the play "Move the House."

Soon "The Wedding Ring" is proposed, one reason of which pawns are connected with this play. All are again seated and a gold ring being obtained, one of the boys opens the play. Holding the ring between the palms of his extended fingers he gently and lovingly draws them through the closed hands of the others now opening to receive the ring, saying to each as he passes along:

"Biddie, Biddie, you hold fast to my gold ring,  
Till I go to London and back again."

and all the way through pretends to drop the ring. After he has gone through and unobservedly dropped the ring, he inquires of each person by name, "who has the ring," and when receiving the right answer, he says "Rise Ring," and a pawn is collected from all who have not guessed the holder, who now becomes the disposer, and thus the fun continues till the pawns have accumulated and a redemption of them is called for.

Some of the boys were skilled in the dispensation of suitable redemption of these pawns, and when exhibited to them they inquire: "Fine or superfine?" and being told superfine (a lady's), she is told to go in a corner and say: "Here I stand on two little chips, Do come and kiss my sweet little lips," and to call a boy to do it. Another pawn is exhibited and 'tis pronounced fine only (a boy's), he is ordered to go in a cold corner and say: "In the cold I stand on my big toes, Do take

me away before I froze," or this one of great elegance and signification: "You are required to bow to the prettiest, kneel to the wittiest and kiss the one you love best." The execution of these pawns which had been imposed, was of such innocent amusement that there was no unkind word from the gentleman expressed or entertained when they were rebuffed by the girls in their attempts to perform the duty they were ordered and expected to do. The girls, in many instances, accepted the situation in a good natured way, and when a kiss had been snatched on their cheeks it was so kind in them to say: "Take that and go with it." When a girl would positively refuse to be kissed even by one required to do so in compliance with the order of the master or mistress of the ceremony, she would dodge behind the other girls while pursued by the gentleman, urged on by the cries and yells of the boys, exclaiming: "Kiss her, Scott; kiss her, Scott," or, who after much chasing, gives her up and very gracefully accedes to the implied wishes of his girl without any expressions of anger or ill will. For this sort of good breeding, our society was proverbial, which cannot be said of another community where a young man cursed the situation even before the ladies.

However much these social gatherings at singing schools and quiltings were productive of delightful entertainment, and without the least disparagement of the manner of conduct, there was one neighbor, whose quiltings at his house were ever in highest expectations by the McGills. Capt. William Brown, residing three miles below the church, belonged to the old school, who, being out of the pale and authority of the Indiantown Presbyterian Church, allowed and enjoyed dancing at his house. A few days anterior to the quilting day, a young man in the circle would make it convenient to call on his cousins, William and Patty Brown, who were always pleased to see Sam Davis, and it was easily arranged to invite some young people from other neighborhoods, that a supply of dancers, fiddles and fiddlers might be obtained, and thus their house was filled in the early evening with girls and their beaux. Some young men from a distance, whether enlisted or arc volunteers, arriving after nightfall with their boot legs over the legs of their pants, pull off their boots at the gate and put on dancing pumps, which had been concealed and carried in their boot legs. These arrivals were received as a great acquisition to our home people, as they introduced new dances

among us, such as cotillions of latest style and mode. We all are soon on the floor, and are gliding through the dances in the figures called out to us, and among these are the "Coquet," "Prisoner," "Cauliflower," and "Tom and Jerry," and during the night as many as can get in a circle join in on the floor, and we dance "Perpetual Motion," with the order: "Ladies to the right, gentlemen to the left," and by way of variation, we unite in the Virginia Reel. In many of these dances an opportunity is given for the display of much grace and artistic coquetry by the young ladies, and of activity by some of the young men, as they "cut the pigeon wing," or by request, they sing and dance alone on the floor, "Charley over the Water," or "I wheel about, and turn about, and do just so, and every time I turn about, I jump Jim Crow." Capt. William Brown, a brother of Capt. Asa Brown, introduced at the beginning of this narrative, died in 1850, leaving a large plantation and ample means for the support of his family. His wife also died in a few years, and their eldest son, Abner W. Brown. Their only daughter, Frances M. Brown, now Mrs. Vause, and two sons, W. R. Brown and J. J. Brown, are yet alive.

About, or before those joyous days, there moved into our immediate circle of friends, two families, who gave much pleasure, in conforming with our social relations and active usefulness in our church. Old Mr. Samuel Scott, who had married a daughter of the late and distinguished Col. David Gordon, first settled the beautiful place on White Oak, which is now owned by Mr. John A. Blackwell, of Darlington, and desiring to be near to the Indiantown Church in which he was an elder, sold this place to Mr. Samuel McGill, and James G. Burgess bought the John Gordon place on Indiantown Swamp, and moved there. Old Mr. Scott's family belonged to the dancing crowd, and his daughters were quite distinguished in this elegant and innocent amusement, but yielding to the changed condition of their father's relation to church regulations, they complied with his wishes. His eldest daughter married Mr. William Graham, on the Lake, and hence are the families of Mr. Robt. W. Brown and D. Lawrence Brown and the widow, Mrs. Mary Burrows, relict of the late R. Wilson Burrows, and hence also are Mr. W. Lawrence and J. McBride Graham. His second daughter married Mr. Albert Scott, and hence are Miss Sallie Scott and William G. Scott.

His third daughter married Dr. Rose, of Clarendon district. His fourth daughter married Mr. H. Eli McFaddin, and dying in early womanhood, left only two children.

But the great character in the family and its dwarf was J. Willitm Scott, better known then as "Grand Pa," on account of his settled and sedate appearance. He married a Miss Carter on the Creek, settled there and hence is the family of Scotts in that locality.

As an instance of old Mr. Samuel Scott's benevolence and family affection he adopted in his family his wife's niece, till her marriage with Mr. T. Nelson Britton, and his house and home was ever open to her nephew, James M. Gordon, who was called by us "Good Jimmy." This distinctive feature ever held good, as in his old days he was tenderly cared for by his friends and relatives, notably by the Coopers, and through their influence. The father of these two children was the third son of Col. David Gordon, who has been inadvertently omitted elsewhere in this narrative.

Mr. J. Milton Fulton, of Kingstree, was the other acquisition to our society, who too, with his two brothers, enjoyed the social dance, but after his marriage he relinquished that amusement, bought the estate of McCutchen place at the church. Appreciating the Christian reputation of his father, Mr. Samuel E. Fulton, as elder of the Williamsburg Presbyterian Church, of his brother, James E. Fulton, who had succeeded his father's usefulness, and of the clear and marked Christian qualifications of Robert W. Fulton, the youngest brother, our church people was not slow in electing J. Milton Fulton as one of the elders' places made vacant by the voluntary removal of two officiating officers from this district. Mr. Fulton was a fine specimen of a gentleman and Christian. In our games, that of "ball play" in particular, in which he had few equals, Milton Fulton afforded much merriment, and his wit and humor on the ball yard frequently evinced themselves as he would place his balls low on the battery and exclaim: "Feed the corners," where the opposite players were weak, or in some soft and sandy spots in the yard where they cannot bound, softly say, "In the sod." Two years after the war he moved away into Missouri, and there dying, left children out in that distant State.

The pleasure and advantages derived from the settlement of Dr. Samuel W. Witherspoon, of Lower Salem, in our

neighborhood, made in the spring time of 1838, after his graduation in the South Carolina Medical College, was greatly appreciated. It was at this time when no doctor resided nearer than Kingstree, or Dr. James Bradley on Broad Swamp, and hence Dr. Witherspoon was hailed with great joy in his expected usefulness. He boarded with his uncle, old Mr. Samuel Scott, and also with Mr. Milton Fulton, his cousin, and remained in the neighborhood till his marriage with Miss Sarah C. Wilson, in early 1841, was a successful practitioner and did an immense business. Fond of sport, he ever was with us unless professionally called away, and fond of company and telling stories, and admirably adapted to them, as when one was told he gave no signs of emotions within his breast till all his hearers were convulsed in hearty laughing, when he would join them in redoubled risible persuasions; which was in direct opposition to Capt. Isaac Nelson, in Kingstree, who could not tell an anecdote for laughing, which his friends would enjoy in his efforts to tell one. Dr. Witherspoon rendered valuable services to Ned and Sam when they were medical students under him in 1840.

There were three communities in our district in which dancing parties were given and engaged, with little or no opposition as in violation of the Christian doctrine. "Over the River," as it was called among the Mouzons, Gambles and McGills, there were many of these parties and many very elegant dancers. These parties were of quick and easy formation because "McGill's" Derry and his son, "Gamble's Ike," both colored servants, resided on their plantation, known as fine fiddlers.

At Kingstree the Staggers and Nelson Hotels were open for application to dance in them, and the many pleasant dances in and around that old town had with the young ladies of that place are yet here, if in optical illusions, they are in cordial embraces, as these charming girls were ever affectionate and entertaining. Miss Patience Nelson, now Mrs. Thorn, and Miss Eliza Adams, now Mrs. Staggers, are yet in Kingstree, while Mary Fluitt, Maggie Cormick, Georgia Anna Witherspoon and Rebecca McElveen are gone. Our grand old fiddler, who claimed to have played at balls in Columbia in his young days, as he accompanied his master to the Capital, resided on the Singleton place in the suburbs of the town. "Singleton's Old Ant'ny" assumed a superior air, as

he played the cotillions and called out their figures, chief of them was "Jinny Banged the Weaver," his favorite. He must receive his suppers, his drams and his money, or he quietly folds up his fiddle and is off, but the rattling of additional silver would quickly recall him.

In Boggy Swamp neighborhood there resided Mr. Samuel B. McClarey in his elegant new dwelling three miles below Kingstree, enjoyed the company of a dance in his house; that he was the master spirit on all such occasions and he was liberal in the distribution of spirits among his guests. Three miles below him lived Mr. Thomas Duke, whose house was ever free to young people to come right along and dance, and his two daughters, Sarah and Ellen, brought much company to witness their dancing. Their cousin, Mary R. McClary, who lived in calling distance, contributed to make the dances at Mr. Dukes' lively and enjoyable affairs, and Misses Martha and Caroline Troy, and many other girls; and that which added much merriment was the presence of the Brown brothers, and it was generally expressed there would be no fun without them. One of them was called "Old Gray," by reason of his roan hair; the other "Devil Bob," to distinguish him from some good Bob living somewhere. Old Mr. Duke was very silent during the dancing, seated in a corner with a pipe in his mouth, with one leg crossed over the other. "Duke's Old Jim" was our fiddler, ever ready and willing to play all night, as he prodigiously enjoyed his own fiddling, which was noticed by everybody in the house, as he patted his foot, made muttering sounds and swayed his fiddle backwards and forwards.

During these times of pleasure in our youth, David M. Duke was ever present with his fine violin, on which he played to an excellence hardly surpassed, and whose music charmed the company. He married Miss Adalaid D. Gamble and hence was the large family of Dukes in that neighborhood. All of the actors in these scenes which have been presented have passed away, only leaving Mary R. McClary, now Mrs. Brown, who married William H. Brown. She resides with her son, James M. Brown, on Ashby Hill, whose eldest daughter married Mr. Richard H. Kellahan of Kingstree, considered the wealthiest man in this county. Of the others who figured in these playful and innocent amusements, a sketch of their changed condition in life is made. Martha Troy married

W. G. Flagler, a well-to-do farmer, in 186-, who left a young family at his death, and his widow married Hon. Joseph B. Chandler. Aside from Mrs. Chandler's beauty, she was known as a most motherly woman in her family and among her acquaintances. Her sister, Caroline Troy, married A. P. Flagler, who, dying, left two daughters, the elder of whom, Willyetta, married Thomas Duke, who, with his large family, resides on the Flagler estate. Sarah Duke married Asa E. Brown, who when she died left a large family of boys. Ellen Duke married Sidney S. McGill, and after his death, in 1848, she married Robert F. McCottry, who died in 1885. She died in 1888, leaving the bulk of her property to her sister Sarah's two eldest sons, Sidney and Dickey, the elder of whom inherited her elegant homestead, yet not entirely forgetting others of her father's children. Among them was Mrs. Susan Burrows, the wife of our popular Henry M. Burrows, residing on White Oak. We all can recall Mrs. McCottry's intelligence and sprightliness, the manner of her housewifery and her elegant tables at all times, as she was esteemed by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance and her intercourse among them.

From time immemorial the events in our society recorded and made at our singing schools, quiltings and dances, and when this writer, yet a little boy playing with the little negro boys, there was an outdoor sport called "game ball," played against the house and engaged in by boys and young men. For this purpose there was a ball yard at everybody's house, using the hall chimney-end as a battery or the sides of large barns. This game, ever a favorite recreation, had been played in our fathers' useful days, and they enjoyed this amusement with their sons, frequently participated in it and heartily laughed to see the young men's awkwardness in the ball yard. The ball with which we played was made of India rubber strings, with woolen yarn wound around it and covered with soft dressed deer hide, made of convenient size to suit the palm of the hand, and to roll down the fingers as it was jerked and went flying against the battery. The game was played in two parties, two or four on a side and sometimes more. There were two lines marked out on each side of the ball yard from the battery, by which the play ground was extended on each side and within these lines the ball must fall—if outside, it is a lost ball; if on the line, it was called a liner and did not count for either side.

During the first period of our singing school, which collected many people, we fixed up a ball yard and used the end of the new Indiantown Presbyterian Church as our battery, securing the glass lights above the two doors with a board screen and removing them at the end of the day's play. This place continued to be used as our battery till in 1839 we built a battery of boards at the head of the McGill avenue, being thirty feet in height and about the same in width. This change added much to our pleasure and surrounding neighborhoods, inviting the best players from abroad, as only such could interest J. Milton Fulton, old Mr. John Douglas, Dr. S. W. Witherspoon and Sam McGill, the latter of whom sent a ball in its rebound on the ground a distance of sixty-nine feet, as measured by John E. Scott, who was present on the occasion. In "game ball" Sam had a reputation never surpassed, if we except Robert W. Fulton of Kingstree, whose superior activity and perserverance were barely able to match the slight of his jerks as he nailed the bottom boards of the battery, or when at ease among other players, he rolled his ball over their heads at the extreme end of the ball yard in the rear of the players. Up in Sumter District the Messrs. Plowdens had the reputation as ball players and they invited the Williamsburg ball player to a ball play and barbecue at their homes, and there was much speculation as to the result of the expected engagement. The invitation was accepted and the journey undertaken, but as Sam had to go by way of Kingstree, of course, that dear old town and blessed people interposed and stopped further proceedings.

Of the interest these people have ever shown to the school boy, an instance is at hand which is given in that humor with which it was written fifty-six years ago. It must be borne in mind that Mr. Edmunds, the Yorkville teacher, had refused to take two dollars from the school boy for three weeks tuition of the second session of his school in 1836, and had claimed twenty dollars for five months' session, and that he had said he would write to his father concerning our business. He wrote two letters and they were not very complimentary to the line of conduct of the school boy. These letters being intercepted at the post office, they never reached their address, and as others were expected, it was not pleasant to meet the mail each day. Telling his annoyance to a few friends in Kingstree, one of them undertook his case, as he said: "I can fix

that for you." Peter B. Mouzon was postmaster and going into his office, he wrote: "Mr. Edmunds, Dear Sir—I am sorry to inform you of the death of Samuel D. McGill. He died a few days ago in a drunken frolic and upon examination of his estate, I find nothing due you. Respectfully yours, Obediah Smith." Thus ended the case. As Dr. John F. Brockinton, travelling through Florida many years afterwards, met Mr. Edmunds there, who inquired about his old Williamsburg pupils, and when told that Sam McGill was still alive, he said: "Why, you can't say so; I got a letter from Kingtree telling of his death." The Doctor said the old gentleman received the joke in a good humor.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### 1839-40—A MEDICAL STUDENT, SOUTH CAROLINA MEDICAL COLLEGE—SCENES ON THE STREET—THEATRES, &c.—THE GREEN ROOM.

With the advent of the year 1839 medical books superseded all other engagements for a short period. Ned Wilson was in Charleston attending the Medical College there, Jack Singletary, having graduated in the South Carolina College at Columbia, was reading medicine under Dr. Flynn at Darlington Court House, and Sam was likewise engaged at Kingtree under Dr. Richard Jarrott, at times in his drug store. William R. Scott, Clerk of the Court, had built and settled where William S. Thompson now resides and Sam, pretending to board there with his sister Jane Caroline, divided his time, perhaps giving Kingtree the biggest share. The distance of six miles was more a pleasure than otherwise, as he carried a gun on his shoulders and shot squirrels all along the road as they ran across his path, and arriving at the old town he was at home. Read medicine! "Did you ever? No, I never." Read Byron and Tom Moore. Oh, glory! Hear what Byron toasted:

"Were't the last drop in the well  
As I gasp upon the brink,  
Ere my fainting spirit fell,  
'Tis to thee, Tom Moore, I w'd drink."

Can you, boys of these times, balance the above sentiment, as during our time it was the one, as J. L. M. could not restrain his tears in toasting his friend with the words. These authors consumed our efforts in other directions and thus continued till 1844, when a change in life arose, and having no further use for them, Sam threw those magnificent volumes into the fire, desiring to acquire more profitable information.

In the first summer of our medical course Jack Singeltary came down to Sam's house on a visit. The two old friends meeting, they strolled away into the woods, told anecdotes and laughed gaily as they rolled over on the grass. When the subject of medicine was brought up, being, of course, the last, we discussed their technicalities, and Jack complained of the difficulty of their pronunciation, while Sam claimed an ease in them by the derivations of the words, which he understood to a remarkable degree far superior to Jack's knowledge of the classics. Knowing he would soon "down" Sam as some problem in figures was accidentally considered, as Jack figured it out in algebraic characters. Among the English words of a strange signification and in the division and accentuation of the syllables, there was the word idiocinocracy, which Sam pronounced i-di-o-cin-era-zy, laying the accent on the penult, when Jack laughed at his friend's expense. By the time Jack's fit had subsided, Sam asked him, and how do you pronounce it? Why, man, it is pronounced "id-i-o-cin-o-rra-sy," laying the accent on the antepenult. Thus we remained in ignorance of its proper pronunciation till told by an older physician, when we concluded to be governed by wiser heads in the pronunciation of medical jaw-breakers. It was during one of the two years in which the now old school boy, still reading medicine, went up to Kingstree on horseback and there meeting the Hon. James L. Mouzon, they agreed to visit an old friend residing twenty-four miles away. A horseback canter from Kingstree to Black Mingo was made that afternoon in a visit to Dr. John S. Rich, and an incident of our stay with the dector is so delightful that it will bear our exposure in writing. As it has often been told to friends who enjoyed the munificence of the preparation and the intelligence of the procurator. Dr. Rich was a practicing physician at Black Mingo, keeping bachelor's hall. The arrival of the two visitors at dark produced demonstrations of hearty wel-

come. Supper being announced, we three were seated around a table, with a whole chicken in each man's plate, an immense corn hoe cake, a dish of fat bacon sauce and a bowl of strong hot coffee placed around in the centre. Each disposed of his chicken in great mirth, the Doctor keeping his two friends in convulsive laughter as they listened to the stories and anecdotes at which he was most wonderfully gifted. At a late hour the next morning we were around the breakfast table with precisely the same bill of fare, and which again was served at the late dinner, only an enlargement of the fowls, being three big, fat, laying hens. Here his friends remonstrated against the extravagance of the preparations, and asked permission to cut up the fowls, when our kind host replied, "He is a very poor man who cannot eat one chicken," and at which one of the visitors, turning to the other, said, "Sam, let us leave here before we eat up every chicken on Black Mingo."

About the last of October or November, 1850, the three Williamsburg students were ready to proceed to Charleston and enter the Medical College. Ned Wilson had arranged to go down by private conveyance. Jack Singletary and Sam McGill arranged to go by private conveyance to Georgetown, and thence by public stage to Charleston. Leaving Georgetown in the afternoon they travelled all night, stopping one hour for supper and a relay of horses, and arrived at Mount Pleasant after the sun had risen the next day. These two were the only passengers, and being in an open stage in the first heavy freeze of the season, without cloaks or suitable winter clothing, they suffered much in the cold. After being thawed at a blazing fire, Jack said, "We don't know what cold is till we are cold all over." We were soon ferried over to the city, where Jack, looking at the ships and the bustle on the wharves, and hearing the rattle and the deafening noises of the drays on East Bay street, suddenly stopped and exclaimed: "Well, I have often heard of Charleston, and here it is," for this was his first visit to the city. Passing up along the streets in search of a hotel, and meeting a "chimney sweep," Jack knocked off his hat, saying, in a peremptory tone, "Get out of the way of decent people, you black scamp," and Sam had to assist Jack in washing off the soot which his hands and clothes had received.

The Charleston hotel was completed about the first of November of this year. The two students registered here.

Among the stockholders was Mr. Gilliland, a wholesale merchant in Charleston. With this gentleman's son, James Gilliland, and a few more young Charlestonians, these two country friends formed very agreeable acquaintances during a few days' stay at this hotel, while looking out for a boarding house and awaiting the day when the college would open. In the meantime we found much to please and interest in and around Charleston. In due time we paid the matriculation fee and become students in the Medical College, under Dr. Samuel H. Dickson, professor theory and practice of medicine; Dr. Wagoner, of surgery; Dr. James Moultrie, of physiology; Dr. C. U. Shepard, of chemistry; Dr. Henricus R. Frost, of *materia medica*; Dr. J. Edwards Horlebrook, of anatomy; Dr. E. Geddings, demonstrator and of medical jurisprudence, and Dr. Chazal, assistant anatomist. In the college of the next year, Dr. Wagoner dying, Dr. Geddings was assigned his place and Dr. Chazal was promoted.

In a few days the seats in the lecture rooms were filled with students, many of whom were from other States. There were five lectures each day of the week except one. On Sundays all were expected to attend church. Each of these lectures averaged about an hour, beginning at nine o'clock in the morning and closing at two in the afternoon.

Everywhere and by every one Jack was the pleasure, and more so of the young men who had been associated together in the South Carolina College as students and graduates of that grand old institution. It was a noticeable fact that while these were of respectful address to all of us, there was an affection for each other, as demonstrated by their salutations as they met in the mornings in the college portico, in their strolls along the streets in the evenings in locked arms, and in their congregated visits to the theatre or at church on Sundays. Some of Jack's particular chums were Singletary of Williamsburg, Boykin of Camden, Tennant and Trezevant of Columbia, Belton of Newberry and Gillison of Beaufort, and a few others not now remembered. They all called my friend, Jack Singularity, a name he received among them when they were students in Columbia, and a more appropriate one could not better be given, weighed by his original wit and his playful pranks.

There were two Charleston students who became our associates, and were very pleasant and entertaining. Richard

Y. Yates and Theodore Dawson were highly connected in the city, and we felt complimented in their acquaintance. Shortly after the exercises of the college had begun an incident occurred of indelible impressions. It seems that a grand dinner was given at the Charleston hotel, either by the proprietor or stockholders, and to which Jack and Sam and a half dozen other students were invited by our friend, Jim Gilliland. We all were on hand at its beginning except Jack, who had been detained. Just after the substantials had been removed, and cakes, raisins, nuts, fruit and sparkling wines were brought in, a few regular and volunteer toasts given and responded to, in rushed our eccentric friend, who, being told he was behind the fun, said: "Never mind that, I'll soon catch up." Good as his word, in a half hour's time he caught up, and in another half hour's time he was ahead, giving much zest to the party by his dashing humor and his ready answers. Thus we continued in our socialities till the lights of our lamps revealed the time for our retirement from the table to give place to the approaching supper, after which the streets resounded with our many songs.

In this college, during our two winter sessions of it, there were names of four students which have ever been of ready tongue to tell of them on account of their unusual coincidence. We had at one time Bacon, Potts, Pease and Rice, and two of these were of distinction among us. Bacon was the handsomest in the college, and while the others were passable in general appearance, there was one of them of less prepossessing manners, yet social and communicative. He told of a great row in which he had been engaged, and he exhibited great scars on his person, inflicted by a knife. He also went on to tell that in the midst of the fight in the dark at the court house, he only knew he was cut by the slosh of his blood in his boot leg. His name is indicative of a row or rather a commotion within us when not thoroughly prepared before it is placed on our tables. Stephen D. M. Potts may have graduated in medicine at this college, but it is a certainty that Reuben Rice graduated with us in the spring of 1841. So also was Basil C. Jones of Lancaster, both being school mates of Sam when under Mr. Edmunds at Yorkville in 1836.

Among the many new faces seen at this college there was one of such expressive modesty, coupled with retiring ways, that Sam, notwithstanding his frivolities and his reckless ex-

penditures, could discern a good thing when he saw it, and admiring this man, sought his acquaintance and obtained his friendship, lasting all the days of his life. William S. Boyd was a native of Sumter district, graduated in medicine with the three Williamsburg boys with whom he loved to associate. It is a fact that he and Sam became intimate friends in that college, and when he married a Williamsburg lady, Miss Laura Covert, and removed to this district, Boyd and McGill frequently met in Kingstree.

In the dissecting room of the college our subjects for dissection were said to have been obtained from the potters field and given to a class of five students at five dollars. Boyd, Wilson, Singletary, John A. Hodges of Marlboro and McGill formed one class, and one of our subjects was somewhat a dropsical one, but being inflated with wax it was rendered of easier dissection and understanding. This business was most disagreeable, yet some of the students rather enjoyed it as they sported with the corpse lying on the table of the room. In the operation of dissection the latter named of the class used tobacco for the first time.

Our afternoons were taken up walking along the pavements looking at the display of fine goods in the store windows. On Saturday nights we almost invariably walked in the market, not only to see the great concourse of people, but to hear the shouts of the sellers in their stalls. On the occasions of Saturday nights' market we would dally around to see the fuss and bustle of these sellers to get away when the nine o'clock bell began to ring, being fifteen minnites before the clock struck that hour, at the last sound of which every negro has left the market and the streets, or otherwise, unless by written permission, they were carried to the guard house.

Sundays were not regarded and kept with that solemnity in the city as characterized them in the country. The people, in grandest clothes, thronged the pavement on their way to church, and the elegant horses and carriages that filled the streets having more the appearance of festive days than of rest and reflection. At one of our private boarding houses, whose family belonged to the Presbyterian church, there were fifteen or twenty day boarders, with about half that number of medical students. While we had fine dinners each day, with turkey at the head and foot of the table, yet on Sundays we would be given a goose dinner, then considered a finer dinner than

that of turkey, as expressed by the city boarders, but by no means such by the country fellows, and for which the one called the other "country crackers." St. Michael's church received much of our attendance, 'tis feared, more to hear the deep and thrilling tones of its large organ, it being the first of the kind many of us had ever seen or heard. At Sunday leisure moments we would stray up to the Orphan House, and a kind stranger would permit us to walk over its front yard amid the beautiful shrubberies of that place.

Once or twice Sam ascended the worn steps leading up to St. Michael's clock, going at one time up to the pigeon holes and looked down upon the city and the broad expanse of water. At the last ascension of this steeple he was content to stop in its piazza and to look down upon the people on Meeting street, who appeared from this height as a race of Pigmies, being hardly recognizable as men and women. He looked at the immense bells suspended between joists, and their various offices were explained by his guide. But he did not get sufficient information to establish the manner by which these bells were made to imitate the sacred time of "Bridge-water" (can I be mistaken in the name), used to announce the hour of preparation for Sunday exercises in the churches of the city, and to awaken a devout feeling in the hearts of the many thousands of her church-going citizens.

There is no doubt the Charleston theatre received our attention and lightened our pockets. During the two courses of lectures at the college at which we were present there was an announcement of the engagement of the celebrated dancer, Miss Fanny Ellsler, for a few nights, by the manager of the theatre. The admittance price was double, if not treble, the ordinary rates, and but few of the students went to see her performance. Sam, unable to control his admiration of the beautiful, was present one night. Her dancing threw the house in wonder of the art in grace exhibited before them. In exquisitely fine dress of silver tinsels, dazzling in the light of the many chandeliers, with bootees of highest heels and with little rattles of tingling bells held in her hands as she placed herself in swaying right and left attitude, at one time balancing on the tip of her shoes on one foot, whirling round and round holding the other foot out in right angles from her body, or leaping up into the air eight or ten feet in inclined or nearly horizontal postures and alighting on the floor on the

tip of her shoes in erect posture, and again and again performing similar steps and whirls, made Fanny Ellsler the most wonderful dancer and the most charming and bewitching creature, that Sam has never forgotten her appearance and dancing.

Also in the winter of 1839-40 an engagement with the great tragedian of the world, Edwin Forest, was made. As he acted Shakespeare's plays, many of the students were solicitous to hear him, and gave prompt attendance. Among them was John S. Rich, who had studied medicine several years before, and had attended the Lexington, Kentucky, Medical College one term. Turning his talents to the study of dentistry, he soon became a practicing surgeon dentist. Now desiring to prosecute his medical studies, and having the means, he became a student with us in our medical college, and graduated in March, 1840. Ever having a care for Sam's interest since the memorable night of their introduction in a bar room in Sumterville in 1836, he insisted on carrying his friend along with him to hear Forest. In the plays of Macbeth and Hamlet Sam was not moved as Rich was, because one had a laughing vein in his composition, while the other was of a more serious turn of mind. In these plays Sam was astonished to see Forest's expressions of agony of soul in his countenance, in his gestures and in his tone of voice, seemingly overwhelming the man. These features of a grieving heart were new to Sam, who had never suffered in the mind, and knew nothing of the inward commotions as expressed in the agonies of the tragedian, yet he wanted to cry right out and be done with it, while silent tears were seen in Rich's eyes, feeling the sorrows in the words of the actor and appreciating and experiencing the sentiment represented in the scenes of a tragedy.

The four months' session in the College terminated the last of February, and the Professors' lectures closing with the first course, we prepare to make our homeward trip. Jack and Sam boarded the splendid steamboat *Nina*, plying from Charleston to Georgetown on regular days, and started away. After going seaward a short distance the boat turned and came back to its moorings, as the captain said the sea was too rough to pass the breakers at the bar in the darkness and requested all the passengers to remain on board with him that night. Early the next morning the two friends, for the first time in their lives, were riding on the bosom of the ocean. At

this time with us the waves were of sufficient elevation and force to dash furiously against the boat, and to sweep over portions of its lower deck with some rocking and yielding to the violence of the storm, and to produce a degree of sea sickness. In the midst of these tempestuous waves, far out at sea with only tops of trees dimly outlined on the mainland, Sam turned to his friend, as they lay on the upper deck and enquired, "How do you like it, Jack?" "I would rather be on land," he replied. Before the sun went down we were at the wharf in Georgetown, and the town looked as if her people had all come down to the wharf to welcome our return.

During the year 1840 we studied with some zest and increased knowledge of the human system, and the branches of physics through which we had been put in the Medical College. Jack returned to Darlington to complete his studies, and visiting his friends in Williamsburg, staying a week with Sam in the summer, he returned by stage to Darlington, but had to get his friend to go back with him, who remained with him another two weeks, both hugely enjoying the recreation. Sam placed himself under Dr. Rich, then at Black Mingo, to whom he paid irregular visits, the latter of which visits has already been given, but he did not neglect to make visits to his sister at Pudding Swamp and to other families of the pleasant Burgesses of that section, and to Kingstree and his many associates of that town and its suburbs, chief of whom was Mr. W. G. Gamble, at his summer house, nor did he neglect his ball plays, his deer drives with his home friends, and how could he keep away from the Gordon boys?

The greater part of October was taken up by Sam in preparing and writing his medical thesis, which the faculty required to be presented to them in a given time for consideration, as to the best original medical treatise on a single subject, and for which they awarded a silver cup. The three Williamsburg students had arranged to go down to Charleston the first of November, but old Mr. Samuel McGill was taken suddenly ill and died, so Sam did not rejoin his friends in Charleston for several days after his father's death. All or most of the class of last year were present, and heartily engaged in attendance upon the lectures, hoping to receive their diplomas as M. D.'s in the following March. W. Covart Mouzon of Williamsburg was also a student, and uniting with us and William S. Boyd we stuck well together.

The same scenes were re-enacted, and Charleston lost its freshness to us, except in our strolls up and down the great thoroughfares of the city. There were three incidents happening that winter worthy of note. Ned and Sam were walking out together as mere observers of things, and soon they were attracted by the display of costly jewelry in the windows of a jewelry store, and by the glare of large silver waiters and dishes at the further end of the long store, and they ventured in only to look and admire. Soon a clerk of the house came to serve them. Ned, looking down into a case of every manner of gold watches, inquired the price of one. The clerk produced it, and opening and explaining its actions and telling its price, and producing a half dozen or more watches, ranging in prices from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars, when Ned, seeing quite a small watch lying a little way off said, "I suppose that little watch is seventy-five dollars?" "Oh, no, sir; that is a one hundred and seventy-five dollar watch." Here Ned gave his friend a hunch, and whispering, said: "Let's go, Sam, he is making fun of us; he knows we got no money," and bowing to the clerk, who returned it with a smile, the two friends were soon on the street again.

On a lovely afternoon when the fashion, beauty and grace of our city were leisurely promenading the streets, the students, known and pointed out more on account of their everlasting presence in the streets and their rougher dresses of country styles than the unwarranted appellation of country rowdies, formed a part on the crowded walks. The two friends, Jack and Sam, arm in arm, passing a lady of exquisite beauty, remarked the same, and declared her to be the prettiest lady they had ever seen. By agreement they crossed over to the other pavement, walked briskly, watched the lady as she leisurely observed the display in the windows of the stores, and heading her they re-crossed the street and again passed her. Jack, being on the inside and next the lady, in passing peeped at her under one of those old-time obstructing side view bonnets. At this outrage she drew back and said: "Sir, you are very impudent," and Jack as quickly answered: "And you are very handsome, mam." She graciously smiled, and Jack and Sam quickly re-crossed the street at the famous bend of King street, and entering Fairchilds', celebrated their escape

from a cow hide in the hands of a brother or insulted husband, in bowls of hot Irish whiskey punches.

In the students' connection with the faculty, though ever courteous, they held the students at a distance. During this last term of the session Jack had a large rising on the side of his neck, and consulting Dr. Geddings about it, he was told to come back to his office a certain day and hour and he would lance the boil for him. Accordingly, Jack and Sam, at the appointed time, reached Dr. Geddings' office and were ushered in. It presented the appearance of a book store—books were on shelves, books were on the tables and on the carpet. Shortly Dr. Geddings entered, and his salutation had hardly been given before Jack exclaimed: "O-u-g-h, Doctor; surely you haven't read all these books," when the Doctor, with his hard and characteristic smile on, replied: "I've peeped into the most of them."

The more adventurous students went in droves to the Washington race course during race week in February. A four-mile heat between the celebrated race horses, Santa Anna, a deep red stallion, and Omega, a dark gray filly, and another racer, created intense interest and heavy betting, as each had won one heat. On the fourth heat, the unknown horse having been distanced on the third heat, the race was made between the stallion and the filly, and it is believed the former won the stakes. The many races of mile heats were more productive of bets of small denominations by the students, and in the long stand or shed, there was every opportunity to make or lose a dollar around the various tables in the hall, which were designated by the students as faro bank, chuck luck, sweat rag and others. During race week we had a very agreeable visitor from Darlington, with whom a few of us were on intimate terms. W. Henry Cannon was a wealthy planter, of unbounded means and of great liberality, and making our boarding house his headquarters during his stay, we sponged on him in our theatre visits, our drams and smoking and beef steaks at eating saloons.

Ten or fifteen days before the expected close of the lectures notice was given to candidates for the M. D. degree to send in their "Thesis" to the Dean of the faculty, and there was great flutter among the students as we examined and revised our respective treatises. Jack was not quite ready, as his introduction of subject had been left unfinished, because, said

he, "I started so high I could not get down," as he began: "Among the various diseases to which flesh is heir and the multitudinous conducive causes"—, and here he left off, leaving balance of first page to be filled up. Among us, we lifted him down, tho' it was effected by much labor. As the days for our dreaded examination advanced our gloomy faces betrayed our anxiety of results. To add to these tiresome moments our fellow student, John A. Hodges, would play on his flute, in the darkness of his room, airs of the most plaintive kind, in low and subdued tones, when we all were in our beds and the streets hushed with silence.

During the first three or four days of March, 1841, the rains were heavy and continuous, and which were of much hindrance to the candidates in getting to the college to attend their examination. These candidates were awaiting their turn as previously drawn in numbers. Sam being twenty-two years of age, had hoped to draw that number, but he drew number twenty-three, which he then considered a good omen. This student had not been regular in attendance, holding the opinion that five lectures a day for five or six consecutive days were too much for a proper digestion. Being ever delighted with Dr. Samuel H. Dickson, Sam tried not to miss a single lecture of this grand and distinguished professor and physician; also with Dr. James Moultrie's lectures on physiology. Not having taken private lessons under any of the professors, and not personally acquainted with them, increased his uneasiness. His examination day arriving, he was called by the janitor, Mr. Brady, and conducted into the "green room," where, luckily meeting Dr. Dickson at the entrance, he was introduced by him to each professor present, and after getting through with him, he graciously examined this candidate in one or two different branches of physics, in the absence of the rightful professor, detained by the heavy rain. Sam was aware that he had done well in physiology and somewhat passable under Dr. Dickson, who smiled as the applicant before him twice repeated Dr. Dickson's advice to young doctors in his lectures, as he said to them: "Sit at the bedside of your patient, watch the progress of the disease and combat symptoms as they arise." His examination being closed, he was requested to retire into the alley of the college building, which hardly being done and Sam somewhat mad with himself and inwardly saying, "I could do better if I had another

chance," the door of the green room was softly opened and out came Mr. Brady, only to say in a whisper, "Dr. Dickson is your friend and is managing for you." Sam awaited in breathless silence but only a few moments when Mr. Brady came out again from the green room with a smiling face, and extending his hand and giving a hearty grip, he said, "Dr. McGill, Dr. McGill," and re-conducting him into the green room, the young doctor was congratulated by all the professors, and a chair being offered, he was soon seated among the learned doctors, answering, among other things, Dr. Dickson's inquiries about the Williamsburg people.

Our class of over fifty students passed through the severest ordeal of our lives in triumph, received our diplomas from the President of the college, the Hon. Henry A. DeSausure, in the "old theatre," and with pleasure we witnessed the presentation of the "silver cup" to our friend and associate, William J. Keitt of Orangeburg. An interesting description of the presentation of the diplomas and silver cup was made in the Charleston Courier, and it being the first time we had ever seen our names in print, a copy of that issue was obtained and carried to our homes. But we were not at our homes yet, and the question was how to get there, as it was known that all the bridges across creeks and swamps had been washed away by the recent heavy rains. Of the Pee Dee section of our class, David McLeod, Alfred Bethea and John A. Hodges, arranged with Wilson, Singletary and McGill to make our homeward trip by stage from Mount Pleasant to Georgetown together, and we were soon on the journey.

In the crowded stage we left Mount Pleasant and arrived in the night at the 32-mile house. Here we all greedily partook of fresh water fish, etc., placed before us. In the night, with the dim light of two stage lanterns, we crossed the South and North Santee in a flat, which rivers now were one solid body of water, covering many miles of rice fields or swamp lands between the rivers, flowing from bank to bank, made so by the great deluge at this time rolling down through the channels of our water courses. In crossing the North Santee river, whose waters were so deep at certain places the boat hands could not touch bottom with their long poles, and being unable to steer the flat, we were rapidly drifting in its swift current, and were likely to go out to sea. While in this condition the young doctors, losing their dignity and self-import-

tance, were here and there in the flat offering assistance and money to the boat hands, who with redoubled strength and energy in accidental touches of bottom, eventually landed us on the Georgetown side, to our inexpressible relief. We owned up in the confession that a float out to sea in an open flat boat on a dark night was much more horrible to anticipate than an examination before college professors, who had almost scared us to death.

At Georgetown we parted company with the Pee Dee doctors. The Williamsburg doctors, waiting to procure a vehicle in which to pursue their homeward journey, called on some of their friends, among them Mr. Eli Waterman. Leaving Georgetown they made their way to Rope ferry, going along the Gap Way road, as the bridges across Six-Mile creek and Lane's creek had been washed away. After passing Gap Way bay they turned down on the Black River road, and found places on the road filled with water backed up from the river into the lower pine land, around which they cut their way. Staying at the ferry house that night, and leaving their trunks, they walked up to Mr. Nicholas F. Johnson's, where Dr. Hemmingway now resides, and they were kindly sent home by him. Mr. Waterman, editor of the Winyah Observer at Georgetown, announced in his paper the graduation in medicine of the three Williamsburg doctors and published their names. Among other compliments in connection with their general appearance, he congratulated the old district in the acquisition of her three learned and youthful physicians of her own raising, and predicted that billious fevers and other malignant diseases will yield to their treatment, and in a few years they will forever hide their dreaded and hideous heads.

What! Sam a doctor, a name that had been a household word and by which the girls so sweetly addressed him, now lost as they say "doctor." Well, at the outset of his medical career, lasting three years, this change may have been quite acceptable and considered a compliment, but alas, the delusion, ah me, the phantom, as he soon discovered he had "swapped the devil for the witch." In revolving years "Sam" was dropped, and he felt slighted by his old friends as they said, "good morning, Doctor," but was made happy when he was addressed, "How are you, Sam, old fellow," only now used by a few. What! now a doctor, and must give physic, when he wouldn't take it. This early conclusion about physic will be

illustrated by an incident occurring in the fourth or fifth year of his age. In those times raging bilious fevers were expected in the months of July, August and September, and great precautions against their attack were taken in dosing the children for worms, not permitting them to go out in the heavy dew of the morning and not eating any green fruit. Once a child is sick and he is in jail in a darkened room in a noiseless house, and cold water was assiduously kept out of his sight, and no nourishment given except sage tea and chicken water, but there were so many nice things promised him when he got well, if he would only take the doctor's physic! When the doctor's professional visits have ended and the patient considered better and out of danger, if properly guarded in his diet, another great agony awaits him as the kind neighbors bring to him nice ripe apples and pies and cakes, and he is not allowed to eat them yet awhile, as he keeps these nice things in bed with increasing relish and desire to get well, and he keeps them in his sight and sleeps with them in his bed for a few days.

The incident referred to in the above paragraph is this: Sam, being very sick with fever, the doctor was called in. Sam refused to take his physic and it was forced down his throat. On the doctor's next visit, Sam, who had refused to take the prescribed doses of physic, was threatened with him, and when the doctor came into the sick room his patient had suddenly disappeared, and when found he was dragged out from a corner under the bed with great kicking and bellowing. The doctor used every possible persuasion to induce the patient to take the physic without avail, but when the doctor told him that he wouldn't give him any more physic, but would only give him medicine, Sam became reconciled, took it and got well. Dr. Hennagan was now Governor of the State, caused by the death of Patrick Noble, who died shortly after his inauguration.

## CHAPTER XII.

## 1841—A DOCTOR, AND HIS CASES AND DOINGS, AT BLACK MINGO AND JOHNSONVILLE—HIS CHARGES, &amp;C.

To take up the thread of the story of the three young doctors requires an introduction of them now at their homes. An open field for the employment of their medical skill was spread out before each. Their timely presence among the people seemed fortunate, in that Dr. Witherspoon, their former practitioner, had left the neighborhood after his father's death and had moved away to Lower Salem and occupied his father's home. For the distribution of their services and their proximity to each other the following plan of division of territory, after some discussion and a little dissatisfaction, was ultimately agreed upon. Dr. Wilson's preference for the Indiantown practice was freely accorded to him, for who of us at that time would interfere with Ned Wilson's option; Dr. Singletary selected Muddy creek, while Dr. McGill was given the Black Mingo field, as his friend, Dr. John S. Rich, had just moved away and gone to Kingstree, expressing a desire to have Sam as his successor.

The Indiantown physician quickly located at Col. William Cooper's, formed a copartnership with old Dr. James Bradley at Kingstree, of long experience, and soon was doing a good business, and by his urbanity and unstudied address ever in the even tenor of his ways, he was soon deeply ingratiated in the hearts of all the people, and they were proud of his professional skill. Of modest ways, no presumptuous caste of mind and of no distinctive feature recognized by him between the high and the low, the rich and the poor, he was the idol of all his acquaintances.

The Muddy creek physician located in the Johnson ferry house, on the hill of the creek, and boarded with Capt. William Johnson, but being of a roving turn of mind and fond of his people on the Lake Swamp, twenty miles away, he divided his time between them and his friend, Dr. Sam, twenty miles in a different direction. Frequently, when needed most in quick time, he could not be found, as urgent cases have ever demanded, yet he was a bold, successful practitioner and original in the treatment of some cases. He was lavish of his

wit and humor, which sometimes subjected him to some unpleasantness in a crowd. Notwithstanding this, his presence in society added great zest. The late E. J. C. Mathews used to say that these two boys at quiltings and other social gatherings were very disgusting, as with Jack it was nothing but Sam, and with Sam it was nothing but Jack.

The Black Mingo physician did not occupy his allotted position, as he desired a little respite from his books and a recuperation of his spirits from his Charleston confinement, and knowing no better way than a visit to his Kingstree friends, and while there form a medical copartnership with Dr. Rich, but found that he had already united with Dr. Henry Dubose of that place. During his visit, and while in Rich and Dubose's office, the latter gentleman made inquiry of Sam's plans, and being informed, he laughingly advised him to go west and to settle in the Yazoo river bottom and practice on those big sugar plantations there, which had been set aside for young doctors, assuring Sam he would make a fortune in two years. But, said he, you will die the second year, as all the other young doctors have done. Sam, without pondering, and not wishing to be outdone, replied: "Well, as half a loaf is better than none, I'll go and stay one year," when the benevolent old doctor said, "That will be arranged. You know you are a fast young man, and you'll die the first year." Here too was received a message from Dr. Robert M. Gourdin at Lenuel's ferry, requesting this young doctor to come down and see him, and that he would take him as a partner, and in a few years he would retire from the practice of medicine and turn all his business over to him. This place was too far from Indiantown, so Sam did not accept this kind offer.

In May, 1841, the Black Mingo doctor, with much misgivings as to his calling, located at Col. E. H. Miller's, where, soon feeling at home, an affectionate attachment to the family arose, there being little children in the house, with whom he played. He, however, with his usual crop of good resolutions to try and please his friends, entered upon his duties. There were high prospects held up, rendered thus by the courtesy and good wishes of the people of a section of country reaching out to the Potatoe ferry country and down to the upper rice plantations on Black River. Mr. A. B. Jayroe, a rice planter, sought his acquaintance and afterwards employed him as his

family physician and on his plantation, and used his influence in his behalf and thus extended his field. This gentleman had been an overseer on the large rice plantations above Georgetown for many years, and having seen thousands of cases of our malaria fevers under the treatment of Georgetown doctors, was a doctor in such cases, and really knew more about their proper treatment than this young doctor, who being a good listener learned much of practical importance from this friend. Not so with many others of his friends all over the country, who could not refrain from telling this young doctor what to give in such and such cases, that poor Sam felt his ignorance and had to relieve himself from such impressions and to keep up a show of some kind of knowledge by taking out some of his medicines from his little mahogany medical box, displaying their labels in big letters of elegant print for their inspection.

His first cases of sickness being of a mild form, readily yielded to his treatment of paregoric, spice and clove teas and an occasional hot dram, by which his spirits were raised and he began to think he was a doctor in spite of himself, possessing the only fear he would be called an old granny doctor. A desire for leisure and comfort prevailed over the lust for pecuniary advantages as he played with the children of Col. and Mrs. Miller, learning a lesson how to manage them as they prattle and dance before him, or listen to the political discussions of their father, who, young, shrewd and intelligent, became our State Senator in 1850; or with Mr. Thomas McConnell, wife and their friend, Miss Suckey Gibson, who lived with them, and all being fluent of speech it was funny and interesting to hear them talk at the same time without any apparent disturbance to each other.

Or with the young Nesmith boys, Joseph and Benjamin, where there was ever a treat in frequent visits to their hospitable home, abounding in plantation and kitchen supplies, with fruits and melons of great varieties, and hard cider. It was a hot and sultry night, and we boys were lying in the passage of the house on pallets thrown down on the floor for that occasion, and ere the full moon had reached its zenith, they were aroused from their slumbers by the most hideous yells. Rushing out of the house in their night clothes they saw the old ram goat of the flock suspended by his horns in the fork of the branches of an inclined tree. Upon being disengaged

from his predicament with much labor, this thankless old ram turned around a few times, resented our hearty laugh at his expense, by going for us, and we had to make good our retreat.

Or with Mr. Daniel Nesmith and family, who were the leaders in the Sand Ridge Methodist Church, and with whom the Rev. Mr. Walker, the circuit rider, and family boarded; and too with Mr. Robert Morris Green, whose wife was the prop in that church. In this little church, preaching was held during the week day and Mr. Morris raised the tunes, whose untutored and voluminous voice made the surrounding forest resound with his melody, and the young doctor seldom failed to lend his musical talents and make the welkin ring with what gifts he possessed.

Or with Mr. Thomas G. Finkley, who frequently invited his friend to his home on his fine plantation. Mr. Finkley having been a manager for many years on the Cooper River rice plantations, and possessive of means, was a gentleman of some refinement, his tables were supplied with the best the country could afford, and his side board glittered with brandies and wines in double cut flint glass decanters. He was also a hunter, kept guns and dogs, and together with Col. Miller, we killed many deer, eat his fine venison ham alamode prepared, and sipped his brandy at dinner.

Or he visited, whether for social purposes or in professional engagements, Mr. Charles B. Cumbie, residing on the County Line road dividing Williamsburg and Georgetown districts, whose farm lay on the Big Dam Swamp. These were pleasant visits to Mr. Cumbie, who by his hard labor, together with his large stock of cattle, had gathered around him much solid home comforts, aided by his wife, who actively performed her domestic duties.

While yet in search of relaxation from the practice of physic, made necessary for the mental strain in the line of duty imposed, this imaginative young doctor would ride through the woods of the lower Black Mingo country, noticing the rich waste lands marked by ditches as of English survey. Amid these fertile plains old Mr. John Brockinton resided with his family, and among them was his widowed daughter, Mrs. Sarah Jacks, whose handsome face bespoke the Brockinton preference. Nearby was his eldest son, known as young John Brockinton, with a family, a man of intelli-

gence. This old Mr. John Brockinton and son were of uncommon interest in their communicativeness, because they were able to give much information of the older families of Wiltown. Its beautiful site on the banks of Mingo, its river advantages and its former wealth, its adjacent country, in part accountable to the fertility of its clay soil and the great quantity of stock ranging at large with the wild game of the forest. When urged they gave summaries of the history of the Brockinton family, beginning with Capt. John Brockinton's immigration to this country from old England.

His father, possessed of wealth and influence and of some distinction among the nobility of England, from whom he had a commission of some kind, moved into this country about the middle of the last century and settled on Black River, above the Rope Ferry, fourteen miles above Georgetown, on its western bank, and opened and cultivated a large rice plantation, and thereby was accounted one of the Georgetown rice planters, which then and until the war was a distinguishing mark of wealth, refinement and intelligence. An opportunity being afforded, this writer visited the site of this once rich old English gentleman's residence and plantation, at which were observed unmistakable evidences of its former beauty. Holding an elevated position, high and dry, its banks resting along the bluff of the river here in deep channel, affording safe anchorage for his schooners for transporting his produce, and in the rear extensive farming lands, excited an interest to know something of its ancient possessor. The site also commanded full view of his rice lands, utilizing the tides of the ocean in the production of that crop as the banks of the old ditches were yet visible. These tidal waves extend up Black River five miles above Potatoe Ferry to the "Steele Dodges," when the river is low, and only to the "Narrows," five miles below Potatoe Ferry, when the river is full.

Just above, and on the opposite side of the river, is that whirl of the river waters dreaded by boat and raftsmen, caused by an encroachment of a high bluff extending out into the river with a base of rocks by which a great body of the impeded waters in the downward course are made to whirl round and round, and after eddying some distance up the river along its opposite bank, they reunite with the main current, which partly passing around this promontory, they form the famous expanse of the peaceful waters of Gibbon's Neck and

the alluvial tide lands once in the cultivation of rice by this English gentleman.

Thus with all things grand and beautiful presented to his senses, it was unfortunate that this contented and wealthy Englishman was forced to choose in a struggle which had arisen between the land of his birth and that of his adoption. Who among us does not honor the land of our fathers and revere the memory of early friends as we played and clustered together in our father's yard and around family hearths. Or does not feel the emotion of his heart swelling in his throat as he repeats the sentiments of the poet and applies them even now to the present disturbed condition of our South Carolina:

"Next to the joys of Heaven above,  
Land of my fathers, thee I love;  
And rail thy slanderers as they will,  
With all thy faults I love thee still."

Yet this kind host, old Mr. John Brockinton, preferred to speak of his mother, when it is remembered there had been a Fowler among her descendants along the line of her family, showing the piety and excellencies of this grand, old Christian lady, made in commemoration of her virtues, yet infused in the bosoms of her lineage. Many items of interest relative to great endowments of head and heart of old Mrs. Brockinton were related by the older citizens of Black Mingo, as they had learned from others and among them were Miss Suckey Gibson and old Mrs. Chambers.

There was a pleasure in the many social visits made to old Mr. Johny Brockinton, who at times may have been a "little too much of how come you so," yet his black eyes, regular features of the Brockinton type and language of uncommon impressiveness, with a fat and almost shapeless figure, were very fascinating and his company desirable. The early history of his three sisters and of his only brother made a pleasant episode to their future lives. Of these families and their descendants, it can safely be said that Williamsburg district never produced their superiors in wealth and intelligence, represented in Mr. Cleland Belin, Mr. John B. Pressley, Mr. William Burrows, Mrs. Martha F. Mouzon, and the descendants of William S. Brockinton, now in and around Kingstree and on Pudding Swamp; also Col. William Cooper, now represented by Mr. Willie Cooper. Among them many responsible

positions have been entrusted, in law, in medicine and in State politics, unsurpassed in fidelity to their trusts and in appreciation of favors of extensive demands, which patriotic and benevolent qualities up to date are ostensible and fully personified in the easy elegance of our youthful, intelligent and liberal Joseph E. Brockinton. Also in the present Black Mingo Brockintons and Nesmiths and the Cedar Swamp McCulloughs, and in the "In Memoriam" at the end of this book.

In Sam's flying trips to Kingstree, intimacy arose at first sight, with the young and wonderfully interesting James Henry, attorney at law, just settled in Kingstree. He was a native of Columbia, and being conversant with its doings, and the history of the prominent men, much information was given of the Hamptons, Taylors, Adams, Warings, the Prestons and others. Full of fun, it was a pleasant canter down to Black Mingo, being twenty-four miles, and there being gladly received and entertained by Sam, he remained a week or more at a time. Of so much superior intelligence over Jack and Sam that we pronounced him a walking dictionary. In the many strolls in and around the site of old Wiltown we had, in my imaginations, the scenes transpiring long years ago, the noise of the bar-rooms and billiard tables in the hotels, and the activity along its streets, the dash of young men and the beauty and grace of the town as they dance on the bridge spanning the creek, or float in the little boats. These two friends in imitation of this latter sport were gliding down the current, when Henry in the bow of the boat, said, it is too unsocial to sit and talk to his friend with his back turned to him, and changing his posture, the two sentimental friends were soon struggling in the deep waters of Black Mingo Creek, and regaining the boat and using their hands as paddles they at length reached the shore.

In one of the visits to this Kingstree friend, a story was told of a marriage of an old man of 76 years of age, of a large family of children, residing at Clocktown, to a young woman of 16 years of age. Arriving home after an absence of three or four days, this story was told to his good friend and landlord, Col. E. H. Miller, and we soon fixed up the following announcement of this unequal marriage for publication in the "Winyah Observer." The announcement was published, but refused its accompanying stanzas, saying in his message sent by a friend, "Tell Dr. McGill he is a bad boy." Thus was the

announcement: "Married at Clocktown, on Santee, on . . . . ., 1841, by Robert G. Ferrell, Esq., clerk of the court, Mr . . . . ., aged 76, to Miss . . . . ., aged 16.

To multiply and replenish this earth is Heaven's great command,

A text the good old veteran doth fully understand,  
May Heaven give him strength now to perform this arduous task,

And lean upon her breast and pant away his last."

Well, what more! There is plenty of it, but for fear there may be doubts as to the practical usages of his profession these cases of sickness are ready for insertion and to undeceive the friendly minds; one being obstetrical, one surgical and one febrile. From these may be judged Sam's displeasure in a sick room, the fidgets performed in the presence of his patients, and the lack of faith in his own prescriptions, never assuming that his medicines alone effected a cure, or declaring, like other doctors, being just in time to save life, and two hours' delay in the visit would have resulted in the death of his patient. However, in many cases of malaria, summer and fall fevers, if not checked they would soon assume the malignant type, and Dr. McGill was called in to manage and control their fatal tendencies. Now it was that he realized his awkward circumstance in his feeble efforts to diagnose the disease, and wished to have a consultation with old physicians, chief of whom in his distresses he had in mind his interested friend in the green room, Dr. Dickson, of Charleston, who, as he believed, would cast aside the prescriptions and medicines of this young and tremulous doctor, use others and in a short time relieve and restore the health of the sick person. At times, the presence of Dr. Jack was wished for, who monthly, and sometimes oftener, came to look after Sam with the hope he could suggest a better remedy, or at least share the responsibility in case of an accident or death, and on one occasion the two friends were together around a sick and supposed dangerously ill patient, with the following termination:

A negro woman, belonging to Mr. George Gibson, had safely passed through her most critical period, yet the placenta remained, and in this state she was visited. After two or three ineffectual attempts to remove the obstruction, and hearing that Dr. Jack was in attendance at the Methodist camp-meet-

ing on Poplar Hill across the creek, he was sent for, and he joined Sam in the negro cabin. He confessed it was a delicate and dangerous operation but believed he was equal to the exigencies of the case, and throwing off his coat, rolling up his sleeves and other necessary preparations, Sam supposed him to be another Dr. Prelieu, and thus he was addressed for many months after this occurrence. Every gentle and extremely cautious means were employed, but without success, and Dr. Jack already alarmed, gave the case up and advised to have old Dr. Bradley sent for. During the night while the two anxious young doctors remained with Mr. Gibson, making frequent walks to the negro house, the old doctor arrived, and in less time than this sentence can be written, he removed the obstruction, only using one gentle twist. Whereupon, Dr. Jack said to him: "Dr., please don't expose our timidity, and when I get back home I shall scratch out the word 'caution,' wherever found in old Dr. Burn's midwifery big medical book," and here the old doctor, commanding us for the necessary caution which young doctors should entertain in such cases, Dr. Jack replied: "Oh, yes, for by such you make a good bill out of them."

A case of his greatest dissatisfaction with self which may have originated his utter abhorrence of medicines ever afterwards, felt in his powers in the healing art, is freely and fully set forth in the following narrative: A valuable negro man, worth a thousand dollars, belonging to Mr. William Hedleston, living four miles away, was sick and Dr. McGill was sent for, who finding his symptoms of an aggravating and peculiar nature, and being undecided where and with what to begin his treatment, he had recourse to Dr. Dickson's advice to his class. The man was very sick and restless, and tossing from side to side in his bed, his stomach irritable and repulsive, skin hot and dry, tongue parched and billious, and a rising pulse, and the young doctor no longer hesitated. The lancet was stuck in his corded vein without a diminution of its pulsation, he gave broken doses of powders, composed of pulverized opium for the irritable stomach, camphor for the skin and calomel for the liver in heavy doses every two hours, and awaiting their effects and seeing no favoring ones a blister was applied. Continuing this treatment all day with no apparent change of his alarming condition but perhaps an increase of the unfavorable symptoms,

he was concluding on a change of medicine, when his patient suddenly lost his speech, his eyes became fixed in his head, and his jaws were locked, and everything presented immediate death coming to the relief of the suffering man. Considering his patient dying, he turned to his master and the man's weeping family and said: "I have done all for him and can do no more," and quickly the young doctor was in his saddle, and his horrified mind at what he had done, added a vim to his spurs, and soon he was at home in his room. Locking his door, and in the lonely darkness of night he paced the floor, as in agonizing scrutiny of what he had done, he exclaimed: "Oh, my God, I've killed a man! What will become of me! I must fly my country!" While thus in horror of self and its safety and humbly on his knees awaiting daylight, he heard horse tracks in quickest succession coming up to the house, and the young doctor, peeping out at the window, was hailed to by a servant boy, saying: "Jeffrey is better, and Massa say you must come to him as quick as you can." Arriving at daylight, he found the man's consciousness had returned and his whole condition in a favorable state. Gentle restoratives were administered which acting like a charm, Sam had a joy which words cannot express as he saw his patient recovering, and a few days longer told him good-bye, he handed him over to the cook.

But the recovery of his patient did not bring a satisfactory conclusion, as he became more gloomy in the consideration of the treatment of this case. In the midst of his embarrassments he resolves to go among his old and sympathizing friends in Kingstree, in the hope of relief. This place holds many endearments, for here Sam's father met his mother for the first time at a dance and here too Sam met his wife for the first time at a dance.

His visit on this occasion was of an unusual character, as he was wont to tell his bosom friends of his providential escape from the gallows, or a public trial in court for manslaughter. As soon as he arrived in the village he went direct to Dr. Rich's office, and soon told him of his distresses and their causes, exhibiting much anxiety of mind, when his friend, John Rich, told him that the treatment of the case was the very best that could have been done and that it had saved the life of his patient. Sam's old friend, Dr. Dubose, came in their office just then, and jokingly assisted his partner in offering a

palliative for the young doctor's mental perturbation, as he said: "All doctors are nothing more than licensed murderers, and he had done many a thing for which many a man had been hung." Sam, greatly respecting the superior gifts whether in words or his original ideas, could not and did not accept his version of that case, as he said: "Well, if I've got first to half kill a man, by fixing his eyes in his head, silencing his tongue and locking his jaw, you can and must scratch off my name from the list of practicing physicians." Even yet, notwithstanding Sam's denunciation of physies, he continued to drag along in his profession for four or five years, urged on by the kind words and friendly interpositions in his behalf made by his fraternity, relatives and friends.

The ease of surgery was in this wise; a young man residing on Upper Birch Creek, of little or no means, had his leg gashed by a boy, and the young doctor was summoned to his side, carrying with him his pocket case of surgical instruments. The wound was sewed up, dressed and soon was healed. In a short time the young man moved away without settling his bill, and returning in the fall of the next year, he called around to see the young doctor and said: "Doctor, is it possible you charged me eight dollars for the cut the d—old black sow gave me?"

"If I did you never paid it."

"I'll give you five dollars for the claim."

"Cut with your money."

"I'll pay you in a few days."

"No, I won't be jewed."

"Then, what shall we do?"

"Consider the debt paid."

"Agreed," quickly replied the debtor.

The above are some of the ills endured during the years '41 and '42, and against them are many pleasantries.

Thus it was with Sam who, notwithstanding all his efforts at dignity to accord with his profession, could not establish a distant manner towards his associates. An old and infirm man accounted good, just, inoffensive, whom everybody loved and respected, was very poor and in miserable health. In this condition he and his family would greatly have suffered but for the charity of their neighbors and the liberality of the wealthy William Burrows, for which favors the good old man named one of his sons for him. Occasionally he hobbled to

Col. Miller's store and soon Sam caught his answer to the salutations of his friends, invariably the same to everybody's inquiry. Now, it would be arranged that one of the company present should approach and speak to this good old man, whose answer to the question: "How are you to-day, Mr. —," would be: "Poorly, poorly. I'm not as well to-day as I was yesterday; nor not as well yesterday as I was the day before," thus giving a clear illustration of Dick Green's belly ache, which got no better fast, as the story goes.

With one other story connected with Black Mingo, and the chapter closes, tho' there are many others which intrude upon the memory and almost force a transcription of them. In the going and returning from Kingstree, the would-be doctor could not go around his old friend, Mr. James McFaddin, who told the story of an old school master at Black Mingo falling into an old well. This old school master taught in the neighborhood, and had a habit of going every Friday evening to Willtown, then a thriving town, to drink rum and play cards till Sunday evening, and then go back home in the country. At Willtown he would put up at a hotel and fared sumptuously, but he would put up his horse in an old deserted out-house nearby, in the suburbs of the town, and buy feed for him, thereby saving the expenses of the livery stable charges. On his last visit he put up his horse as usual, but the door had been taken off, and looking around to find something with which to barricade, he discovered his old door lying on the ground a short distance away. In lifting, it proved to be quite large and heavy, and in following the door as he raised, he fell into an old well, and the door fell back over the mouth of the well. After night when the noise and the bustle of the town had subsided, and during the night, the citizens heard low, subdued and hollow sounds, and at daylight they all were out in the streets, saying they heard the sounds and could not sleep, and yet listening they could not determine the course of the noise. In the midst of their bewilderment and solicitudes, some one suggested the old well, and thither going with hasty steps, and removing the door, they saw the old school master down at the bottom of the well safe in limbs. They restored him with stimulants, and he took his departure, never again to visit the town.

"Now, Sam," continued Mr. McFaddin, "you are an inquisitive young fellow and you had better find out where that

well is and if you should chance to fall in, you are not as wise a chap as I take you to be after being warned."

Late in February, 1842, while at the Indiantown Presbyterian Church on Sunday, Jack and Sam hearing of Ned's sickness, were quickly at his bed side with him to see him through. On opening a window one morning to examine Ned's condition, Sam was alarmed as he discovered measles had appeared on his skin. This was quite unexpected, as this disease was no where in the neighborhood, and that the conclusion was that Ned, who had just returned from Charleston on a visit, had caught it there. The news of measles with us soon became spread abroad, and the whole community was alarmed, as that disease had not been in the families or on the plantations for a score of years. It was arranged that Dr. McGill go and stay with Dr. Wilson. In a few days Sam was taken sick. The recovery was slow. Strength being at last regained, he returned to his post, uneasy about Ned's delicate condition, Sam called around to see him. During his stay he learned that measles had affected Ned's eyes, so much so that he could not distinguish persons from his house to his gate, thus proving his near-sightedness. This defect had never been seen before and 'tis probable the increasing damaging results of the measles upon his eyes may have been the prime cause of his total blindness, occurring a few years before his death. In Sam's case, measles may have cleared away the mists and humors of his eyes, thus enabling him to read the finest prints without the aid of glasses at all times, who now has passed his seventy-five mile post of life.

Measles taken the first of March, '42, caused much hindrance in the unpleasant duties of his profession, and by the time their effects were overcome, there came an intermittent fever, followed by a relapse, and collapsing into typhoid fever, prostrated the young doctor and incapacitated him to do any work till the sickly season was over. A change of base was decided, and going to see his friend, Mr. Thomas McConnell, arrangements were made by letters with his brother, Dr. — McConnell, at Brunswick or Darien in Georgia, by which he agreed to take Sam McGill in as his partner. In January, '43, the journey was undertaken on horseback, but Charleston being in the way, the young doctor did not get there but returned home as the "Prodigal Son," in less than a week's time. By the advice of Col. David D. Wilson and his son, Dr. D.

Edward Wilson, and at the solicitations of Capt. William Johnson, at Witherspoon Ferry, and Hon. A. W. Dozier, on Pee Dee River, Dr. McGill settled at the ferry house, as Dr. Jack Singeltary had already moved away into Georgetown district, at the Rope Ferry House, with Capt. Richard Green, who having rented the two ferries and the plantation, expected to do a big business, and having many friends and acquaintances in Georgetown district, gave Dr. Jack the benefit of his influence among the upper rice planters.

For the first few months Capt. Johnson and family resided in the old ferry house, situated on the bluff of Lynche's Creek, but soon we all moved down into his new house just finished, at the junction of the Indiantown and stage road. Old Bram, the colored ferryman, did not have much to do, and kept our house supplied with trout and bream, and in the preparation of them for the table—there were frequently three dishes, fried, boiled and stewed in cream. The family was very kind and attentive, and old Mrs. Johnson was the most motherly of women. Thomas R. Grier, who had married their eldest daughter, was living with them, who at this time was a bankrupt. Their eldest son, Nicholas F. Johnson, lived at Capt. Johnson's new house, which was afterwards owned by Mr. Grier, while their youngest son, James Johnson, was the farming boy and was of great comfort to the young doctor. Among the many pleasant neighbors none gave more interest than Mr. William Cox, who once a week came to our house in the evening to grind his axe, but also to tell some of his long yarns. In the telling of these stories of otters and otter traps, in which he was the master trapper, Sam would dispute with Mr. Cox, only to evoke his emphasizing words in the affirmation of them.

With all the attention and encouragement given by friends, and a little practice of physic extended here and there among the wealthiest citizens over in Marion district, and along the Pee Dee River, yet there was a sadness and indifference interposing with the success of a medical man. Dr. McGill had not done well in Charleston when on his way to Georgia a few months ago, whereby he displeased the friends who had arranged the trip, and thus he became discontented with self and the practice of physic, as each case of sickness to which he had been called increased his abhorrence of assuming a knowledge which he did not possess. In this condition

of mind, he often walked up along the high banks of the creek, and coming to one of uncommon elevation and the swift current of the waters flowing at its foot or base, there were the graves of his mother's ancestors, the James' family burying ground, as pointed out by Capt. William Johnson. Here at this hallowed cemetery, amid its solemn silence, on bended knees, Sam attempted to recall the recorded and traditional heroic deeds achieved in the old Revolutionary war by the five brothers of the Jameses as Marion's men. Here too, would flash before him the charges and bravery of Capt. McCottry and Conyers as of Marion's men in the days that tried men souls, when the unfortunate Sam, knowing his nothingness, would exclaim: "Oh, unworthy son that I am, of such heroic and devoted patriots and ready and unflinching soldiers in their country's cause." Or in a lonely stroll down to the ferry, the pictured scene of Miss Jenny James, sister of the five James brothers and of Mrs. Witherspoon, owner of the ferry, and the grandmother of this writer, was presented as being here in a flat at a time when a squad of the British was passing the ferry. One of their officers attempted to take off her ring, and when about to be overpowered, she wrenched the ring from her finger and dashed it away into the river. Hurrah! there is where Sam got his pluck, and in his ecstacy shouted aloud:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land."

But this happy state could not be enjoyed alone, so he made frequent visits to his Cousins William and Patty Brown, now at their summer house a few miles away near a mineral spring of cool and refreshing water. What made these visits so pleasant was the knowing of each other's feelings for each other, as in addition to other things, Sam loved his Cousin Patty. Here Sam in the cool passage way of their house, almost defied the oppressive heat of July and August.

One act during the summer of 1843, was the effort of the young doctor to get a postoffice in the neighborhood. There was none in this district nearer than Indiantown, fifteen miles away. As well as remembered, we got our mail from Marion district either at Mr. Henry Davis' or higher up the Pee Dee River, in the Hines section of country. About this time old Mr.

Henry Eaddy was settling the place where his son, Hon. H. E. Eaddy, now resides, and he and Capt. Johnson applied to the young doctor to write up a petition to the Postmaster General at Washington for an office to be established here, suggesting Johnsonville as its name, and Mr. John Gerard as its postmaster. Our petition was complied with, and Capt. Johnson, Mr. Eaddy and Dr. McGill were securities to the bond of Mr. Gerard. Soon this section of country took the name of Johnsonville, and its old name, Muddy Creek, is fast dying out of recollection.

Ere the autumn months had put on their sered and yellow leaf, Sam had arranged to occupy another field in which to operate his pretended medical skill. He could not stay away from his mother, then living on her White Oak place, now owned by Mr. J. A. Blackwell, and from thence he would visit his early friend, John E. Scott, who was now married and father of two children, living in his elegant house with the rich Cedar Swamp lands around, and his farm stocked with horses and mules, and that species of property then considered the wealth of the country. When informed of the poor success his friend had met with in his feeble attempts to support himself, he said: "You can't do this when you have to pay board for self, horse and servant boy; come live with me, I'll board you and horse for your services on my place, and will furnish a servant boy when you need one." Thus were Sam's prospects brighter than at any previous time. His neighbors were pleased to have a doctor settle among them, and his old friend, Mr. James McFaddin, sent for him to say: "I'll employ you on these conditions: no cure, no pay."

It was Christmas, and there was a grand party given by Col. N. G. Rich, a widower, in his elegant mansion in Kings-tree, under the control of a committee to which Dr. McGill belonged. The beauty and fashion of the village and immediate country were present, and it was splendid affair. Among the young ladies who favored the occasion with their presence, were the Misses Louisa and Bet Scott, under the escort of their Uncle Sam, and the Misses Vermelle and Sarah Singleton, also escorted by their Cousin Sam. There was dancing and music and a supper table glittering with silver dishes and waiters exhibiting cakes and fruits in greatest profusion, all under the supervision of Mrs. Louisa Singleton.

On the following night a dancing party was given at Mr.

Samuel B. McClary's, three miles below Kingstree, and an invitation being given, Sam was present. The events of that night are so identified with his after life that it recalls a joy, lasting near a half century. Arriving after night, and not fully recovered from the effects of the loss of sleep, he did not expect to participate in the pleasures of the dance. In the hall the dancers were on the floor, and Sam keeping aloof, was admiring the figures of the dances and the graceful ease of the young ladies. Seeing Mr. Hey Coleman, a Kingstree lawyer, in pleasant conversation with a group of young girls not in the dance, and observing one of them of uncommon beauty, asked Mr. Coleman who she was. Being informed, he remarked her beauty. Mr. Coleman hastened to tell her of the compliment and then introduced us. A conversation ensued and Sam asked the pleasure of a dance, when she said, "I am engaged." "Then give me the second dance." "I am engaged for that, too." "Then the third." "I am engaged for that." During these dances, Sam seized every opportunity to be by her side and engage her attention, and as soon as released from her engagements, Sam and Sarah danced as partners all night, and ere the morning light their eyes were fixed and their hearts pulsating one and the same. At a party at her Uncle John Tisdale's, two nights after, the lovers met by agreement, and they are again dancing, and before they parted next morning they were affianced.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### MARCH 14, 1844—MARRIAGE AND THREE YEARS' HONEY-MOON.

The first six weeks in the year 1844, found the young doctor in the most disconcerted state of mind. Feeling unable to longer endure the responsibilities of a practicing doctor, he applied to his old friend, Dr. Henry Dubose, at Kingstree, and formed a copartnership with him for the practice of medicine, and thither he removed. We kept bachelor's hall in an old dilapidated house, with a piazza resting on the pavement of the street, where the Benjamin Bakery now is placed, this being the only house on that street, if we except a small house

where Mrs. Caldwell kept a little confectionary at the corner opposite Mr. Heller's livery stables, and one opposite Dr. Bradwell's house, then used as Patterson's workshop, and his two-story unpainted dwelling house where Mr. Benjamin's house now stands. Those friends who were in Sam's secrets, knew the primary object in his removal to Kingstree. His occupancy of the house contiguous to Mrs. Ferguson's boarding house for girls, situated in the Old Corner House, under whom his affianced was a pupil and boarder, rendered transmission of letters of quick and ready acknowledgment through their trusty "Lindy," a colored female servant and their confidant, who for her fidelity to Dr. McGill and Miss Sarah Pressley, suffered banishment and was sold and carried away into distant lands.

All the day of 14th March, 1844, was that of rain, and in his solitude, Sam's affectionate heart was filled to overflowing as he pondered over the step he was about to take. He was doing wrong to take a young and trusting young lady from the many kind friends and relatives of highest respectability and affluence to trust her fortune in a life's journey to one without any settled purpose, and who was recognized as a spendthrift and debauchee. No mortal on earth was happier than she, and now she was likely to sacrifice it all for the pure and innocent love she nourished for the sake of Dr. McGill. During the day, he was on his knees and in prayers, yet in constant and secret communication with his expected bride, and seeing Mr. William G. McAlister and his bridal party passing by his door in the rain on their way to Lenud's ferry to solemnize his marriage with Miss Lenud, before the world in open day, Sam almost repented of his engagement. His two friends, Peter B. Mouzon and Dr. John S. Rich, hooted at his despondency, and declared him to be good enough for the King's daughter. About this time, Mr. W. G. Gamble came into the room, and being informed of the arrangements for the expected marriage, said that a marriage contract must be entered into, and accordingly Mr. Hey Coleman was called on to draw the deed, making John S. Rich our trustee. At twilight the rain was still dripping from the eaves of the houses and thick darkness shrouded the houses, trees and streets, and the two occupants in the gig knew only of their presence by the warmth of affection as entwined in each other's arms; yet in a half hour's time, Dr. McGill and Miss Sarah Pressley,

guarded by Mr. Sidney S. McGill, the Doctor's brother, with a club, were at the designated place, Col. N. G. Rich's residence, and after the signing of the marriage contract the marriage ceremony was pronounced and here is a copy of the record made in the McGill family Bible:

"This certifies that the rite of holy matrimony was celebrated between Samuel D. McGill, of Williamsburg county, and Sarah E. Pressley, of Williamsburg county, on 14th March, 1844, at Kingstree, S. C., by W. B. Graves, Esq. Witness, Dr. J. S. Rich, Laura McClary."

After which, cake and wine by previous arrangement, was served by Venus and Peggy, two mulatto women in Kingstree, known for their cleanliness and nice cookeries, and after much confusion in the dark, misty night at the steps of Col. Rich's house, and the wrapping of Mrs. McGill up in shawls, the bride and groom, accompanied by their brother, Sidney, were making their way across Broad Swamp on that narrow causeway, and here for the first time Sam realized the awful responsibility he had assumed, as he expected to go headlong with his wife from the high embankment, having nothing for his guide but the dim light of the sky through the opening space of the limbs of the trees along over the road. In an hour's time of most intense solicitude, the bridal party were at Mr. Gamble's gate, who had promised not to turn them off if they came to his house any hour of the night. Mrs. Gamble met us and quickly an elegant supper was placed on the table, Mrs. Nora McClary assisted. She had been kept uninformed of what all these preparations meant, and her joy was almost boundless, showing that blood was thicker than water, and equally so with Mr. Gadson Gamble, whose mother's and the groom's father were two brothers' children, as the following record in the McGill family Bible shows: "Rodger McGill was born 28th August, 1742. Samuel McGill was born 12th September, 1747." Also this "Record of important events:" "Hugh McGill, the father of the McGill family, in Williamsburg county, South Carolina, was married to Sarah Gordon, 10th June, 1732, and departed this life 30th June, 1752, in the 50th year of his age, and was married twenty-three years to Sarah Gordon, his wife;" and from them were the births of Roger and Samuel, already made, they being the fourth and sixth births in their family of seven children.

In the late morning of the day succeeding 14th March,

1844, an apparent stranger with foaming steed was seen dashingly wildly into Mr. Gamble's avenue, directly to his house, and soon Dr. Jack Singeltary was embracing his old friend. He had been written to about the expected affair, but being away from his home, did not get the letter till the night of the marriage. He traveled all night, making frequent stoppages on the route in the hope of a break in the clouds to enable him to see how to drive. Now overjoyed to learn of the success of the elopement, he became more so when for the first time he met the brave and beautiful Mrs. Sarah McGill. After dinner, Mr. Gamble's carriage was ready at the gate, when a ride down to Kingstree was proposed to find out how all things were working. Before leaving, Dr. Jack, in a jovial way, gave Mrs. McGill the assurance that he would bring her husband back safe and sound. Soon Harry, Mr. Gamble's indefatigable colored carriage driver, wheeled us into town amid the prodigious excitement of the place. Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson had gone down to the bride's mother and to her Uncle John Pressley, and told the news, and even old Mr. Staggers, who had married Miss Susan Gamble, the bride's aunt, was cursing. In extenuation of the whole affair see "In Memoriam," which closes this narrative. While we were in the town, old Mr. Graves, the executor of the marriage ceremony, told this story: That morning as he was passing down the street opposite Mr. Staggers' store, he was hailed to by Mr. Staggers, saying: "And where are you from, you d—old son of a b—?" and he sent back to him: "From Gretna Green, may it please your honor."

On the morning of the second day Sam and Sarah were at the Nelson Hotel in Kingstree, and the villagers flocked in to congratulate them. Among them came hobbling across the street Dr. Dubose, who after cordially shaking our hands, turned to the lady and said: "There is one thing certain, Sam will never ill treat you, but I can't promise you he'll supply you in bread," and handing her a silver quarter, and marking a cross on it, said: "Keep this quarter in your house as long as you live for good luck." It remained with us twenty-one years, when it was accidentally lost in hiding our valuables in the stump-holes in the woods, to prevent the Yankee raiders, expected through the country in March, 1865, from getting them.

By way of palliation for such a terrible offence given to

a school mistress entrusted with the charge and education of young ladies, the following circumstance is feelingly written for the sake of the parties concerned:

During the latter years of our terrible war Mrs. Ferguson, who for many previous years had been residing in Moultrieville, S. C., returned to Kingstree as a refugee. Mrs. Sarah McGill was pleased to see her and paying frequent visits to her, interceded in her behalf, so grateful at that time, and thus made her comparatively comfortable. It was in one of those visits of affection that Mrs. Ferguson requested her beloved former pupil to bring up her husband with her the next time she came to Kingstree. The invitation was accepted, and while we were yet shaking hands, this blessed old lady said to the one who had so shabbily treated her twenty years ago: "Doctor, I have long since forgiven you, because I have heard you made a kind and provident husband to Sarah," and here pressing his hand, she added, "May God continue to bless you and Sarah and all of your children." Ever afterwards during their mutual lives Sam and Sarah obtained solid comforts in the pardon and benediction as given in the above interview.

Obtaining a month's furlough from his partner in physic, soon the happy pair were at their mother's place on White Oak, where all the McGill family, including the Scotts and the Burgesses, were assembled to meet them, and soon we all were seated at the wedding dinner. Our appearance was made at the Williamsburg Presbyterian Church on the following Sunday, in compliment to Rev. A. G. Peden, its pastor, who, as a friend of the McGill family, had been reported as saying he would have married us if we had called on him.

In a week or ten days Mr. John B. Pressley was up in Kingstree, and Mr. W. G. Gamble, having heard that the Pressley family accused him of making the match, and in his usual defense of the truth, called Mr. Pressley aside, and explained all the circumstances connected with the affair in which he had acted. Mr. Pressley was reconciled and extended an invitation to Sam and Sarah to visit him, which was done. In the evening of their first visit, Sarah's Uncle John and Aunt Sarah Pressley walked with us from their house across the fields to Sarah's grandmother on the Pressley side, who, meeting us in the piazza of her house with that solemn and unaffected address, said: "I've buried the hatchet.

You must come and see me as often as you can." Sam's furlough having expired and his visits to his cousins, Robert Wilson, Patty Brown and Dorcas Burrows, at Indiantown, and his sisters' and his mother's neighbors becoming too commonplace, the youthful couple are in comfortable quarters in Kingstree, as boarders with Mr. Isaac and Mrs. Martha Nelson. In every distant medical call, and particularly those at night, his old partner would send the young doctor.

In the month of May or June there was a battalion muster of the militia in Kingstree and a parade of the Volunteer Cavalry Company on the same day. Both the Nelson and Staggers Hotels were crowded with ladies, and at the latter hotel was Mrs. Betsy Tisdale, Sarah's dearly beloved mother, whom she was so anxious to meet and fall at her feet, and of whom she would tell of her dreams to her husband. After the muster and the dinner, Mrs. Martha Nelson, moved with tender compassion in consideration of a child's affection for its mother, volunteered to carry Sarah, with Sam's permission, over to the Staggers house and reconcile Mrs. Tisdale's feelings in the elopement of her daughter. When they started, and all the time Sam secretly followed, keeping in convenient distance of them. Watching for their return, Sam hastened to meet them both in smiles and quickened step, and Sarah's face was surely that of an angel's and her eyes yet moistened with the tears of her overflowing heart. It was then Mr. Isaac Nelson hunted up and brought Col. J. J. Tisdale and others of Sarah's people, who had been reported as speaking unkindly of our marriage. Satisfactory explanations then and there being made, Sam and Sarah accepted invitations to visit them. The reconciliation thus early begun, and the ready and willing concessions of Sam for the apparent wrong he had done to them, resulted in the happy condition of their after life. Those people were conciliatory alike, and anxiously extended favors and entertainments, made more so by Sarah's Aunt Jennie Tisdale, her Aunt Adalaid Dukes and her Uncle William Tisdale's wife. But the recall of the love and affection of Sarah's "My Pah" and her "Muddie" is of such sweet and comforting endearments that there are present tears in their remembrance and prayers for a reunion of such friends in heaven. Surely many Saturdays of the week did not pass away without the coming of favors from Sarah's beloved parents. So oft' was seen little Adalaid Tisdale wending her

way along a narrow path through the thick pine forests, with a bundle of nice things, and accompanied by her servant girl, with a basket of substantials on her head, as a compliment to "the doctor" and her "Titter Sarah," at their lonely home in the woods. Invitations to visit were given and accepted and Tisdale and McGill became friends forever.

In Sam and Sarah's second visit to Mr. John Pressley it was agreed to bring down Dr. Rich, our trustee, as Mr. Pressley desired to turn over to us his brother William's estate, of which he had been the executor since the death of Sarah's father. In a short time this estate, consisting of five negroes and money and good papers to the amount of fourteen hundred dollars, was turned over to us. With this money we purchased John E. Scott's summer place on Black River, horse and buggy, cart, household and kitchen furniture and some cattle and hogs. Bidding adieu to Kingstree, they began housekeeping in July, and it was so funny as we took the head and foot of the table, that we had a merry laugh. Sam asked Sarah to say grace, who frowning and shaking her head, the head of the family stretched out his hands on the table and obediently said: "Sanctify these blessings to our use, and pardon our sins, for Christ sake."

In the two succeeding years these two people were at their home in the lonely woods, near where Mr. W. G. Cantley now resides, there being at that time no neighbors in three miles of them, except in the summer months. Mr. G. Henry Chandler, John E. Scott, Sidney S. McGill and Mr. S. T. McCrea, with their families, built summer houses in calling distance of them, and thus for three months was formed a society of pleasant friends. In our loneliness during the other months we alternated our abodes, being awhile on White Oak and back to our Black River place, where most of Sam's time was given in the wild forest among the deer and wild turkeys, and Sarah with her dear "Muddy" and her brothers and sisters, who were as frequently with her at her own home. But we could not hide from Jack Singeltary, nor could the wealthy and charming Widow McCrea, and they were married in July, 1846, and Sam gave Jack his wedding dinner.

Such ease and idleness could not last always and a change came over the spirit of their dreams, as Mrs. McGill giving birth to her first child, Dr. McGill awoke to a higher responsibility. Their daughter, Elizabeth Gamble, was born

on the 22d day of February, 1847, and a new era dawned upon their married life. A school being formed on Cedar Swamp in the summer of this year, Sam accepted the offer to teach it, and he and Sarah and the baby, in order to be convenient, moved into a vacant house belonging to John E. Scott, and opened the school first at the Old Brush Shed, and afterwards in a new school house in front of Mr. W. G. Flagler's place. During this term among school children Sam made the discovery that he had been made for a school master, and that he perfectly understood the a., b., c.'s, and found great pleasure in walking about in the school house teaching the children. Oh, the joy of his heart to know that he had at last, after six years of imposition upon his people, was now in a position pleasing and profitable. During these first two years of our married life there are two incidents to be recorded. It was a bright and serene summer night, and Sam and Sarah sat together in the wide passage of their house listening to the music of the "cheek, cheek widows" in the surrounding groves of pine forest, when a horseback ride was proposed. Soon their horses were brought out, and away they went to White Oak, twelve miles away. Arriving at Sister Ann Murphy's in the stillness of the night, she expressed her surprise and had to laugh, while his mother, who was present, declared, "You must be two crazy people." Miss Ann McGill had married Mr. Andrew J. Murphy, who, inheriting a tract of land on White Oak from his grandfather, old Mr. Andrew Patterson, comfortably settled thereon. This old Mr. Andrew Patterson was famed far and near for his genius as a gun smith, and it was said he made a pair of horsemian pistols for Governor Allston, by request, which he sent or carried over to London as a specimen of the gun smith's ingenuity in the New World.

Also on just such a night in mid-summer, while Sam and Sarah sat listening to noises of the "Katydidis" in the yard, and suffering from the intense heat of the season, they could not sleep for annoyances made by a large flock of goats belonging to Capt. John E. Scott, as they capered in through the passage of their large two-pen log house. Two or three times they were driven away, but their dog being used to them, refused to chase them. Thus these goats continued their plays and pranks till the middle hours of the night were past, when Sam got his gun, and putting a hand full of small

shot into the barrel, told Sarah he intended to shoot the goats if they returned. She said, "Oh, do not shoot Mr. Scott's goats." Hardly had he got into his bed, and while yet dozing, up came the goats in double force, with redoubled baas up and down the passage. Seizing his gun, he chased them over the fence to a low place sixty or seventy-five yards away, into which many old logs had been rolled and on which they were now scampering. He then fired into the crowd, and hearing a low baa from one of them, he returned to the house, where Sarah said: "Surely, Doctor, you have not shot Mr. Scott's goats?" "Yes, I have; I think I've killed one." Rising, she said, "Let us go and see," and we went to the bottom, and there, to our horror, we found six goats, including big and little, lying dead. Next morning Sam, in great distress, visited Scott, living five miles away, and offering to pay for them or buy six others in their place, he laughed and kindly refused to exact either, only asking for their hides.

"Old Queen Ann," as we all called the gun, was made by old Mr. Andy Patterson and had ever remained in the family. At the death of Robert J. Patterson, his grandson, old Queen Ann was offered for sale. She was bid in by old Mr. D., connected in some way with the Patterson family, for  $37\frac{1}{2}$  cents. Sam, standing near by, and knowing the purchaser's love of money, told a friend to offer him 50 cents for the gun. It was accepted, and as the gun was being handed over this old gentleman made the remark: "A man don't make a seven pence every day."

The old Patterson name is now extinct in this county, tho' Mrs. Mary Jane Thorpe still lives and has a small family around her. Her brother, Dr. Robert J. Patterson, received a good education, mainly by his own efforts, and graduated in medicine. He married a Miss Easterling in Marlboro county, and there he located, by which Williamsburg lost the Patterson name.

About this time a resolve is made to repay his county for his assumed malpractice in physics and his high charges for them. Before the abandonment of this field he bragged over Ned Wilson and Jack Singeltary and John Rich, while giving them the credit of knowing more in a sick room and explanations of the nature of the disease, yet Sam claimed a superiority over them in the use of his pen when in his own room alone, thus he wrote in his day book:

Antiphlogistic infusion... \$1.00 Antifebrile solution.....\$1.00  
Diaphoretic decoction... \$1.00 Epispastics, No. 2.....\$1.00  
Emollient application... \$1.00

The modern young doctors must not sneer at this exhibition of our attempt at such sockdologers, for they must be informed that we did not have Hood's Sarsaparilla, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and the thousand and one patent medicines which now flood the drug stores and the country, thus making some sort of a doctor in every locality.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### A PERMANENT SCHOOL MASTER, 1847—LIST OF SCHOLARS— ANECDOTES AND SPECIAL NOTICES OF THEM—RECREATION—MRS. M'GILL'S HEROISM IN DROWNING WATER.

Before the close of Dr. McGill's second three months' school at Cedar Swamp his reputation as a teacher had far exceeded the expectations of his most sanguine friends. This being the case, his old Indiantown friends, having built a large academy, and Mr. Adams, the teacher, declining to teach longer for them, Capt. S. J. Snowden came up to see him and offered the Indiantown academy to him. A positive answer was reserved till a consultation could be had with his wife. Knowing the great affection now existing between the reconciled families, and the many favors conferred upon us by their kindness, it seemed a cruelty to move away beyond reach of daily visiting, but Sarah consenting to go to Indiantown, and Sam moved by the offer of five hundred dollars, they soon were in that little house erected for them at the academy by the first of January, 1848. Settled in the Indiantown academy it was soon apparent and acknowledged that a superior teacher had charge of the school. So great and popular as an instructor of the youths, that more than twenty years of his life have been spent in a school house, having in the meantime taught at Cedar Swamp, Indiantown, Kingstree and Black River, and since the war at White Oak. Before giving the list of the many children of this county who received their education wholly or partly from Dr. McGill's instruction, it is desirable to present a few incidents happening in his school.

In the Indiantown school was J. J. Brown. While a large class was reading, little Johnnie, with his a. b. c. lesson in his hand on a bench in full view of the class, was nodding down to his book and then quickly resume his upright posture. The class was giggling, when the teacher, being in a good humor and wishing to abash this boy, said to them in loud tones, "Can't some of you make a bed for Johnnie?" who, looking up with half closed eyes, said, "Do, Cousin Sam, make a bed for me."

There was a large class of spellers, and Friday evenings were employed in that pleasant exercise. A great spirit of emulation existed to be head or near there. Among the more ambitious and advanced scholars were Mary Snowden, Dru-cilla Burgess, Zeno Hanna and Itley Wilson, and each was jealous of the other. Little Zeno, called Dock, was foremost among them, and was often at the head, but when not and he missed a word, which being spelled by another below him, he would not be turned down, and those above him had to go higher up and make room for the correct speller, as Dock stood in his tracks as solid as a rock and as savage as a meat axe. Such was H. Z. Hanna then and such is he now, as the people have seen in his public capacity.

#### RECORDED ITEMS IN DIARY.

- 1848, 17th August.—Elizabeth Gamble McGill departed this life, being 1 yr., 5 mos., 25 days old. Died of whooping cough.
- 1849, 15th April.—A large snow, being near three inches deep, and large frosts for three successive mornings.

In 1850, while teaching the Kingstree academy, among the fifty or sixty scholars there was little Henry D. Mc., residing with his parents in the village. One morning he badly missed his night lesson, while his class was complimented for their correctness of it, and Henry was given fifteen minutes to prepare that lesson, and was told that if he did not he would be put back with the a-b ab class. Fifteen minutes expiring, and failing in the second trial, he was in tears. The teacher, moved with compassion, gave him another trial of fifteen minutes, making the same threats and asking some older boy to help Henry get that lesson. When again called he failed as before, when the teacher, in a somewhat harsh

manner, said: "What! Henry, missed it again!" At this Henry, looking up into the teacher's face, who was standing over him, with a most pitiful expression and sobbing tears, said: "Doctor, I'll swear pine blank I can't; if I could I would do it, to please you." "Take your seat, Henry, and get the next lesson with your class," was the teacher's spontaneous reply.

#### RECORDED ITEMS, KINGSTREE, 1850.

March 11th.—Mary Rebecca Ferrell began to board with us at \$5.50 per month.

April 1st.—Thomas A. McCrea and Willliam M. McCrea began to board with us at \$5 per month.

Before the end of this year Sarah and Sam suffered much with fever, and adding the Hewitt place at a cost of \$220 to their Black river plantation, they returned after three years' absence to their own place. Soon Sam was engaged in a small school near his home, and afterwards in the Never Fail academy, five miles away, where the following incident occurred:

It was at a twelve o'clock recess, and the day was intensely hot. The girls were playing "jacks" in the old school house, shaded by a large oak, and the boys were in the academy, some reading, some dozing on the benches, and a group of small boys talking and laughing. To one of these boys, a great laugher, the teacher called and said: "Bobbie, spell laugh," who without the least hesitancy and with assurance, said: "L-a-f-laugh." Then the teacher called on another boy, a very silent and cautious one, and said: "Tommie, spell laugh." Now, Tommie had been somewhere along there in his book, and with a slight pause between each letter, for he was very uncertain about it, said: "L-a-u-g-h spell laugh, ain't it." Whereupon, Bobbie leaped from the floor and said: "Gor, listen yonder how Tommie spell laugh," and he had a great laugh over it. Here we all joined in the laugh, and it was not until Bobbie was shown the word in the book, he discovered we were laughing at his expense.

The many boys who were ever pleased with Dr. McGill's school ought not to accuse him of an invidious spirit when he introduces John James Martin to those who witnessed the extraordinary mental powers of his giant brain. When school was

called in the morning, while other scholars were studying, Jimmie Martin sat unconcerned with his books on the bench by his side, nor were those books handled till his recitation hour, when he would separately hand book after book to the teacher, and referring him to the page, would correctly recite many pages using almost word for word. He would sit in the school house an observer of things transpiring. He has told the writer just before his untimely and unfortunate death that he learned more by listening to explanations by his teacher to the class than from books. Herein has ever been considered Dr. McGill's success as a teacher and an educator.

Scarcely was Sam's occupancy of the school master's chair before he received from an old friend the following letter which was published in "The Sumter Banner." It's printed form has been preserved and is reproduced, not so much for its rhythmical excellence as for the original thoughts expressed and its good advice:

"For The Banner—Epistle to Sam:

Dear Sam, what makes you such a fool?  
They tell me you are teaching school;  
"Tis very well; but ah! how long  
Before you quit and change your song  
To something else—perhaps to arming  
Yourself for war? won't that be charming,  
And next, if you should get some money,  
You'll go to h—; won't that be funny?  
Oh! Sam, you need some stern adviser;  
You're now a man and should be wiser.  
A rolling stone ne'er gathers any  
Moss, nor will you have a penny  
Long to rattle in your pocket,  
If you don't change, by David Crocket;  
A man should open wide his eyes  
And learn how to philosophise  
While passing o'er this sea of life,  
Whose waves are mix'd up so with strife.  
All happiness from virtue streams;  
And if we'd take it in our dreams,  
We should have strength enough to stifle  
The appetites in every trifle.  
Keep cool, keep sober, and keep steady,

And you will soon have something ready,  
To put on board your little bark,  
That floats upon Life's ocean dark.  
You grasp too much at first, like all  
Mad caps have done who rise to fall.  
Take life easy; watch and pray  
But do not then be sad; be gay;  
And peace will come to you each day.  
I know how fickle, and how prone  
To licentiousness you've grown;  
But, tush Sam! are you such a fool  
As not to know how very dull  
The sentiment nerves grow from abuse,  
On making of them too much use!  
You must not let a word, or frown,  
Or cool look, strike your courage down.  
Bear up; good courage makes men praise  
And flatter you throughout your days.  
When going down hill on the rocks,  
~~You may look for a kick or two~~  
But "din na ye" be chicken hearted,  
And soon you'll rise from whence you started;  
And those who'd given you cold glances  
Will turn your warmest friend, the chance is.  
Never tell your thoughts or dreams;  
Never hint your little schemes;  
For men of sense will say 'tis folly,  
And that will make you melancholy.  
Let your actions speak always  
Instead of words, if you want praise.  
Stick to your school since you've begun it,  
And you'll do well I'll bet upon it.  
~~Stick to your school 'tis not the office,~~  
But man, that brings it into notice;  
Stick on; should all your scholars quit you.  
Close to your pine board desk still sit you.  
Would Franklin e'er have won a name  
So glorious—so high in fame,  
If he had not become a stinter  
When he used to be a printer?  
He made men boast the little trade  
Of setting type, it can be said;

That is the man, not occupation  
 That give the latter reputation.  
 Take my advice; stick to your school  
 If you would not be call'd a fool;  
 And whilst I'm fumbling o'er dead men's  
 Bones, you'll make another Edmunds,  
 And if we meet ten years from now,  
 We'll laugh to hear the boys say how,  
 I gave them powders for the gripes,  
 Whilst you put on their a—es stripes.

## Postscript:

Three days it has been raining;  
 But I'm far from this complaining;  
 I always thought there was a pleasure  
 In Noah's flood, for there's such leisure.

JACK (J. S. R.)."

## List of scholars referred to and recorded:

• A. Dickey Brown,	Abner W. Brown,
Frances M. Brown,	W. Robert Brown,
John J. Brown,	John M. Brown,
Vermelle Brown,	Thurnutas Brown,
J. White Brown,	Willie C. Brown,
Samuel A. Brown,	Holley L. Brown,
J. Heatley Brown,	Leila Brown,
Willie J. Brown,	Joseph Barrineau,
John Barrineau,	Warren Barrineau,
Marion Barrineau,	J. James Barrineau,
Henry M. Burrows,	S. Joseph Burrows,
Leonard Burrows,	Robert L. Burrows,
E. Rosa Burrows,	Z. Inez Burrows,
J. Allston Burrows,	Omie D. Burrows,
John T. Burrows,	Melville W. Burrows,
Samuel J. Burrows,	Robert F. Blakeley,
Edward P. Blakeley,	Lavina Blakeley,
Thomas M. Britton,	F. Marion Britton,
Ann D. Britton,	Mary J. Britton,
J. Drucilla Burgess,	E. Amelia Burgess,
Quintus L. Cooper,	Frances Chaney,
Alex M. Chandler,	F. Sidney Chandler,
William W. Cunningham,	Leonard F. Dozier,

Susan A. Duke,  
Robert E. Duke,  
Mary H. Duke,  
Flovia Duke,  
Margaret E. Duke,  
J. Mildred Duke,  
Margaret G. Flagler,  
Olonza W. Flagler,  
Jane S. Flemming,  
James H. Fluitt,  
Amelia A. Frierson,  
I. Taylor Frierson,  
Josiah Frierson,  
Elizabeth A. Frierson,  
H. Dudley Gamble,  
Rowena Gauble,  
Statia Gamble,  
James Gibson,  
Peter St. Gary,  
Alice M. Graham,  
Hugh M. Graham,  
William J. Hanna,  
H. Zeno Hanna,  
William E. Hanna,  
Julius Hanna,  
Mary E. Hewitt,  
Stephen B. Haselden,  
Mary Johnson,  
James Knox,  
Neighbor D. Lesesne,  
Elizabeth Lowery,  
J. James Martin,  
Thomas N. Martin,  
Thomas A. McCrea,  
James A. McCrea,  
Sarah McCrea,  
Elizabeth McCutchen,  
George W. McCutchen,  
S. Snowden McClary,  
H. Alex. McCullough,  
Louisa McCullough,  
Henry D. McElveen,  
William D. Duke,  
Thomas J. Duke,  
Elizabeth M. Duke,  
Benj. F. Duke,  
Susan L. Duke,  
Mary R. Ferrell,  
Robert A. Flagler,  
Blakeley Flemming,  
Perviss Fluitt,  
Wm. M. Frierson,  
W. Edwin Frierson,  
J. Martin Frierson,  
Mary J. Frierson,  
Samuel R. Frierson,  
Julius P. Gamble,  
William G. Gamble,  
Josephine Grayson,  
John Gibson,  
Laura J. Graham,  
J. James M. Graham,  
John Hanna,  
Julius J. D. Hanna,  
Lydia Hanna,  
Elizabeth G. Hanna,  
Amanda Hanna,  
Elipheth M. Hewitt,  
William M. Haselden,  
Daniel H. Jones,  
Susan C. Lee,  
Francis Lenerieux,  
Caroline Lowery,  
James C. P. Martin,  
Irene Mathews,  
W. Marcellus McCrea,  
Josina McCrea,  
Thomas McCutchen,  
Emma J. McCutchen,  
John McCutchen,  
John T. McConnell,  
William McCullough,  
Laurens P. McCullough,  
George G. McElveen,

Ida McElveen,  
Rebecca McElveen,  
Minto W. McGill,  
Jennett McGill,  
Mary A. J. McGill,  
William P. McGill,  
Martha E. McGill,  
John Y. McGill,  
Josina F. McGill,  
Julia A. McKnight,  
Brantley McKnight,  
Samuel G. McKnight,  
Robert Morris,  
Laura E. Newsom,  
Georgia A. Newsom,  
Margaret L. Newsom,  
Harvey S. Owens,  
John S. Owens,  
Thomas C. Owens,  
Mary J. Patterson,  
Missouri Sauls,  
Eli Sauls,  
Ida P. Speights,  
Lewellen E. Snow,  
Elizabeth D. Singeltary,  
Ervin Singeltary,  
Davis H. Shaw,  
James E. Strong,  
Margaret O. Strong,  
Edwina Strong,  
Madeline Strong,  
Sarah A. W. Snowden,  
Amelia M. Snowden,  
E. Brannard Scott,  
Ann Sinclair Scott,  
James E. Scott,  
Susan E. Scott,  
Benj. F. Scott,  
Julia E. Scott,  
William G. Scott,  
Samuel A. Scott,  
Mary A. S. Scott,  
William H. McElveen,  
Emma McElveen,  
Sidney S. McGill,  
Mary Ann McGill,  
M. Irene McGill,  
Sarah G. McGill,  
Amelia J. McGill,  
Ellen D. McGill,  
Addie O. McGill,  
George M. McKnight,  
Edward McKnight,  
Benj. F. McKnight,  
Katherine McWilliams,  
Dora Morris,  
James Murphy,  
Lebby A. Newsom,  
Susan L. Owens,  
Mary J. Owens,  
W. Dingle Owens,  
Robert J. Patterson,  
John N. Sauls,  
E. Henry Sauls,  
G. Levi Sauls,  
W. James Scurry,  
Jeremiah J. Snow,  
W. J. D. Singeltary,  
James M. Shaw,  
Isaac H. Strong,  
E. Cornelia Strong,  
Ellen J. Strong,  
John Strong,  
Mary L. J. Snowden,  
Samuel J. Snowden,  
S. McBride Scott,  
Susan T. Scott,  
John R. Scott,  
Mary E. Scott,  
Eugenia P. Scott,  
Junius E. Scott,  
David C. Scott,  
Thermutus C. Scott,  
W. Robert Scott,

Louisa M. Scott,  
 S. McGill Scott,  
 James H. Tisdale,  
 J. Yancey Tisdale,  
 Robert S. Tisdale,  
 Robert Saml. Tisdale,  
 Sarah E. Tisdale,  
 John W. Tisdale,  
 Agnes L. Tisdale,  
 Mary M. Tisdale,  
 William V. Tisdale,  
 Martha P. Tisdale,  
 Samuel J. Thorp,  
 Jefferson D. Thompson,  
 Katherine Thompson,  
 William M. Wilson,  
 M. Emma Wilson,  
 Robert M. Wilson,  
 Wistar Wheeler,  
 Daniel Hough,  
 James Murphy,  
 Margaret E. Flowers,

Martha M. Scott,  
 Elizabeth A. Scott,  
 David L. Scott,  
 Adelaid J. Tisdale,  
 William W. Tisdale,  
 Louisa M. Tisdale,  
 James G. Tisdale,  
 Agnes L. Tisdale,  
 Edgar H. Tisdale,  
 John Show Tisdale,  
 Margaret C. P. Tisdale,  
 Margaret E. Tisdale,  
 Mary Frances Tisdale,  
 Joseph A. Thompson,  
 Adell Thompson,  
 Eliza Ann Wilson,  
 S. Itley Wilson,  
 William J. Wilson,  
 Sarah Wilson,  
 J. Preston Wheeler,  
 George Hough,  
 Franklin Woodbury,

Total number of scholars 258.

In connection with "Epistle to Sam" and the list of pupils, a letter previously received and the subsequent career of holiness and other virtues of these scholars are deemed worthy of a presentation. The former, for its novel manner of an invitation to his wedding, preserved for the style of letter paper before envelopes were manufactured, and the letter for its usefulness in the pulpit:

"Friendship P. O., Sumter District, Oct. 18th, 1849.

"My Dear Friend:—It is natural with genuine friends to impart to each other their joys, as well as their sorrows, but at this time I have no sorrows, no heart-rending chances, no bitterness of soul; on the other hand I have to impart to thee, my old and sympathising friend, the greatest of joys, the greatest of all felicity. At last, in my 36th year, after all the misfortunes which I have lived through, after all the agonies of heart that I have borne, after all the trials and heart-rending scenes that I have passed through, after having my poor heart

shattered and turned again into chaos. I say after all this and much more besides, I have come out of the cog wheels of destruction, an unscathed youth, and will be married to a lovely and exquisitely beautiful girl in a couple of weeks. How joyous 'twould be to my soul to see you at my nuptial ceremony! Can you not come to Summerton next Wednesday week and see me out?

"Come, come, we may not meet again;  
'Twill bring to mind each joy, each pain;  
'Twill bring to mind youth past, insane  
    And many a feeling  
Long latent in our hearts; I fain  
    Would cease congealing.

Come, come, we were as few have been.  
I might go on and make some rhymes,  
But then it does not suit the times.

Shall I say heartless Sam. Adieu,                           J. S. R."

To his heartless Sam this friend wrote a letter while lying on his death bed, begging him to come with all speed, as he wanted to see him once more before he died. This letter was delayed and Sam arrived in Kingstree only to be informed that John Rich was dead and buried.

Jeremiah J. Snow was the son of Mr. James Snow, who resided at the China Grove place. His father was a devout Christian and a farmer of considerable means. He was the head of Union Methodist Church and his affections were easily moved to tears and in audible lamentations during divine service in the church. His son, the Rev. Jeremiah, exhibited at school in the years 1848 and 1849, a love of the classics and his gentle behavior was admired by his teacher and all the scholars. After the completion of his youthful studies he early attached himself to the Methodist Church, and continuing in the line of duty as he consciously believed, he entered the ministry and became a divine. The Rev. Jeremiah Snow was appointed chaplain in Col. Witherspoon's regiment, stationed in Georgetown in the winter of '63-'64. In our unsettled condition after the war, he engaged his pen as a means of support, and becoming palsied, he came to Kingstree and died a few years ago.

The other scholar referred to is Josiah Frierson, who is now a Methodist minister, and is the son of Mr. John Frier-

son. The Friersons of the White Oak section, are among the oldest settlers of our district. The first prominence of any value was the election of Josiah's grand-father, Mr. John Frierson, to the ordinary's office at Kingstree, in which he died, and afterwards by the election of his father, Mr. John Frierson, to the tax collector's office just before the war. Among the pleasant associations formed in the White Oak section in 1866, when this writer removed hither, aside from the James, Witherspoons, Cades, Hannas and Burrows families, Mr. John Frierson and family were foremost to recognize neighbors' relations. He married a daughter of the late Washington Cockfield. All the children of the family possess distinguishing abilities. The eldest son, William Moultrie, and his brother, Josiah, hold uncommon advantages, the one for his skill in mechanism, his stern and uncompromising address and his bold and patriotic devotion to his State, and the other for the affection and Christian practices at school when a boy, afterwards advanced as a prominent Methodist minister and esteemed and beloved for his perseverance and zeal.

Along with other scholars Jennet Drucilla Burgess incites a special notice for her attention to her studies, her ambition and for her love and affection for her Uncle Sam. With her school books she ever had her little Bible, and judging by the different pages marked by a white ribbon in her progress day by day, she desired to read the Bible through in her girlhood. Her even temper and her quiet deportment alike unfolded the pious sentiment of her breast. In January, 1854, she married Dr. John C. Williams, of Chesterfield district, who already had settled among us, and by his social and Christian profession, he soon received attention and respect. Being of strong Wesleyan religious faith and practices, he was prominent in the building of the Cedar Swamp Methodist Church. He died in 1857, in the vigor of life and is buried in that church yard. In 1856, Mrs. Williams with her three little sons moved into Arkansas with her mother. The possession of many ennobling qualities has been made clearly manifest in the pious education she gave to her three boys, and by efforts and prayers the subsequent collegiate and ecclesiastic course of education of her two youngest sons, Charles Craig and John C. Williams, who are now ministers of the gospel in good standing in the Presbytery in Arkansas.

Minto Witherspoon McGill was a scholar in our first

school in 1838. He moved away into Arkansas in 1857, and is now known in Camden of that State where he lives, as "Old Maj. McGill." A case occurred in that old school house at Indiantown which will ever be remembered. Minto was whipped, and the little fellow tearfully cried out: "Oh, Sammie, you hurt me." Even now it is presumed that similar cases have silently occurred in our old time schools, where our fathers' maxim, "A boy that can sing and won't sing, should be made to sing," was carried into execution. A boy's predilection or preferences were never consulted. In palliation for the treatment we got in school a fact should be borne in mind, that the teacher had to endure great trials and perplexities, as in the dread of pins fastened in the bottom of his chair, shaking fists at the teacher's head behind his back and doing many other vexatious pranks in a covert way. He was kept busy all day talking and watching, and ere the time for the close of the school he was very tired. The school being dismissed and the children in great joy he inwardly says: "Go, and joy go with you."

And yet the next morning brings the bright and shining faces of the scholars, and their pleasant greetings to the school master, who too comes to them with renewed spirit and energy.

Among the many pleasant remembrances arising from the scholars' studious habits and respect and affection for their teacher, there was one of such mutual endearments that the recall of Neighbor D. Lesesne, a pupil at the Kingstree Academy in 1850, excites a tear at his early death. Neighbor, as we all called him, married Miss Marion Ervin, sister of Gen. W. T. Ervin, spoken of elsewhere, and was happily situated on his Santee plantation. Soon our late war began and he obeyed his country's call, enlisted in the Manning Guards, which formed a part of the Hampton Legion, was in the first battle of Manassas and was fatally wounded. While yet lying on the ground, exposed to the fire of both armies and nearly exhausted, a Yankee soldier, happening to pass, gave him a drink of water from his canteen, which revived him till taken up late in the evening by our ambulance. He was carried to a private house, and tho' kindly treated he died, and was buried before his wife reached there. He left an only child named for him, who is now the educated, intelligent gentleman, Neighbor D. Lesesne.

The Lesesnes, together with a dozen or more of Williamsburg's prominent citizens, belong to the French Huguenots, who possessed great social and political status and wealth among the Scotch Irish Presbyterians of this county. The Hon. James L. Mouzon, in his early manhood, used this argument to this writer when his friend was disposed to extol the Scotch Irish Presbyterians above the Huguenots, and succeeded in a high measure to increase his affections for the Huguenot families. He said: "Your people came over here to better their financial condition, while my people left their dear old France on account of religious persecution."

This fact being admitted, yet the Scotch Irish Presbyterians built the Williamsburg and Indiantown Presbyterian Churches, which were the first houses of worship erected in our dear old Williamsburg county.

When Dr. McGill engaged his first school at Cedar Swamp in 1847, the children of the late Thomas Armstrong McCrea entered his school. Again when he moved down to the Indiantown Academy the two boys followed. So too at Kingstree in 1850, and at the Never Fail Academy in subsequent years. "Tump" and "Celly," as they were called, boarded with us, were a part of our family. A few years elapsing, Mrs. McGill was joyous when Thomas made suit to her Cousin Mary M. Tisdale and, Marcellus following suit, sought and obtained the heart and hand of her sister, Adalaid J. Tisdale, and our joy was consummated when we attended their nuptials.

Josina McCrea boarded with us when a pupil and was of such silent behavior, pretty face and affection that she was endeared in our family.

Sam and Sarah resided quite near to the Indiantown Academy in 1848 and 1849. At this school there were many fine spellers and perhaps who were ambitious and contentious to be head and among them were Mary Snowden, Lydea Hanna, and many others. The girls were nearly grown, beautiful and interesting, and Sarah rejoiced to see them at the head, but the boys wanted to be there too, and none more so than little Dock Hanna, as he was called. He was so inclined to be head or to hold his place that he firmly refused to go down when corrected, but forced the class to extend the line at the head, apparently then resolving to adopt the Latin phrase, "Nulla vestigia retro." At this time he looked very sav-

age, and when the head hesitated as to the right letter in the middle of a word Dock would quickly supply the letter and force his way up. Seeing little Dock thus treat the big girls and turn them down, Mrs. McGill was so provoked that she said she wanted to whip the saucy little chap, and yet, in after years she was a great admirer of Mr. H. Z. Hanna. *Quis non?*

The Never Fail Academy on Black River was erected and ready for occupancy in January, 1853, and in this school Dr. McGill was employed as their teacher for three years. No years of Sam's life were more delightful. The Dukes children were of great sprightfulness; the Owens children remarked for the gentle and Christian qualities of their parents; the Strong children for their affection for the teacher and obedience to the rules; William Tisdale's children for their intelligence; Col. Tisdale's children for the beauty of person, and of James Gamble Tisdale, his manly appearance, and last but not least, are the children of Samuel Tisdale, who, like him, ever walked in wisdom's ways. Their sons, James Henry, John Yancey, William Warren and Robert Strong Tisdale, now fully represent the endearing qualities of old Mr. Sam Tisdale. However much the two elder brothers sported among the deer, wild turkies and fishes in the river, they together with all the Tisdales found greatest pleasure in the late spring time mounted on their horses, in company with their fathers, and hunt up and drive home the immense stock of cattle. The gathering up of their cattle was the work of several days, and in driving home this large quantity of live stock along the public road, the lowing of the cows, the bleating of the calves, the yells of the horsemen and the cracks of their whips could be heard for several miles around. This was the sight of those times.

The omission of the recreations had on Saturdays, rainy days and vacations of school in the woods around his pleasant home on Black River, planned and ornamented with the oak, elm and maple, during the ten years preceding our war, and in the sweet enjoyment of the society of wife and the births of the first four children, would exhibit an absence of appreciation of the comforts and blessings which at that time accompanied our pathway. These sports were made with the deer, the wild turkies and the fish in Black River, and are copied from diary as made at the time. The extended woods afforded pasture and shelter for the deer and turkies and the river and its creeks

abounded in the fish. Here is an entry: "The Woods, 1851, July 3rd. Alone I drove and afoot in hearing of my place, and started six deer which I know, two at Canebranch, one at Martin old field, one at my turkey blind, one at Martin mill branch, one near the Hewitt field, and in the evening one at the nine mile branch." Also this entry to show the difference in markmanship between shooting into a flock of tame goats and the wild and swift footed deer, bounding over bushes and logs, pursued by the hounds often in full cry, just behind them. At any rate, the present shooting will show the improvement made on his father's reputation as a marksman, as he carried no gun in the woods, but depended on the crack of his long whip and his shrill and lusty yell, to force the deer to run out by the standers, and hence he was considered the driver for his community:

"1851—1 buck at head of Delane, 80 or 100 yards, killed; 1 deer in Delane, 25 or 30 yards, killed; 2 fine bucks, Blue Spring, 100 or 110 yards, missed; 1 deer in Guinea old field, 50 or 60 yards, missed; 2 deer in Manning's pond, 125 or 150 yards, missed; 1 fawn in River islands, 35 or 40 yards, killed; 1 deer in River islands, 30 or 35 yards, missed; 3 deer in River islands, 125 or 150 yards, missed; 1 deer in bean patch, 60 or 70 yards, missed; 1 deer in Lesesne swamp, 40 or 50 yards, bled; 1 fawn, in Lesesne old field, 25 or 30 yards, missed; 1 deer along the drain, 35 or 40 yards, missed; 1 fawn, Blatin Bay, 30 or 35 yards, missed; 1 deer in Cedar Bay, 30 or 35 yards, missed; 1 doe in old field, 40 or 45 yards, killed.—19; one killed in every 4 3-4."

While Sam was sporting Sarah was working, and her garden gave evidence of her economy and industry as the following entry will establish:

"The Woods, 1851, February 8. Planted in the garden peas and turnips; February 11, planted mustard, kale, beets, green glaze and early yorks; February 14, planted nine quarts Irish potatoes; 15 March, eat radishes; 17 May, eat Irish potatoes (not good); 20 May, eat beans; 23 May, eat squashes; 26 May, Sarah commenced planting rice in a pond.

#### WILD TURKIES.

"1855—Killed 4 turkies at a blind, and to show that they were no rarity on our table, Sarah made the following distribution of them: One to her mother, one to John Morris, a white

laborer on the place, and one to the negroes. As to the fish we had them only when it was planned to go with somebody else to the river. Sarah was fond of the sport and was frequently with Sam at the river with her cane and a small negro boy to attend upon her."

They were at the river one day and Sam had his gun and dogs and was strolling around shooting squirrels, leaving Sarah and her servant to catch the fish. Presently he heard a loud cry of distress, and hastening to them he found Sarah standing on the bank with water trickling from her hair and streaming from her clothes. She had slipped and fallen into its deep water over her head, but her presence of mind did not forsake her, as she seized hold of a log, crawled upon it to the bank and rescued herself from drowning, as her boy was so frightened he did nothing but scream. Sam wrung out Sarah's wet clothes, folded his coat around her, and placing her in her saddle, they were soon at home, two miles away. Ever afterwards Sarah was pleased to tell of her heroism in drowning water and considered her recovery as one of the brave acts of her eventful life. The above accident gave rise to the name as "Sarah's Lake."

It would be an act of ingratitude to slight a faithful servant, who contributed to the joys of our household and to the alleviation of our distresses. Silvy, stout of frame, of pleasant manners and good sense, was even present with us, whether in the field with her hoe, in the kitchen with her pots and pans, and in the house ready and willing at every call to administer to the wants of our children. Indeed, so attached were the children to her that they loved to be in her arms, caressed her and addressed her as "Mammer." She died a few years after the war and Sarah and all the children mourned her death, as her life was marked for her fidelity and affection shown to her "Missy" and her children, in which even the results of our war did not alienate or affect their mutual attachment, as Silvy, of the Pressley stock of negroes, never knew any other mistress.

#### NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS.

The 4th of July of every year has long been a day expressive of a day of great jubilee for the people of the United States since the organization of their Federal government. Its advent and celebration in Williamsburg district, South Caro-

lina, have been anxiously awaited by the old and the young. It is now almost a thing of the past when compared with the enthusiasm as now exercised in its coming as that of the long years ago, and there is scarcely a simile between them. A few of us recall 4th of July days as observed more than a half century ago when the people from all over the district joined in one universal jollification as they assembled at our court house in Kingstree. We had music, a speech, and a public dinner. The music was rendered on fine violins, costing fifty or a hundred dollars, by such elegant fiddlers as G. Henry Chandler, William R. Scott, William D. McClary and T. Armstrong McCrea. They never failed to play "Hail Columbia" and Washington's March, in two parts, seated as they were up in the court house gallery during the entrance and conclusion of the speech of the orator of the day. At the dinner, either at the Nelson or Staggers hotel, they gave their attendance in the large hall after dinner, and signified their readiness to amuse by playing: "Come, haste to the Wedding," or the "Campbells are Coming," or other lovely airs, considered as dancing tunes for the dancers on the floor in the long Virginia Reel. They too gave delight to the more bashful young men, peeping in at the windows and crowding the front door way that there was neither ingress or egress, while the dear elder matrons filling the inner doors and passages, watched and admired the fashion, beauty and grace of their daughters as they glide along in the dance with eligible young men as partners on the floor.

After dinner, and the dishes and clothes being removed and the bottles of wine being produced, the chairman of the meeting pro tem. read the regular toasts, prepared for the occasion, being generally of a political and highly exciting character, and which were loudly applauded. Then volunteer toasts followed, more or less inflammatory, and were seriously entertained, bearing on State right doctrines and looking to a secession movement. On one of these occasions and while the crowd was wildly enthused, a young lawyer from Columbia, who had settled in Kingstree, arose and said he had a toast to give, which he hoped would be received in silence and profound respect, thus: "Here is to the thousand and one pigs which have this day bled and died in their country's cause." The sentiment was a new one to us and we enjoyed it highly, causing a milder channel of enthusiasm by those

of us who, like our fathers, loved the Union and were not loud in denouncing the whole Yankee family and our Northern brethren, as side by side they fought the British in the old Revolutionary war.

Proceeding in our 4th of July celebrations and arriving at the years just preceding our Secession Ordinance, an incident occurred at a public dinner, had in the grove in the Nelson yard, which will illustrate the Union principles of one of the great political Union leaders in the days of the Nullification struggle. At this dinner, Col. William Cooper, of advanced age and of great observation, was present and being called on for a toast, gave: "The Union, what God hath joined, let no man put asunder." This evoked a reply from the chairman of the meeting and from others entertaining the opposite sentiment and recognized as leading, red-hot Secessionists. In substantial reply, Colonel Cooper, feeling aggrieved, said he was a private citizen and had a right to his opinion, which he had often publicly declared; that he had been taught to love the Union of our States and he loved it still, and that time will prove that slavery is stronger in the Union than out of it, and many other sensible remarks he made at the time, which subsequent events fully justified all along the line of our bloody Confederate war. During the first two years of the war he was a sneering object and threats were made against his property; yet he suffered no bodily violence, as did Laocoon, of Trojan fame, for opposing the rolling the wooden horse of the Greeks, *instar montis*, within the walls of Troy. The introduction of this horse, full of armed Grecian soldiery, caused the sack of that Hectorian city and Troy fell in a heap of ashes to rise no more. Virgil, its historian, thus reflects on the sad catastrophe and deduces these probabilities—

Et, si fata deum, si mens non lueva fuisset  
Trojaque nunc staret. Priamique arx alta manores.

At these various schools when boys and girls interchange love smiles and give love tokens behind the teacher's back, and for hours face each other in the school house, it is no wonder that their youthful hearts beat in unison and their nuptials celebrated in after years. While there were many such cases, that of J. J. M. Graham and Missouri Sauls invites an introduction, in that they are neighbors and extend many acts of

kindnesses to their old teacher. Missouri Sauls, now Mrs. Graham, is the only daughter of Mr. E. S. Sauls, who resembles her father, is gay and full of life, as seen in her society and a devout Christian worshipper; unlike her four brothers, who are silent and reserved and seem to do a great deal of observation and thinking. Of these latter qualities, Eli and Levi Sauls are ever marked and remarked upon. More so of Levi, the youngest brother, who is now off at college, and 'tis predicted that he will be a scientist inferior to none, as he possesses the brain and studious habits necessary for that distinction. J. J. M. Graham, Jr., (Jimmy, as we call him) is one of our most interesting, energetic and public spirited young men and in these respects he fully represents his grand father, old Mr. James Graham, already spoken of in this Narrative, as a figure in the days of our nullification struggles, and like him, he is brave to declare his preferences in political disturbances and to maintain them by words and acts. He is the only son of Mr. John J. M. Graham, Sr., who, following in the ways and means of his father, has been able to settle his children around him in comfortable style. Anna, his eldest daughter, married John Peter Epps, and they have a large family of boys and it is a pleasure to hear Peter, or Pete, as familiarly addressed, speak in company of "my boys," and well he should, for they are a noble set in general appearance and bid fair to make their mark as honest, thrifty and intelligent and useful citizens, as their parents are giving them opportunities to make themselves what their natural intelligent faces indicate. Mr. John Graham's second daughter, Laura, married Henry McFadden, and both dying, left three orphan boys—John, Julius and Henry McFadden. His youngest daughter, Alice, married John T. McElveen, who, settling two miles below Cades, has built up a neat residence and farm around him at a place the least inviting, thus showing what a man of energy and determination can accomplish where others less endowed would make a dead failure.

## CHAPTER XV.

## 1861—WAR ITEMS AS RECORDED IN DIARY—A CAPTAIN AND LIST OF OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

This chapter covers a period from the beginning of our late war to its close, and such facts are given concerning it as are recorded in diary kept in 1860 and '61, and after that time on fly leaves of books and scraps of paper gathered here and there, as our country had no paper outside the use of the government. These items are given in the language in which they were recorded, with very few changes made necessary to a better understanding of the facts of our condition, and besides they were put down in short sentences and were not expected at the time to be brought to light and exhibited for the reading of a subsequent generation.

"16 December, 1860. Visited K. T. and saw the Secession flag. South Carolina will certainly go out of the Union to-morrow. From Tuesday, 1st January, 1861, to Saturday, 5th inst., a very remarkable week. Eighty-odd 'Wee Nee Volunteer Riflemen' took the cars at Kingstree to go to Charleston and assist our State from being coerced back into the Union. Their departure was a sad affair, as old men delivered their sons to Capt. John G. Pressley, and to Lieutenants Samuel W. Maurice and R. C. Logan, and as others told the young volunteers good-bye for the last time as they expected.

"13 January. Times hotter than ever and many indications of a fearful war. South Carolina fired upon 'Star of the West' bringing reinforcements to Maj. Anderson at Fort Sumter, which being crippled, went back to sea.

"19th January. Great noise and stir about war and several new companies have volunteered. Many planters sent able bodied hands to fortify Fort Moultrie and Sullivan's Island."

Week ending 26th January. Was in Charleston with my daughter, Irene, and we visited the Tisdale boys and soldiers on Sullivan's Island, stationed at the Moultrie House, and the Bay being very rough, we were forced to remain with the soldiers that night.

On the 4th March, Abraham Lincoln, the Republican President-elect, was inaugurated, and proclaimed coercion, contrary to the belief of many Southern patriots. The South

has been much excited and war considered beyond doubt. There are now seceded States seven in number and known as "The Confederate States," with Jeff Davis as President.

To 23d March. Paid taxes to John Frierson for 1135 acres of land and 13 slaves, being \$23.00.

On the 12th inst., our troops began the bombardment of Fort Sumter which continued thirty hours, and at 11 o'clock, Saturday, 13th, its garrison surrendered without the loss of a single life on either side. In the country here the guns' reports were not heard the first day, but on Saturday at day every gun could be distinctly heard, which for a time everybody took to be thunder. There were eighty-two reports fired in half an hour. Great rejoicing everywhere, but 'tis feared this is not the end.

Week to 9th June. Much ado about the Lincoln troops invading Virginia, and their brutal conduct in Alexandria has aroused everybody. Our South Carolina Volunteers have obtained the most dangerous position.

Week ending 16th June. Busy this week rubbing down and breaking my ponies to buggy to carry my two little daughters to the dinner given in honor of the Wee Nee Company, who were now at home. There was an immense crowd in Kingstree and probably more ladies than at any former meeting. Speeches were made by T. Logan, J. O. Hardin, and Capt. Pressley. A bountiful dinner and enough left for a thousand more, given in Cooper's yard at the Patterson place, for its shades and well of water.

Week ending 14th July. Lincoln's war message to Congress, calling for four hundred thousand troops and four hundred million dollars, aroused our citizens, and many young men have gone to join Col. Blanding for Virginia.

Week ending 28th July. A battle has been fought in Virginia at Bull Run, and the enemy repulsed. Gen. Beauregard commanded our forces and Gen. McDowell the enemies' forces. It was fought on 21st July at Stone Bridge, Bull Run, Virginia, in which we gained a great victory, completely routing the enemy and pursuing them till night closed upon our troops. We took all their batteries, amounting to fifty-seven guns, great many small arms, ammunition stores, knapsacks, blankets, caps, &c., besides wagons loaded with five months' provisions for an army of eighty thousand men. Our loss was inconsiderable to that of the enemy, they having lost in killed

and wounded over five thousand men, among whom are many officers. We have lost three generals, viz.: Gen. Bee, of South Carolina; Gen. Bartow, of Georgia, and Gen. Kirby Smith, of Florida, or such are the reports. Williamsburg county had five soldiers in the battles of 18th and 21st inst., Neighbor D. Lesesne and Charley Jones seriously wounded; George Weir slightly; while Samuel H. Jones and Robert A. Flagler are unhurt. From one end of "C. S. A." the excitement is prodigious to all parts, and universal rejoicing for our delivery from the Vandals who had started that grand army South.

Week ending 25th August. The war is still raging. Gen. Ben McCullough engaged Gen. Lyons and gained a great victory. Lyons was killed. They fought near Springfield, Missouri, on 10th inst., our loss being four hundred killed and eight hundred wounded, while the Lincoln troops lost eight hundred killed and twenty-five hundred wounded.

Ending 1st September. The report is that the Forts at Cape Hatteras, N. C., are taken by the Yankees. We lost sixty or eighty killed and six hundred made prisoners, only twelve of the garrison succeeded in making their escape.

8th September. Two companies left this week under Capt. J. G. Pressley and Capt. J. B. Chandler, for drills at Light wood Knot Springs and Fort Johnson, and on yesterday one other company was organized under Capt. Samuel W. Maurice, to which I and Jno. E. Scott have attached ourselves.

Week ending 15th September. We are in the midst of a long and desperate struggle, for foreign powers are determined on strict neutrality and no recognition. There is no abatement of the money pressure, but on the other hand money no where can be got. Volunteers have gone away and neither they nor their friends could succeed in getting money for them. Everything is enormously high and still advancing. Salt is six dollars per sack, coffee once thirty-three cents per pound is one dollar and thirty-three cents, and no credit. All groceries are cash, while there is no money to buy them with, I have yet on hand one sack of salt and forty or fifty pounds of coffee.

Judging from the many reports received from the then seat of war, our victorious army had pressed the Yankees in and around Washington City, protected by the Potomac river and the Arlington Heights. We daily expect the capture of our Capital, by which the foreign powers would recognize us

as Belligerents and thus the war would be ended. A letter written in answer to one received from a friend then in the front in Virginia, has been preserved and the first six lines and the last six are copied only to show the patriotic sentiment contained in the two last lines of his letter:

"A day of wind and rain 27th September, 1861.  
The wind is wild, and low the tall trees bend,  
From flying clouds the drifting drops descend;  
Nature now seems moved to join in the strife  
Of North and South in the destruction of life;  
Which battle after battle plainly declare,  
The end of which no mind can ken, I'll swear.

\* \* \*

On Sunday last your letter came to hand,  
Glad to hear from you and our gallant band.  
For me tell the boys 'buddy,' and God bless them  
With good stomachs and enough to mess them,  
And when our flag is planted in Washington  
Let it be done by a South Carolina son.

To Junius E. Scott, 9th Regiment S. C. V., Virginia."

Week ending 19th October. Many of the sick soldiers have returned on furloughs and look very badly. Our forces on the Potomac have retreated to Manassas, which is not favorable. Much uneasiness prevails on account of not being able to get shoes and clothing for our negroes.

Week ending 26th October. Another great victory has been gained by Gen. Evans at Leesburg, 25 miles above Centreville, Va., four hundred and fifty of the enemy killed and wounded besides thirteen hundred prisoners, while our loss was only one hundred and sixty killed and wounded.

Week ending 9th November, 1861. My reports for this year in all probability close, for I am called away into camp. South Carolina is invaded, and now 35,000 Yankees are upon her soil, and they must be driven back. On the 7th inst., the Yankee fleet, consisting of 42 vessels, entered Port Royal entrance, silenced our batteries there, and put to flight our garrison, after a struggle of 12 hours. The town of Beaufort is deserted and left to the ravages of the Hessian invaders. The whole State is desperately aroused to repel the Yankees after they have landed. The program of their naval expedition is carried out. This does not look right in South Carolina in not

making additional preparations for the defense of Port Royal. But on every hand there seems to be the opinion "let them come." We are not able to fight them on water, having no navy; now that they have landed we can and will pitch into them. Gen. Harllee's Legion, of which Capt. Maurice's Company form a part, and to which I belong, is ordered to Georgetown and report 9 o'clock Wednesday, the 13th inst., and I go.

This day may be the last that I may ever be with my family in this world, who is not in a situation to leave so, yet thousands of others have left their families perhaps in a worse condition. My wife is in a critical situation, yet I know she is firm and resolute. My children are small, yet I know that my daughter Irene is a remarkably intelligent girl, and if her life is spared will be of help to her mother. The above was written Monday before day.

On Tuesday, 12th November, 1861, I took my departure for the camp. This was indeed the most sorrowful day of my life. However, the departure was not made hastily, but preparations had been made for it several days before. I had written my will in which were my parting words of admonition to my children. I had advised with my wife as to business and as to the education of our children, and training them in the love of God. For days we wept in each other's arms, and my two eldest children would sing some of our favorite songs, till their sweet little voices would become stifled and choked by their tears and sobs, while the other smaller ones (three of them) seemed to be equally moved. I shook hands with all the negroes and about sunrise I mounted my horse to join my companions in arms at "Hickson Old Field," five miles away. Twenty-odd soldiers had assembled with wagons and provisions for three days. We jogged on till we arrived at Potatoe Ferry and crossing the river we partook of a bountiful and rich repast, and upon our arrival at the cross roads, two miles beyond the ferry, we were met by other members of our company under our officers, Samuel W. Maurice, captain; R. C. Logan, William McCullough, and S. Isaac Montgomery, lieutenants. A little before sun set, the long caravan of wagons, cars, buggies and footmen took up a line of march to the bluff this side of Indian Hut Swamp and camped. By the time the fires were kindled and the horses fed all reclined on the ground to rest. It was rest, for after we had dispatched ham, turkey, chickens, pork, rice, biscuits and

butter and coffee, then jokes and anecdotes began, led in chief by Thomas S. Stuart, which made our voices reverberate among the dense forest around us. For one, I cannot say that these were pleasure to me, my mind not being in a situation to enjoy the hilarity of the camp. The fires slackened, silence began to reign, and the small hours of the night have come, and the moon shines with all its beauty and glory as we sleep. Long before daylight all were up, anxious to report ourselves in Georgetown to Col. Manigault of the 10th Regiment of S. C. Volunteers, then in part encamped at White's Bridge. Arriving in Georgetown we were quartered in a plain, comfortable dwelling a short distance below the market. Our messes had been formed before we left home, and the following formed mess No. 1: Dr. J. S. Cunningham, Dr. S. D. McGill, A. F. Gardner, John E. Scott, Alex. and William McCullough, J. P. Thompson, Frank Cantley, Edward Howard and Samuel Hanna. In a week or ten days we moved over the Sampit River to a place called Sevenity, all under the command of Col. R. F. Graham, whose regiment was composed of six or eight hundred soldiers. Here drills began in good earnest, and we tried to look as military as our every day clothes and old shot guns would permit. Our ninety days' enlistment having expired and there seeming to be no great need of our services at this point the Harllee Legion was disbanded, many of which went into other service, while many more returned home to their families and plantation.

In 1862 was begun the boiling of salt on the sea coast, which necessary article was of great concern. In McClannonville, boiling was made in old turpentine boilers cut in half. Its salt being engaged to the government, private parties going there for salt found difficulty in getting it at \$10 per bushel. In the last year of the war corn and other produce carried in four horse wagons a long distance from home had to be bartered for salt.

In September of this year there was a great demand for soldiers to defend our sea coast, and companies composed of old men and broken down Confederate soldiers, residing in our Congressional district, were called into service. After serving two months at Fort Finger on the Pee Dee River, Col. E. B. C. Cash's regiment was ordered to report at Georgetown, and thither we went. At an election for officers for the

Williamsburg and Georgetown company the following men were chosen:

S. D. McGill, Captain.

A. F. Gardner, 1st Lieutenant.

W. G. Cantley, 2d Lieutenant.

W. J. Grayson, 3rd Lieutenant.

There were eight other companies and were given positions:

Company A—Captain Evans.

Company D—Captain McGill.

Company C—Captain Williamson.

Company E—Captain Dunbar.

Company B—Captain Ellerbe.

Company F—Captain Rouse.

Company I—Captain Larimore.

Company H—Captain Philips.

Company G—Captain McGillberry.

Thus it will be seen that Williamsburg was assigned as a guard around the colors of the regiment, obtained by Major I. B. Chandler, interested in our county. At the organization of Company D, the following non-commissioned officers were appointed by its captain:

W. D. Fulton, 1st Sergeant.

W. J. Lee, 2d Sergeant.

S. J. Strong, 3d Sergeant.

Jesse Carter, 4th Sergeant.

T. S. Stuart, 5th Sergeant.

J. M. Gordon, 1st Corporal.

R. F. Scott, 2d Corporal.

E. H. McConnell, 3d Corporal.

W. J. Stone, 4th Corporal.

The latter being quickly detailed in blacksmith shop, J. D. Harper was appointed in his place.

At first there were 126 men on roll, but a few were detailed from the company, as their services were required in other duties, occasioning a change among the non-commissioned officers. When the company was disbanded in February, 1863, at Kingstree there were 103 men on duty, and there they were paid off by the captain for their services under him,

including their commutation money, amounting to \$6,935.41 in the aggregate.

These have been preserved and below is the list of members of Company D, 2d Regiment of Reserves:

S. D. McGill,	W. G. Cantley,
Jesse Carter,	R. F. Scott,
R. S. Tisdale,	*E. G. Cantley,
A. F. Gardner,	W. J. Grayson,
T. S. Stuart,	E. H. McConnell,
J. D. Harper,	J. Bradshaw,
S. A. Scott,	W. Altman,
E. Baxley,	L. Brown,
B. Baker,	I. M. Buckles,
W. Burrows,	R. R. Blakeley,
S. Cribb,	C. Cribb,
L. Cribb,	A. Cribb,
I. Coker,	W. M. Campbell,
A. Carraway,	Z. T. Ham,
L. J. Dennis,	W. Epps,
P. O. Eaddy,	G. Freeman,
W. D. Fulton,	R. Gamble,
J. Hatheway,	J. E. Howard,
J. G. Hanna,	J. F. Hanna,
A. M. Jayroe,	W. J. Baxley,
I. D. Byrd,	I. K. Barfield,
W. H. Brown,	R. W. Burns,
I. R. Bradshaw,	B. G. Blake,
J. R. Crosby,	T. Cribb,
I. Cribb,	Jno. Cribb,
S. Cooper,	S. Coltrain,
W. J. Cameron,	W. B. Davis,
A. Dubose,	D. Epps,
R. I. Eaddy,	I. W. Forbs,
R. W. Fulton,	N. Graham,
I. D. Ham,	T. J. Hughes,
C. Hanna,	S. D. Hanna,
J. H. Johnson,	W. Jefferson,
P. P. June,	B. Kirby,
B. Lambert,	J. C. Lesesne,
S. R. Mitchum,	E. J. C. Mathews,

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\*Harper's substitute.

A. M. Mathews,	W. McClam,
W. A. Myers,	Isaac Poston,
Tim Prosser,	D. R. Russ,
J. E. Richburg,	B. F. Singeltary,
E. E. Stone,	W. G. Thompson,
T. S. Thompson,	W. J. Wilder,
R. Cribb,	W. P. Kennedy,
H. Lambert,	*A. J. Lambert,
W. J. J. Lifrage,	R. J. Morris,
John Mathews,	J. T. McCants,
D. McClam,	R. Pipkins,
L. E. Powell,	E. Pope,
R. Rodgers,	J. W. Scott,
Thos. Stone,	W. J. Stone,
R. G. Thompson,	R. Williams,

B. F. Westbury.

2d July, 1863—\$3.50 1 lb. coffee; \$3.00 1 lb. soda; \$65 for 5 lbs. salt.

August 20, 1863—Mrs. McGill paid \$33 for two bunches of yarn; \$12 for six yards white homespun.

In November of this year the Reserves are ordered to report to Col. James H. Witherspoon at Georgetown, and William H. Johnson was chosen captain. Dr. McGill was there but had an easy time through his pen in making out morning reports, and attending in the hospital as hospital steward. In February all were disbanded, for as yet no Yankee vessel had crossed over the Georgetown bar, nor Yankee soldiers had been seen. On my return home a letter was received from my old friend, Edward J. Porter, at Kingstree, asking my immediate presence. He had procured the position of assessor of the tax in kind for me from Gen. Chestnut, as was believed, and soon I entered upon its duties, and this continued until the assessment seemed no longer available.

6th July, 1864—A list of articles sold at the estate of Mrs. Eleceph Belser's plantation: Large pot, \$105; large oven, \$95; and other furniture in proportion. Match horses, 13 years old, \$3,100; plantation horse, \$1,100; carriage (worn), \$1,400. Price of articles in Kingstree about this time: Tobacco \$6 per lb.; flour \$1; sugar \$5; cotton \$1; factory yarn \$35 per block; cotton cards \$75 per pair.

1st November, 1864—Mrs. McGill sold 15 lbs. tallow for \$45, and bought a pair of cards.

1st January, 1865—Sold 1,400 lbs. cotton to P. B. Mouzon for \$1,400 and most of that money died on our hands, except as follows:

January 25th, 1865—Mrs. McGill bought in Kingstree	
4 yards homespun .....	\$ 24.00
1 spool cotton .....	3.00
1 skein black flax .....	3.00
1 lead pencil.....	3.00
2 slate pencils.....	3.00
1 cake soap .....	3.00
1 dozen horn buttons .....	1.50
2 bunches yarn, No 8.....	140.00
3 bunches yarn, No. 9.....	210.00
1 600 reed .....	35.00
February 1865—Dr. McGill bought 1 lb. tobacco.....	14.00
4 drinks given in wine glass of ordinary size.....	20.00
And on leaving, 2 bottles apple brandy.....	140.00

### Now HANGS A TALE.

Charleston was evacuated 18th February, 1865, with fearful consequences. On Thursday, 17th February, 1865, Sherman succeeded in taking Columbia after a stubborn resistance by Hanpton and Wheeler. Our forces fell back towards Winnsboro. Gen. Hardee in command of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida troops, will unite his forces with Gen. Beauregard at Charlotte, N. C., to oppose Sherman's march across the country to flank Gen. Lee at Richmond, Va. Kingstree at present is Gen. Hardee's headquarters, which place is filled with officers and soldiers, who are impressing corn, bacon, mules and horses, and many persons have suffered seriously and worse behind. All agree that our fate hangs on the result of our combined forces meeting Gen. Sherman. All is gloom and uncertainty, and preparations made for the worst, in hiding furniture and provisions against pending raids expected through the district, now at the mercy of our enemy. Our currency is valueless and merchants refuse to take it for goods. It is feared famine will possess the land; our army is demoralized and the people panic-stricken. All is gloom, despondency and inactivity. The power to do has left us. All

our possessions will go to pay the Yankee debt. To fight longer seems to be madness. To tamely submit is dishonor.

March 1st, 1865.—News continue to get worse. Enemy reported to have crossed Santee and burnt Mr. Staggers' fine house at Murray's ferry, in this district. They are composed of artillery, cavalry and infantry, most of which are negro troops. They were expected at Kingstree yesterday to burn and destroy and pillage. No force there to oppose them. Another force of Yankees is reported coming from Georgetown by Rope ferry, and already have seized government stores at Pine Tree, which had been the point of transportation of rice from Georgetown. The whole country is in the wildest commotion. Many are fleeing to the woods with their wives and daughters, while a few have gone to meet the advance and give battle.

All during this month of March, 1865, we were all under such excitement and distress that we gave credence to the most fabulous reports, as we seek information of news from our neighbors. All communication from outside was cut off, and all that we could hear from our army was through sick soldiers, who had made their way home through the Yankee lines, and who gave woful accounts of our starving and disheartened soldiers. On the road could be seen deserters from our army, who, believing the war virtually ended, were trudging their way through the country homeward bound in squads, with their guns, prepared to defend themselves if molested.

Georgetown was now in possession of the Yankees, and thither thousands of our negro slaves, who had been kind, faithful and true to us during the war, were stealing away in the night. Each morning we could hear of such a negro "run away and gone to the Yankees," and no efforts were made to intercept them, owing, in part, to our inability to do so and the expected successful operation of President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation.

All during the war I had a double duty on my hands in caring for my widowed sister, Mrs. Mary Burgess, and her widowed daughter, Mrs. Drucilla Williams, and her three orphan boys, living on White Oak, ten miles away. In these last days of our awful war I was with them every two or three days, and in the trip no persons could be seen, and everything bespoke destruction. Over Mrs. Burgess' plantation a kind

neighbor, Mr. W. J. B. Cooper, gave his attention, and there I met him. After much discussion of our condition, and consultation as to the best for us all, it was agreed that we two continue our way to Georgetown and ask the Yankees to come up into Williamsburg and garrison Kingstree, and thus relieve our fears respecting our families. While we were arranging for the trip our Governor Magrath was preparing to make one more desperate effort to keep back our enemy in Georgetown, and issued orders to that effect. Mr. Cooper and I prepared to follow him, and thus our intentions to save the lives and property of our people were frustrated.

On Tuesday, 4th April, 1865, James H. Tisdale and myself, mounted on Black Mary and Linda, two young horses, and each armed with double barrel shot guns, proceeded down to Potatoe ferry to join Capt. T. W. Daggett's company, who, in obedience to the Governor's orders, had called for every man capable of bearing arms to report to him. After leaving home, and in passing around Cedar Bay on a blind horse path near the "Sounding Hill," I saw a large eagle fly up before me and perch on a large limb of a pine. I shot and down fell the eagle. When arriving at Knox's summer house branch I met Tisdale, and displaying one of the eagle's large claws, said, I've killed the American Eagle and great things are now in store for me.

We arrived at Potatoe ferry at dusk and reported to Capt. Daggett, and at four o'clock next morning, Wednesday, the 5th, we were sent to occupy a picket post at the cross roads, two miles on south side of Black river, accompanied by Mr. Frank Parsons. Before leaving camp Capt. Daggett remarked that James F. Pressley, a disabled Confederate colonel, was expected today with a number of men, who would assume command of all the forces and make a dash down upon Georgetown, where there were a small Yankee garrison, some merchants and Yankee merchandise, and capture the whole fix. Such information of the condition of affairs in Georgetown was mostly obtainable from flying reports of our scouts.

Before leaving camp the pickets were informed that they would be relieved at nine o'clock. When that hour arrived the pickets were informed by Capt. S. J. Snowden, who, with his horsemen of fifteen or twenty men, lunched with us, that the relief would be sent that evening. Here at our post we re-

mained all day, unconscious of any advance of the enemy from Georgetown, till about four o'clock in the evening, when a considerable noise was heard down the road. This aroused our suspicion, and we were on the lookout, sensible of our danger. The report of guns sounded, and it became evident that the enemy was upon us. We fell back about three hundred yards, and awaited further developments upon the part of the Yankees before returning to our command to give information necessary to establish the fact of the advance of the enemy. The firing continued till about eight, when the different calls of the drum and bugle indicated that the Yankee army was then encamped at Davidsons, a distance of half mile from where we were concealed. Satisfied of this, I proposed to the other two pickets to return to the ferry and give the alarm. But it seems the camp was already sensible of it, as Capt. W. L. Wallace, with twelve or fifteen men, was sent across the ferry on our side, and we found them at Mrs. Woodward's house by the road side, waiting to hear from us. Upon my given information of what we had seen and heard, and our leaving the picket post, Capt. Wallace said that post must be re-established, and ordered Lieut. Furman Rodgers, with three footmen, to go ahead of us to the post and establish the same, and ordered us three horsemen to keep in the rear of them, that the noise of the hoofs of the horses might obstruct their hearing. When within two hundred yards of the post they halted, and being old and tried soldiers, they flanked around, and the horsemen, after great caution, established the post. Luckily, no Yankee picket was there, or if there, we saw none. After this affair Mr. Parsons was dispatched for Capt. Snowden, who had passed their post at noon of that day on his way to Santee to press men and horses into service, and to inform him of the state of affairs, and to bring him and his company back in haste to assist in checking the Yankee raid. Lieut. Rodgers and the other two men then left Tisdale and myself, with instructions to remain here till morning, mark the course the enemy take, and ascertain their forces in infantry, cavalry and artillery. After secreting our horses Tisdale and I took a position in fifty or sixty yards of the cross roads and concluded to remain there till a short time before day, and then withdraw to some hidden place and watch the movement of the enemy.

It was now between eleven and twelve at night, and the

moon was shining brightly in a cloudless sky. Seated under a large pine tree, we softly discussed the danger of our situation, as we believed the Yankee pickets were near at hand, based upon their answering whistles which we had heard at dark, when we left our post to give information to our command. In a few minutes, amid the solemn silence around, Tisdale, who was indignant at the manner of our treatment, and expressing hot words relative thereto, which were kindly rebuked as I said, "Don't curse; we are going to do big things tonight," distinguished sounds of footsteps. As soon as Jim directed my attention to the course from whence the sound came, I saw a squad of men stealthily coming from up the road, but had turned out of it and were coming straight towards us. I quickly sprang behind a large pine tree, dragging Tisdale behind me, which the men perceiving, halted and huddled in the shadow of a tree. Upon my inquiring "Who are you?" I heard them cock their guns. They in turn hailed us, and upon my answering, "Friend," for they were supposed to be some of our men, and there was no expectation of the enemy coming from above the cross roads, their spokesman began to curse, saying, "Come from behind that tree, you G—d— rebel son of a b—," and his voice at a threatening pitch in foreign accentuation, that I no longer hesitated, and all doubts removed, but fired at them. They poured a volley at us behind our good tree. Tisdale, being left-handed, then fired on the left of our tree, while the enemy's fire was continuous. As quick almost as lightning I gave them my other barrel, when Tisdale, seeing another crowd firing on us from our left, gave these the benefit of his other barrel, saying, as he did so, "Doctor, I've got no more shot; let's run." We took to our heels, and as the enemy pursued, we were feeling for their bayonets in our backs.

In running we came up to a third party near our horses, and they, too, commenced firing on us, which caused our separation, one going to the right and the other to the left, thus dividing the enemy's shot. We had hardly passed our horses and were yet in sight of each other, when I saw Tisdale stumble and fall, and called to him to know if he was hit, which he misunderstood, and thought I was hit. We had a distance of several hundred yards through the pines, the bark and sap blinding our sights as bullets struck them by and before us, before we reached Horsepen swamp, and in that stampede

there were hundreds, if not thousands, of shots fired at us, yet we made the distance untouched.

Being fat and cumbersome I was broken down in breath near the end of the race, and coming across two large pine logs lying on another log, with a small space between them, I forced my body down between them to catch breath and to secure myself against bullets yet being fired towards me. Just as I was somewhat restored, with my tongue back in my mouth, another alarm aroused my fears, as amid the great helloings of the Yankees the barks of the deep tongue hounds could be heard. There was no time to think, and the conclusion was hastily reached that we had killed some great General, that these were blood hounds, and we would be taken dead or alive. Coming out of my retreat, I ran as best I could to Horsepen Bay, nor did I stop till water two or three feet deep was found. Here standing in the water I loaded my gun, determined to kill two of the dogs by shot and slay the others with the "brich" of my gun, as they swim around me. This alarm proved causeless.

After the moon had gone down and darkness overspread the ground I ventured to come out of the bay into the river islands, suspecting every unaccountable object to be a Yankee, and going around it, I avoided a meeting. Thus I rambled through the woods with intentions to find my friends at the Woodwards house, where I had left them in the early part of the night, and coming to a horse path through deep sand it was examined, and many fresh horse tracks were made out, which I feared was a Yankee cavalry scouring the woods. Leaving the horse path, diverging towards the river and feeling my way through this strange country, and being led by the barking of a fierce dog at Woodwards, I cautiously approached the house, and giving two whistles (our signal), received no response. Slowly and tremblingly outside the road I arrived on the south bank of Potatoe ferry, and my joy can scarcely be imagined upon hearing my signal answered on the other side. Soon I was among my friends. They were glad to see me, for they supposed me killed. I related to them in a hurriedly and excited manner the adventures of this night, when the Captain told me to go up to Mrs. Whitman's ferry house to a fire, and hither I dragged along, cold, wet, hatless and disconsolate, believing my friend Tisdale killed by the enemy.

The sun was up, and I had been lying by the fire a short

time, when, to my surprise, Tisdale stepped in. We both were too much overcome with fatigue to rehearse our trials, but stretched our wearied limbs before the fire to enjoy that rest so much needed of mind and body. To God alone we ascribed our delivery from the bullets.

On awaking we were told that Capt. Pressley, with about a hundred men, under Cpts. Daggett and Wallace, had crossed over the river to engage the enemy, but finding the Yankee army many thousand strong, had gone up the river towards Kingtree. They re-crossed and pushed up on this side to intercept them at Lower bridge, receiving reinforcements from every part of our country. As the Potter raid has gone into history, here is the finale of it, as far as the writer is concerned.

Tisdale and I walked home, and we were passed on the road by Col. Pressley's command. Along our trip we saw great heaps of smoke rising on the other side of the river, showing the burning of houses along the route of this Yankee raid. At home, we all grieved about the loss of the two young horses which we had raised. One of them, Black Mary, was a favorite with all the family, and a great loss. She was gentle and kind, first-rate under the saddle and so gentle in harness that a child could drive her.

Early Thursday morning, 6th April, James Tisdale and Dr. McGill, poorly equipped, were at the Lower bridge to rejoin their companions in arms, who had already destroyed and set fire to it. Finding a small guard here, they told how a few of the Yankees had strolled away and crept down to the opposite bank and a few shots had been exchanged, by which Mr. Clark of Kingtree had been shot through the ear, tearing away a part of its lobe. These two friends pushed on up to Kingtree and found the Kingtree bridge in a like condition, and our little army had gone on up the river to destroy and burn other bridges. Refugees from the other side of the river, through which the Yankee raid has passed, reported themselves to our troops for service, and told of an army under Gen. Potter, consisting of artillery, cavalry and infantry, numbering between fifteen and twenty thousand strong, which had passed on up, going towards Sumter. In their rear stragglers from the Yankee army were raiding the country, making greater ravages than the regular army had. The two friends, hearing the Yankees had learned the names engaged in the

cross roads affair, and that extreme penalty would be inflicted as bushwhackers, if captured, they very wisely went home to take care of their families and themselves, satisfied with the performance of their past and present duty to their country.

For the next few weeks no mind can comprehend the gloom and fearful anticipations of the whole country. Every man, capable of bearing arms, was in our little army now away in Sumter district, and our whole country was at the mercy of negro raids, led by Yankees from Georgetown. Nor were we in any way relieved from the horrors of our situation till Gen. Potter, hearing of Gen. Lee's surrender in Virginia, was on his way back to Georgetown by the Santee river roads, and most of our men returned to their homes to defend and gather around them their families, who had sought safer places than their homes were considered to be.

In May following, a Yankee garrison was stationed at Kingstree under Capt. Blake, and hither we all went, as required, to renew our obligations to the United States Government and to make contracts with the now freed negroes in the cultivation of our present crops. Thus far we unhesitatingly accepted the situation, even in the parades of the freedmen along our roads, marching and shouting under the music of old tin pans. But when these freedmen, and particularly the younger chaps, attempted to block the public roads by standing in the middle of them and force the white people to go around them, and cast derisive language to our wives and children, we could not brook their insolence, as the records must show in Capt. Blake's official reports to the head of the Freedmen's Bureau.

It was the wish that our conquerors had stopped there, as we were confident of our ability in the management of our former slaves, made in a manner reconcilable to the changed state of affairs. But Congress thought otherwise, and when they passed the Reconstruction Acts for our subjugation and enforced them on us, our spirit, not yet tamed, again arose and hence were the bloody encounters between the two races. A few of us, who had never been loud in the wholesale denunciation of the general Yankee character, still remembered our common struggle as recorded in history in our Revolutionary War, and the services of our Northern troops under Gen. Green, rendered on our soil at a time amid our fathers' greatest despondency. Our whole district, uniting with our Yan-

kee allies, under our Gen. Marion, fought the bloody battle at Eutaw Springs side by side, and this virtually ended the war in South Carolina. Thus viewed, it was with reluctance we accepted the operations of the Reconstruction Acts, and we were yet loath to believe that such things were, and that the Yankees had lost that magnanimity which now a conquered and down trodden people had expected to be exercised in their favor.

There is some satisfaction in the belief that all the people of the old original thirteen States at the North, did not know the depth of our poverty and the degradation to which we had been subjected by the Scalawags and Carpet-baggers now reigning over us by these Reconstruction Acts. In the two or three first years of their dominion we became aware of our famishing condition, as all our stock of cattle and hogs, on which we mainly depended, were destroyed, almost in our sight, and we could not help ourselves. Nothing was left for us to do but pull our coats, break an ox and follow behind the plow. Our newly enfranchised citizens preferred to buy or rent land, and we were forced to consent, as we had nothing to pay them with as laborers on our farms.

In the fall of one of these years, Sam and Sarah, who had worked in the field up to this time on hard fare, picked a few hundred pounds of cotton, assisted by their children. Sam loads the cart with seedy cotton and goes to a country store. The merchant paid a high price for it, for cotton was in great demand, and little shops were everywhere to buy cotton. This merchant was a large one, and kept whiskey. Now Sam has no revengeful spirit, but in the following instance he took revenge on the hard times without knowing it. He bought a jug, and bought his wife a fine worsted dress, and these two articles consumed his money. Returning home that evening, pleased with himself and his purchases, he whistled a lively tune. His wife and children were at the gate awaiting his approach, and Sam, handing over the dress to his wife, said, "Sarah, I've bought you a worsted." "Oh, husband," she said, "what do I want with a worsted, when there is not a yard of homespun cloth in the house, and our children are about naked?" Sam's eyes were suddenly opened, as when he heard his children asking for their presents, and saw his wife dash away the worsted bundle as far as she could send it, he sneaked away, dodged about the house for several days,

made great apologies, and declared these purchases to be his last. Sam was glad to keep his word, as ever after this time his good wife made all the purchases for the family and the house, and even for Sam's own clothing. In confirmation to the above declaration it is proper to say that the balance of the cotton of that year was driven in the cart by Mrs. McGill and the larger children to the store, leaving Dr. McGill at home to mind the little children. By this means we all were supplied with shoes and winter clothing and a calico dress a piece for the children, bringing back with them apples, cheese and crackers.

During the years of Republican rule, lasting in this State eight years, our political condition grew from bad to worse, yet notwithstanding these obstacles we, the Democrats, by our own honest efforts, improved in our finances. It was known that corruption and fraud had been committed, and that our taxes and county and State debts were about to crush us and place us in a more deplorable condition than at the first years of Republican rule. With a growing spirit to overthrow all this, the Hampton campaign was begun in 1876, and every prospect brightened up in hope of its success. All during those exciting times the enthusiasm and devotion of the native white people exhibited at the campaign meetings at our court houses equaled, if they did not exceed, those of our old time Methodist camp meetings. "Hurrah for Hampton," was soon a household word. Our red shirts produced a sentiment encouraging every heart, while our little boys, in imitation of them, here, there and everywhere, hardly able to straddle their stick horses, with their home-made straw hats, rimless or half torn off, played red shirts, shouting as they went, "Hurrah for Hampton."

The exemption of Williamsburg district from murder and outrages prevailing in other parts of our State, claims a notice as showing the kind disposition the Radicals entertained for the white people. It is reasonable to believe from their acts that these leaders, mostly of foreign birth, were more influenced to accept office as a monied transaction and a desire to mollify the animosity engendered by the results of our war than to oppress and ruin. Louis Jacobs, the sheriff and active Confederate soldier, came to Kingstree just after the close of the war, opened a large mercantile store as clerk of it and dispensed his goods among us to our great relief, and,

perhaps, to his disadvantage, and received our gratitude and good wishes. Mr. J. Hirsch, State Solicitor and likewise a Confederate soldier, did not impose upon the white people in the few cases they had in the court house, but gave them chances to obtain justice by his pleadings before Judge John T. Green and a negro jury. Philip Heller, a Prussian, removed to Williamsburg with his family at or before the beginning of the war, was a jolly old gentleman and soon made many friends in his adopted district, and his children worthily received respectful consideration. He amused his friends as he said, "I w'd be Democrat, too, if the money was there." S. A. Swails, a colored soldier in a Pennsylvania Union regiment, was State Senator, and possessed unbounded influence over the negroes, and to him is principally due the exemption as above, and there were no serious complaints made against him. Being a free and accepted A. F. M. may have secured him against indignities and violence, as he was a bold and active politician. William Scott and James Peterson, two native colored Representatives, were ever respectful and attentive, and evidenced much anxiety to get some of the native whites to join their party and promote them to office and retained their respectful address after their overthrow.

The first attempt made to mollify the Radical rule in South Carolina was begun in 1872 by offering to the Republicans a fusion ticket for Governor and Lieutenant Governor. Judge R. B. Carpenter, a Republican, and Gen. M. C. Butler, a Democrat and Confederate officer, were chosen for these offices. These gentlemen canvassed the State in company, and at the appointed time for Williamsburg county they were in Kingstree. Efforts had been made to get a mass meeting that day, and the town was crowded with people, the colored proportion largely in excess. The candidates spoke from the Nelson Hotel piazza, and Judge Carpenter, the first speaker, was accorded a respectful hearing. He was suffering from throat affection, and made a short speech. When Gen. Butler was announced there was a commotion among the negroes, and many of them withdrew towards the court house and beyond distinct hearing. The whites, observing this unfriendly demonstration, shouted, "Butler, Butler." At first Gen. Butler was mild and persuasive in his words and manner, but observing the stir and hearing the aggravating buzz of the negroes standing in the open space before him, he warmed up,

and addressed himself to the masses of the negroes, telling them of their blind adherence to their leaders, who were only selfish in their own promotion, who were leading them to their own ruin and perhaps ultimate alienation. At this a young Mr. Frost, a school commissioner, who had a pipe in his mouth smoking vigorously, was restless and his manner offensive. Seeing this, Gen. Butler hailed him, and said: "Young man, put every word I've said into your pipe and smoke it." Soon a loud voice was heard saying, "We will have our own speaking down at the Heller House," and instantly their lines were formed and the multitude were soon on their march down to Heller's. By this time the whites began to show their marks of disapprobation, when Gen. Butler closed his speech, and said, "I'll follow them," and hastening down the Nelson steps he was soon on his way, and followed by his friends. Arriving, we found the front yard jammed with negroes, and pressing through there seemed to be no way to ascend into the piazza. Soon we are at one end, and Butler clambered up into it, with Henry B. Johnson and William M. Frierson on his right and left. As many as could find a place to stand were with Butler, who, placing himself by the side of a negro Radical speaker, disputed every falsehood and every misrepresentation made by their speakers. That there was no collision that day is due to the fearlessness of Gen. Butler on that occasion, and to him also is due the credit of developing the strength of our united manhood and of entering the wedge that successfully cleft the stubborn ranks of a party and of laying open the way which led to the Hampton campaign in 1876.

The general election held in November, 1876, was conducted at Kingstree in a manner which plainly marked the ultimate success of Hampton's campaign. Every Democrat seemed to know his duty, and promptly performed it, though that precinct claimed an overwhelming majority for the Republican candidates. Everything seemed to be working in favor of the Democrats. Late in the afternoon one of its voters of strong conservative principles mounted his horse and soon was on his homeward trip of eleven miles. Arriving at the railroad crossing he was aroused at the unearthly shouts towards the depot, and looking in that direction he saw a large company of men coming down the railroad track with red flags and red shirts, making the air resound with shouts

of "Hurrah for Hampton!" On came the crowd with shouts redoubled, and while wondering what all this meant, he distinguished in front the tall and commanding figure of Dr. S. D. M. Bryd, the champion of our Democracy. For a while there was bewilderment, but seeing his friend and next neighbor, E. S. Sauls, bringing up the rear, his old books were thrown into a fence corner, and hitching his horse to a rail, he, too, fell into ranks and added shouts to the hurrahs for Hampton. This company of seventy-five or one hundred men came from Graham's X roads, a place known to be "rough on Rads," on the train at the railroad company's expense. They came to regulate the Kingstree vote, and they did it in a hurry, and the night was consumed in making speeches in the court house yard and receiving thanks and supplies from the Kingstree people, chief of whom was W. J. Lee. The speeches were most enthusiastic, and were made by Dr. S. D. M. Byrd, Dr. J. Marion Staggers, Mr. R. C. Logan and others. Some time in the night the train arrived and the crowd returned to Graham's X roads, well pleased. The whole negro community was aroused, and their yells and curses were heard all along the road by this lonely Democrat, but he was not molested. After he had proceeded five miles from Kingstree, on the White Oak road, he was alarmed at the tramp of horses at full speed and the glare of highly polished gun barrels approaching him. These fears were soon disposed of as David D. Chandler and Watson D. Snowden came up. They were hastening to Kingstree with the Cedar Swamp box, pursued by the negroes whom they had outwitted. The beating of drums could be heard in the distance. Bidding them a hearty God-speed, we part for that night.

We hope for a continuance of our blessings as a nation, and feel almost assured of them, courting our divine favors, with Grover Cleveland as President and Wade Hampton and M. C. Butler as representative men, acting in the affairs of the government at Washington, with honest and patriotic intentions, exercised in the interest of all the people. A few years after the close of the war the combatants in the late war were willing to shake hands across the bloody chasm on the battle grounds around Chattanooga, and pleasantly discussed the events of those bloody days in 1863 '64, and they kindly spoke of those battles and the thousand fights and skirmishes as "our late unpleasantness." This is pluck in the backbone

and patriotism in the soul, for which we will soon be indebted for the happy results arising from personal contact, as they walk over these battle grounds, hallowed by their own blood and that of their respective comrades twenty-nine or thirty years ago.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### 1881—PUBLIC SCHOOLS—PUBLIC EXPENDITURES—LISTS OF TEACHERS AND AMOUNTS PAID.

On the first day of January, 1881, this writer, having been elected County School Commissioner in the preceding year, took charge of the public school office at Kingstree, and for ten consecutive years he conducted the same, being ably assisted by T. M. Gilland and M. J. Hirsch, his examining board.

The amount of the public school money expended by him for school purposes during his terms of office, a list of public school officers, including the amounts expended in their respective school districts, and a list of the public school teachers of both sexes and races, and the amounts paid to each of them in the aggregate, are all given in this chapter, as such are believed to be of important information to inquiring and interested communities, with the hope that they will be accepted in the spirit of truth and not that of adulation in the compilation of official facts, as they are recorded in a condensed form in the books of the now ex-School Commissioner, from which they are now copied.

#### PUBLIC SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

In this list there were a few changes made from time to time, not from any irregularities in office, but at the option of the incumbents. To all, whose acts are as public school officers, many thanks are due for their interest in the operation of the public school system, for their faithful performance of their duties without any money consideration for their services, and for the material aid rendered the School Commissioner in elevating that system to the harmonious plane which it now occupies in the minds of its supporters.

School District No. 1.—E. R. Lesesne, E. P. Montgomery, S. J. Taylor.

School District No. 2.—T. E. Salters, J. M. Cook, J. A. Ferrall.

School District No. 3.—J. J. Graham, A. W. Chandler, W. B. McCullough.

School District No. 4.—E. J. Parker, A. J. Parsons, R. P. Hinnant.

School District No. 5.—D. Z. Martin, J. W. Marshal, W. S. Camlin.

School District No. 6.—W. H. McElveen, J. B. Price, J. M. McClain.

School District No. 7.—J. A. Neson, A. J. Smith, Wm. Scott.

School District No. 8.—W. D. Snowden, J. S. McCulloough, Dr. J. R. Brockinton.

School District No. 9.—Col. S. T. Cooper, J. C. Josey, Rev. J. M. Kirton.

School District No. 10.—J. McB. Graham, L. P. Epps, Rev. Ben Brown.

School District No. 11.—G. S. Barr, Wm. Cooper, Julian Wilson.

School District No. 12.—J. F. Carraway, W. D. Owens, J. B. Davis.

School District No. 13.—W. R. Singeltary, S. Kirby.

School District No. 14.—D. L. Brown, J. A. H. Cockfield, T. E. James.

School District No. 15.—H. H. Singeltary, M. L. Jones, W. J. Hatfield.

School District No. 16.—W. J. Lee, L Stackley, H. Z. Graham.

School District No. 17.—B. C. Whitehead, R. A. Rouse.

Amounts of public school expenditures, including teachers' salaries, building school houses, repairs and rents of old ones, maps, charts and other necessary school furniture:

School District No. I . . . . .	\$ 4,920.43
"    "    "    II . . . . .	3,284.87
"    "    "    III . . . . .	3,150.00
"    "    "    IV . . . . .	1,821.00
"    "    "    V . . . . .	1,922.00
"    "    "    VI . . . . .	5,386.75
"    "    "    VII . . . . .	5,841.15

School District No.	VIII. . . . .	\$ 3,422.75
" "	IX. . . . .	3,434.25
" "	X. . . . .	4,305.50
" "	XI. . . . .	3,395.21
" "	XII. . . . .	4,229.40
" "	XIII. . . . .	2,904.35
" "	XIV. . . . .	2,887.00
" "	XV. . . . .	650.62
" "	XVI. . . . .	642.00
" "	XVII. . . . .	196.00
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		\$52,393.18

## LIST OF WHITE TEACHERS AND AMOUNTS RECEIVED.

Mrs. E. T. Allsbrook. . . . .	\$167.00
G. K. Anderson. . . . .	80.00
R. T. B. Abrams. . . . .	50.00
I. L. Barley. . . . .	220.00
Mrs. S. L. Barrineau. . . . .	289.00
Miss Sue T. Barr. . . . .	286.00
W. L. Bass. . . . .	110.62
Miss C. A. Blackwell. . . . .	260.00
Miss M. A. Brockinton. . . . .	331.00
Miss L. A. Brockinton. . . . .	209.00
Miss Italine Brockinton. . . . .	60.00
Mrs. M. E. Brockinton. . . . .	75.00
Dr. I. R. Brockinton. . . . .	72.00
Miss M. P. Burgess. . . . .	75.00
Miss D. Brightman. . . . .	60.00
Miss F. W. Britton. . . . .	287.00
Mrs. A. E. E. Britton. . . . .	107.00
W. R. Brown. . . . .	786.50
J. J. Brown. . . . .	285.00
R. A. Brown. . . . .	145.00
Mrs. M. K. Brunson. . . . .	60.00
Mrs. J. H. Bryan. . . . .	60.00
H. D. Bryan. . . . .	60.00
Mrs. M. A. Carter. . . . .	311.00
Mrs. S. L. Cannon. . . . .	193.00
Miss Dora V. Chandler. . . . .	240.00
E. G. Chandler. . . . .	80.00
J. M. Chandler. . . . .	170.00

Mrs. Ella Collette.....	330.00
Mrs. M. E. Cockfield.....	372.00
Miss J. M. Cockfield.....	50.00
Miss Mutie Cooper.....	331.00
Miss Denie Cooper.....	162.50
Miss Ellen J. Conyers.....	10.00
Miss Julia W. Conyers.....	10.00
Miss M. E. Coward.....	95.00
Mrs. E. Clarkson.....	160.00
Mrs. C. S. Crose.....	89.00
Miss A. E. Cunningham.....	78.00
H. S. Cunningham.....	22.50
W. H. Curry.....	100.00
Mrs. W. H. Campbell.....	50.00
Mrs. M. J. Durant.....	34.00
Mrs. J. Hall Davis.....	50.00
Mrs. H. R. Davis.....	45.00
Miss Carrie Davis.....	45.00
Miss Mollie Epps.....	357.00
Mrs. C. S. Epps.....	35.00
Isaac Epps .....	345.00
Rev. Martin Eaddy .....	381.14
Miss L. N. Ervin.....	359.00
Miss S. M. Erwin.....	224.00
Miss L. A. Elliott.....	219.00
J. T. Frierson.....	197.00
W. M. Frierson.....	24.00
W. A. Feagin.....	137.00
Mrs. Orpha Floyd.....	35.00
Mrs. C. A. Fulton.....	80.00
Miss E. D. Fulton.....	135.00
Mrs. M. A. Gist.....	135.00
Mrs. S. I. Garner.....	96.00
Miss M. V. Graham.....	215.50
Miss Lilly Graham.....	84.00
Dr. I. W. Graham.....	21.86
W. S. Grayson.....	57.00
D. E. Gordon.....	120.00
I. E. Grier.....	120.00
Mrs. M. E. Hanmet.....	15.00
Mrs. A. J. Haynesworth.....	38.75
Mrs. Nettie H. Hanna.....	48.00

Miss Laurena Holliman.....	80.00
Miss A. M. Henry.....	570.00
Miss H. C. Henry.....	72.00
Miss N. C. Holt.....	100.00
W. M. Haselden.....	60.00
I. H. Hill.....	62.00
I. D. Hill.....	92.00
A. B. Hemmingway.....	78.00
C. G. Harmon.....	12.00
I. S. Heyward.....	115.00
A. L. Hiddleston.....	88.00
Miss Corie Hendrix.....	108.00
Miss Mary B. James.....	60.00
J. C. James.....	60.00
S. W. James.....	180.00
A. W. Jackson.....	289.00
O. A. Jackson.....	20.00
W. C. Jefferson.....	85.00
A. J. Joye.....	60.00
J. E. Johnson.....	40.00
Miss E. F. Jones.....	80.00
Miss E. A. Keels.....	130.00
Miss Sue R. Keels.....	364.00
Miss C. P. Keels.....	60.00
Miss M. F. Keels.....	393.00
Miss A. H. Kennedy.....	60.00
Miss E. L. King.....	20.00
Miss M. R. Lifrage.....	284.00
Miss E. V. Lucas.....	48.00
N. D. Lesesne.....	432.00
Miss Augusta McConnell.....	285.00
Miss M. L. McConnell.....	82.00
Mrs. M. B. McConnell.....	263.00
J. Z. McConnell.....	216.00
Miss E. F. McCutchen.....	50.00
Miss Manette McCutchen.....	72.00
Mrs. H. J. McCutchen.....	44.00
T. M. McCutchen.....	360.00
C. W. McClam.....	175.00
J. O. McLendon.....	125.00
W. J. McAlister.....	125.00
Miss Ella R. McElveen.....	60.00

R. C. McElveen.....	195.00
Miss M. A. Miscally.....	198.00
Miss Lizzie McDuffie.....	69.50
Rev. D. McDuffie.....	96.00
Miss Jho McGill.....	35.00
Miss A. S. May.....	135.00
Miss Ida McCormack.....	115.00
Miss Addie McMillan.....	40.00
Robert McGourvey .....	45.00
Miss Myrtie Merritte.....	72.00
J. G. McCullough.....	80.00
I. N. Mathews.....	97.50
W. W. Mathews.....	305.00
H. A. Munn.....	37.50
D. K. Mouzon.....	60.00
T. R. Mouzon.....	145.00
Miss M. L. Montgomery.....	552.75
Miss A. H. Montgomery.....	120.00
S. I. Montgomery.....	115.00
J. J. B. Montgomery.....	291.00
Miss M. L. Newsom.....	102.00
Mrs. S. A. Nelson.....	207.00
J. W. Nelson.....	690.00
W. E. Nesmith.....	276.00
W. P. Nesmith.....	271.00
G. W. Nesmith.....	115.00
J. F. Nesmith.....	132.50
T. B. Neil.....	60.00
W. E. Nettles.....	50.00
Miss Lottie S. Olney.....	48.00
Miss A. A. Parsons.....	85.00
Miss L. A. Paxton.....	110.00
Miss M. P. Pearson.....	75.00
Miss E. A. Pope.....	37.50
Miss Sue M. Price.....	72.00
Mrs. N. O. Poston.....	284.00
T. H. Parker.....	140.00
Miss Jessie P. Richardson.....	50.75
J. T. Richardson.....	60.00
R. B. Roper.....	40.00
A. W. Rodgers.....	90.00
Mrs. S. M. Salters.....	293.00

Miss Jane M. Salters.	94.00
Miss Lizzie Sanders.	80.00
Miss E. E. Scott.	101.00
Miss Corine Scott.	145.00
T. M. Scott.	226.00
J. C. Shelly.	45.00
Rev. J. W. Shell.	396.00
E. J. Smith.	623.00
G. W. Smith.	20.00
Albert Singleton.	653.00
Miss H. S. Singeltary.	250.00
I. W. Singeltary.	48.00
J. P. Shaw.	795.00
J. M. Shaw.	30.00
Mrs. A. L. Simmons.	310.00
Miss E. S. J. Simmons.	108.00
J. W. Simmons.	423.50
J. J. Snow.	26.18
S. J. Snowden.	372.00
W. E. Snowden.	48.00
Miss L. C. Stuart.	80.00
Miss L. J. Steele.	158.00
W. V. Stonehouse.	25.00
J. W. Sturgeon.	35.00
Miss Gussie Teppie.	48.00
J. J. Thomas.	108.00
J. Y. Tisdale.	160.00
Miss M. A. Wallace.	50.00
T. J. Walker.	48.00
Jas. F. Watson.	204.00
W. Sands Wagner.	110.00
L. J. Wall.	12.00
Miss Ida Whitehead.	40.00
Miss S. E. Wilson.	108.00
Mrs. Ann Wilson.	124.00
Miss Anne N. Wilson.	154.00
D. I. Wilson.	48.00
Miss A. K. White.	50.00
Miss Minnie L. White.	40.00
Miss Lucile Williams.	100.00
E. H. Williams.	160.00
S. W. Williams.	150.00

L. T. Wilder.....	250.00
Miss Ida G. Witherspoon.....	60.00
Miss Florence Workman.....	288.00
Mrs. Ida M. Wolfe.....	60.00
Mrs. E. P. Wolfe.....	240.00
C. W. Wolfe.....	72.00
W. M. Venters.....	105.00

## LIST OF COLORED TEACHERS AND AMOUNTS RECEIVED.

W. W. Anderson.....	\$ 120.00
Miss Lou Bradley.....	40.00
Augustus Brown.....	625.00
M. Blakeley.....	90.00
Rev. C. R. Brown.....	20.00
Henry Bozzard.....	135.00
J. D. Barr.....	332.00
J. S. Cooper.....	565.00
Mrs. L. M. Cooper.....	261.00
B. L. Cooper.....	242.00
L. F. Cooper.....	32.00
Rev. R. A. Cettingham.....	140.00
Richard Davis.....	45.00
William Dozier.....	48.00
H. H. Evans.....	150.00
Miss P. A. Fordham.....	75.00
F. J. Felix.....	130.00
M. S. Felix.....	45.00
D. C. Fulton.....	711.00
J. S. Fulmore.....	1,203.00
Jack Gordon.....	862.00
L. D. Graham.....	180.00
Mrs. Hariot Hanna.....	493.00
W. M. Hanna.....	587.00
S. S. Hanna.....	1,355.60
Miss E. E. Hanna.....	36.00
Miss A. J. Hanna.....	40.00
Miss N. A. Harper.....	481.00
Miss Eugenia Howard.....	75.00
W. F. Holmes.....	72.00
Miss Camilla Johnson.....	48.00
B. Lewallen.....	30.00
Miss M. E. Mouzon.....	934.00

H. H. Mouzon.....	415.00
M. M. Mouzon.....	509.00
R. R. Mouzon.....	135.00
Levi Mouzon.....	40.00
F. A. Maxwell.....	195.00
J. C. Martin.....	112.00
C. C. McPherson.....	108.00
Miss M. E. Murrell.....	11.00
M. D. McBride.....	245.00
J. C. McEaddy.....	130.00
Sam McClary.....	26.50
James McEaddy.....	206.00
S. W. McCottry.....	48.00
Miss R. Z. Montgomery.....	371.00
Miss L. M. Paris.....	45.00
Miss M. J. Peterson.....	48.00
Miss S. A. Pendergrass.....	45.00
Jeff. Pendergrass.....	110.00
J. C. Pendergrass.....	320.00
W. J. Parsons.....	304.00
Rev. A. Ransom.....	135.00
Mrs. M. A. Ransom.....	455.00
E. R. Roberts.....	100.00
S. B. Shaw.....	80.00
D. D. Shaw.....	20.00
E. G. Smalls.....	20.00
Dick Salters.....	760.00
J. E. Singletary.....	422.00
Fred Scott.....	66.00
C. S. Scott.....	145.75
W. C. Scott.....	164.00
W. D. Scott.....	250.00
Mrs. J. N. Thompson.....	118.00
Miss Lizzie Witherspoon.....	76.00
J. C. Williams.....	120.00
Miss Rebecca Vaughn.....	60.00
H. J. Thorp.....	60.00
G. K. Summersett.....	211.00
F. J. Kershaw.....	120.00
W. G. Wilson.....	280.00
G. F. Wardell.....	78.00

Amt. to Samuel D. McGill, School Commissioner ..	\$6,675.00
"    " T. M. Gilland, member Ex. Board.....	105.00
"    " M. J. Hirsch, member Ex. Board.....	105.00
"    " Williamsburg Herald.....	85.00
"    " Williamsburg Tattler.....	2.50
"    " County Record.....	86.25
Rent Bulah Lodge Hall.....	14.00
Jas. Thorp, hauling boxes.....	2.00
Amt. to Miss Mollie Epps by Legislative Act on old school claim.....	105.00
Amt. to W. D. Knox by Legislative Act on old school claim.....	11.91
	_____
	\$7,191.66

The efforts made to offer a full and intelligent presentation of all money matters connected with public school expenditures from 1st November, 1880, to 1st November, 1890, have been of easy result, inasmuch as they had been condensed in a separate school book before they were turned over to Capt. S. J. Snowden, my successor in office.

The above claims were our legitimate obligations, and they have been discharged. Besides all the old school claims contracted in Radical times were paid by the half poll of '79 and '80, and all claims contracted during the two first years of our Democratic rule have been paid out of unexpended balances, authorized by Legislative acts, and yet \$721 were left at my successor's disposal when I retired from the School Office, January, 1891.

Before the dismissal of the public school affairs, the time and manner of the occupancy of the School Office claim some reference. In Williamsburg County in 1876, in the Hampton campaign, we failed to carry the County officers, though succeeded with the State ticket, but in 1878 we elected our County officers by caucus, in convention, and at the general election, in November. In 1880 the opinion pretty generally prevailed that Dr. McGill was well qualified for the School Office, and he was accordingly approached. Chief among his objections was the fact that he was not sufficiently known throughout the County, and, telling his friends that, while he felt sure of the vote of his intimate acquaintances, yet he was satisfied he did not personally know one-half of

his fellow-citizens. However, his friends assured him that, with the vote of his personal friends, they could elect him at the various voting precincts. Among his numerous solicitors none was more positive of his election than his friend and next neighbor, Mr. E. S. Sauls. He would say: "Doctor, do what you can for yourself; I'll carry my former neighbors in the upper Lake portion of our County, where you are not known, and Sam Kirby will assist me." Sure enough, he carried that whole upper country in four subsequent campaigns. Without Mr. Sauls' influence and his untiring efforts in my interest there are doubts as to the handsome majorities I received each election year. One of his arguments in Dr. McGill's favor was full of weight, as he said to his friends: "When I lived up here with you I had Sam Kirby for a neighbor. When I moved away to White Oak I found another Sam my neighbor, in the person of Sam McGill. Now, I am partial to the name of 'Sam,' for these two Sams are as good men as I ever knew."

In the campaign of 1888 there were three other candidates in the field for the School Commissioner's office, and there were some fears entertained as to its results. 'Twas then Mr. Sauls took the field for me, and, knowing this, I could not refrain from referring to him in a well-prepared written document used at the various campaign meetings of that year. Here is what was read in that public school document:

"Before taking charge of the school office its officer-elect is required to give a bond of a thousand dollars for the faithful discharge of its public affairs. It is unpleasant at all times to ask a friend to stand as security for a debt, but doubly so to ask him to go on an official bond. In this case, I was fortunate, and was spared that unpleasantness. A friend, in easy and affluent circumstances, influential and intelligent, came to my relief, by offering to be my bondsman, this time and all subsequent favoring elections, on condition that I would not run the County in debt as a school officer. These exacted promises have been fulfilled and the conditions strictly complied with, as will appear in the sequel. This friend is brought to the front that he may be accountable for the large cash balances on hand, which did accrue year after year, and to show appreciation of favors and fidelity to a bondsman."

This written document embraced school statistics of the last seven years' operations, the amount of taxes collected

and made applicable to school claims, their disbursements and balances each year—all given in an extended yet summary way. These were very tedious and uninteresting, and the reader overhearing a bystander say: "Great G——; surely he ain't going to read all that is in that book!" he became quite dumbfounded. Yet on these records were placed my hopes of a re-election, and at the close of that document two sentiments were given, thus changing the phase of the whole thing, the latter of which materially enhanced his prospects of success:

"Aside from my official public school record, there is another claim in my favor which circumstances cannot effect. It is embalmed in the affections of many persons yet living, and has been demonstrated on many former occasions, and is demonstrable to-day. In my earlier years, amid the scenes of my boyhood and later days, when I was a teacher, favorably known and accepted as such, both at home and abroad. A register of the names of the scholars who attended my school at different times and places in Williamsburg County fixes a number over two hundred and fifty-five. Out of this number, over one hundred are dead or have removed from the County. The others, with one or two exceptions, are friends; three are County officials, and many are engaged in school-keeping under me. In my official visits through and around the County I meet with many of my pupils, old men and women now, and there is a cordial shake of the hand and many expressions in manner and words of tender regard and unfading attachment. In the interview and in parting that pleasantness which characterized our connection as that of teacher and pupil long years ago

"Dances in our eyes all the while,  
And on our lips it lingers a loving smile."

And in these visits there were many calls made on the soldiers in our "late war," who together had endured the hardships of camp for three winters in and around Georgetown. It was our fortune to have been slighted by the Yankees, as we did not see one during our camps, though we were in daily expectation of them. In one of Sam's first official visits as a County School Commissioner he ascertained that, by going a little out of his route, he could see

his old friend and comrade in arms, Mr. Alex. M. Mathews, with whom an endearment arose in camp, and it was hardly possible to separate them. Mr. Mathews, who belonged to the old family of the Lake Mathews, was a pleasant companion.

Dr. McGill, calling on his old friend late one afternoon, only to salute him, was not permitted to go away until he was escorted into his house and introduced to his wife and children as his old friend and Captain in the war. Leaving, and while at his yard gate, Dr. McGill, kindly laying his hands on his friend's shoulders, said: "Mathews, old fellow, we did some good fighting in Georgetown," when the old man, straightening up himself, said: "Well, sir; we went there to do it;" which was answered with: "And I expect we would have done it." "There is no expect in the case, I know we would," was Mathews' reply.

A retrospection of the exciting war times brings up the horrors of them along with a sentimental enjoyment in their present scenes, as, passing in our undisturbed campaigns during the war around Georgetown. While most of the soldiers with us made recreation of spirits in the novelty of their situation in the enjoyment of jokes, yet a few others, moved with the importance of keeping sober and ready at any and all times to do our duty, assumed a silence and a dignity, if not worthy of a Roman soldier, it was indicative of the valor of an American citizen. Of the latter was Mr. E. J. Parker, of Sutton's, formerly of North Carolina, whom Sam, observing, an acquaintance was made in camps, extending through his public school terms, and, visiting Mr. Parker, in his official capacity as "friend and co-laborer in the office of Clerk of the Board of School Trustees for Sutton's School District, No. 4."

A belief that camp life exhibited the natural dispositions of the soldier and his habits at home may have been generally entertained. While there were many soldiers in our regiment who observed the Sabbath and prayer-meetings in their own streets, yet there was one who, making no very outward signs of our Christian obligations as, for instance, Mr. E. J. C. Mathews, better known as Calvin Mathews, when missed on our street after night, could be found in some other street, where a prayer-meeting was in progress, seated off in the dark, silent and attentive, and as soon as the meeting

was over, he would take up his little bench and carry it back to his tent, till another prayer-meeting is announced.

For these three digressions from the account of the delivery of my written and well-studied campaign speech of 1888, made to increase my prospects as my own successor, the following sentiment was given. The close of my statistical document being reached, much to the joy and satisfaction of the audience, and, closing my book from which I had been reading and holding it behind me, I spoke with that natural ease, if not oratory, as the choking of the utterances of certain words in the sentiment permitted expressions of them:

"Such are the records filed in the school office in Kings-tree, and such are my official acts. A review of their enactments brings no regrets, and they would be re-acted under like circumstances. Errors there were, but of no serious magnitude. 'To err is human; to forgive is divine.' A continuance of your support will be an indorsement of these acts. Otherwise, if you so determine, there will not be any abatement of that sentiment of 'partial' affection which I imbibed with my earliest breath, and which was instilled while yet a boy.

"As oft as memory shall recall my connection with the school office, there will arise a pleasurable emotion in the reflection that my best efforts have been used to advance the educational interest of the children of Williamsburg, and in my retirement carry with me an endearing comfort in the belief that I have rendered some service to a County in which I first saw the light, and where I hope to be when that light goes out forever."

Our primary election being duly held, the ardent friends of old Dr. McGill were jubilant over the majority of votes cast in his favor. He entered on his fifth term as a public school officer, and continued to fill the expectations of his old-time friends and those of later attachments. On the first of January, 1891, he voluntarily retired from that office, the duties of which had so completely absorbed his time that a short respite from such labors was necessary to relieve his mind from the burden of ten years' responsibilities. His motto being: "Do nothing by halves," and that expression once used, in our common parlance, "if you be a thing, be a thing."

After turning over the school office to his successor, Capt. S. J. Snowden, a soldier in our late war, pupil, friend and

supporter, Dr. McGill, though aside from the office, yet is not apart from the operations of our public schools.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### KINGSTREE AS OF YORE.

This incidental withdrawal from the ten years' cares as a public servant only increased the attachment for Kingstree and its people, though it was observant that the latter seemed to have tired in the prolonged presence of that officer. In his tri-weekly official visits, Kingstree did not wholly engage his favor and attention, as all along the roads thither there was much to interest and divert the mind, as, having choice of roads, one of them would be taken in the morning and the other in the evening of his homeward return. In the school office, true to his early imbibed habits, obtained from Aesop's advice to the boys with bow and arrows, one hour at a time was given to the duties of the office, when he would seek outdoor exercise, either as a tramp or an observer of passing events, or, in a meditative mood, standing at the court house steps, the scenes of earlier days would flit across the mind, and the people stand before him in all the uncultured elegance of our primeval ages.

The immense crowd filled the court house, even its gallery. In the court house the Constables were ever crying "silence in court," because of the tread of heavy shoes in the aisle, and seeing to "hats off" in the presence of the Court. In the afternoon, when Court adjourned, then was the signal for the inclinations of our people in and around the grog shop, who obstructed the street and thronged the doorway of the store, keeping half a dozen clerks passing decanters and tumblers to the men and receiving the money. The Santee boys were there, who, flapping their arms and crowing like game cocks, soon attract attention. There was loud talking on every side, and soon disputes arose, and when about to engage, friends interfered and separated the combatants. Perhaps the greatest pacifier among us was Joseph W. Gamble, who by his commanding voice and bold language could quiet the "ignoble strife." He possessed influence and courage, inher-

ited not alone from the heroic stock of the Gambles, but also from the Jameses, Conyers and McCottrys. In the evening most of the crowd left for camps outside of the town limits, whooping, shouting and brandishing a "black betty" or two, and attempt to walk the narrow footlogs extending across Kingstree branch, while a few plunge through the water, splashing it above their heads.

In those times many of our people would surely attend Court, and when asked their business would answer: "There wouldn't be any Court if I didn't come."

Our Judges were entertained in highest honor and yet with greatest fear. Everybody denominated them as the "old Judge," whom we supposed to possess unlimited power to send a man to jail at his pleasure. On one occasion, Judge Richardson, coming down the court house steps, had to walk round a drunken man lying on the ground, and, seeing yet another lying at a little distance, he exclaimed in a loud voice: "Oh, gentlemen, this looks badly for Williamsburg."

Such things lasted though, with apparent diminution every year, made so by progressive literature, the influences of the Sons of Temperance, the building of large stores and the influx of the learned professions in the town, so much so that when the war came on we were highly advanced. These old scenes have passed away, and are but dimly remembered by those who once enjoyed those incongruous hilarities.

Once in our history there were no licenses granted to sell spirituous liquors, and our people, true to their ancestral character, soon invented a substitute. Some one residing on Black River, caught a large live alligator, and, dragging him to Kingstree, securely placed him in a back room in the McElveen and McWilliams tailor shop, and exhibited the alligator as a show and threw in a drink for every sight of him. This show soon became a popular resort, and crowds of men attended this exhibition. Those who lingered until they were made to see double were remarked upon as being full of the alligator soup.

Mr. Joseph P. McElveen, an old citizen of Kingstree, who bought Peter J. Gourdon's house, lived and died there. He was highly esteemed. He married a daughter of Mr. George Gamble, on Santee, and raised two sons—George and Henry—the latter of whom was killed in our war. His only daugh-

ter married George Arms, of Kingstree, and still resides there.

In the first stride towards the improvement of Kingstree, several large storehouses were erected on Main street. Hon. Joseph R. Fulmore was the first to build two fine stores. His brick store and residence has lately yielded its claim to the grand mansion of Richard H. Kellahan. Here Mr. Fulmore accumulated a fortune in merchandising, married a Miss Burgess in his latter days and left this County. In his stores he had Peter B. Mouzon as clerk and partner, and he has the credit of first importing a stove for his store. An old country gentleman, somewhat in his cups, while admiring the stove and warning himself, put his hands on the pipe and got them burned. He shouted at the top of his voice: "Joe! Joe! Cut down that d——d spindle of hell!"

These two merchants, known as the firm of Fulmore and Mouzon, were well mated in the enjoyment of the oddities of life, as were seen in the peculiarities of certain people, and they affected their natural tendencies. Hence their store was the resort of the most notable country characters when they came to town. On a certain day Capt. Ebb Singeltary and Maj. John Harlee were there in their best humors. They engaged in conversation, and soon they began to wrangle. The Major, in his usual pleasantry, said some things to the old Captain which much irritated him, and he said: "If it was not for the law I would maul hell out of you!" The Major calmly replied: "Yes; more men are governed by their fears than by their principles." Here the Captain attempted to get in reach, saying: "Let me at him." The bystanders, with much effort, wrenched his stick away and with some difficulty they brought about a reconciliation, as the old Major, losing his temper, exclaimed: "Clear the way and let the North Carolina bull get at him!"

Before Fulmore & Mouzon built the fine store and residence at the corner, they sold their storehouse and residence, situated immediately in front of the court house, to Samuel P. Mathews, who entered the mercantile business, and, having many strong and influential friends and relatives, he expected to do a large business. He married a Miss Bell, from Suniter, by whom he had one son, who received his father's name. After the war this young man came back to his native town, and became quite a celebrated surveyor. Being of such en-

tertaining address, he delighted the people whithersoever he went by his intelligent conversation. He moved away into Texas, as a broader field for his profession, and his friends here have predicted a bright future for him.

At or before this time Mr. —— Bond, of Fayetteville, N. C., moved into the town, and, forming a copartnership with his brother-in-law, Dr. Richard Jarrott, a physician and public spirited citizen, opened a full assortment of merchandise in the old court house, while he and his family resided in the upper story. With Mr. Bond's immigration came also the Misses Jarrott, bringing additional charms to the Kingstree society. Also, there was Mr. John M. Jarrott, who opened a workshop, principally gins and their fixtures, in the old jail, assisted by William and Frederick Marsiners, from Charleston. Mr. Jarrott married Miss Georgianna Witherspoon, only daughter of the late Capt. George Witherspoon. Years before our war the Jarrott family emigrated to Florida.

Kingstree had another workshop, conducted by Robert J. Patterson, assisted by Robert Flinn, whose principal business was the making of riding chairs and sulkies.

After awhile two other large stores were erected, one by Col. J. J. Tisdale, kept for rent purposes, and the other by S. J. Strong and T. Jeff. Strong, brothers, who, opening a large stock of goods and giving attention and civility to customers, attracted much patronage.

John Armstrong, a Virginian by birth, did a large business in handling costly articles and general merchandise, kept in the Mathews' store. Our ladies and gentlemen freely patronized our old town and promenaded the streets, and the country people traded in the stores who, in the past years, declared "they had no use for Kingstree."

Daniel H. Jones, an Englishman, was a merchant tailor who, together with his interesting family, added much to the elevation of our old County seat. He occupied a fine store and residence in front of the court house. He and his wife, too, of English birth, are buried in the Williamsburg graveyard. Their two sons—Daniel and Charley—were early called away to the other world. They have been already mentioned as volunteers in the Bull Run fight. The elder brother opened a factorage business in Charleston just after the war. Their only daughter, Charlotte, was unfortunate in her first marriage, but afterwards, marrying E. G. Chandler, the accom-

plished and Christian gentleman of high literary attainments, she is now possessed of easy means, and became postmistress at Kingstree.

The family of old Mr. Samuel Adams still hold their old homestead in the village, and are well received throughout this County. The eldest daughter, Eliza Adamis, buried four husbands: First, her marriage with Augustus Burgess, a rich old bachelor; her second husband was the Hon. James L. Mouzon, who was one of nature's noblemen, never surpassed in Williamsburg County. By her union with James L. Mouzon she had one child, named J. Lawrence Mouzon. After Mouzon's death, she married Samuel P. Mathews, and, burying him, she married old Mr. James Staggers. Surviving her fourth husband, she died in 1894.

There were two prominent lawyers in Kingstree during this time—Col. N. G. Rich, known as a No. 1 equity lawyer, and E. J. Porter, the Irishman accepted as a business man in his office and his companionship ever desirable. With his pen he was a power, whether in the elegance of his manuscripts or his correspondence with the journals of that day. Coming to Kingstree when a young man, with letters of recommendation from prominent gentlemen in Charleston, and being in every way agreeable, he was soon in the heart of the people. He married a Miss Lesesne, who was a sister of Hon. E. R. Lesesne and of Charlie Lesesne. Mr. Porter's residence is yet the homestead of his family, and his son, James Porter, is the quiet merchant of Kingstree who to know is to love.

Dr. T. Murritt Mouzon graduated in the South Carolina Medical College in the spring of 1847, opened a drug store in Kingstree and began the practice of medicine at this place. He was considered to be of unusual qualifications as a citizen and physician. He first settled the place over the Kingstree Branch, and his house still stands and represents the somewhat inordinate taste of its original projector. He married Miss Emma Lesesne, who, dying, left one son and two daughters. In compliment to his brother, Peter B. Mouzon, who had educated him and settled him in business, Dr. Mouzon named his son Peter Bonneau Mouzon, for him. After the doctor's death his son was taken and cared for by his uncle Peter, and to distinguish them he was called "Little Peter."

Gen. William F. Ervin, Surveyor General of the State, settled the place now owned by S. A. Swails, and remained with us till after the war. This situation, on the brow of the hill of the Kingtree Branch, commanding the meadows below and the track of the Northeastern Railroad, really engages the eye as viewed from the village. Its magnificent shade trees present a scene as that of a picture, yet far more pleasurable in its reality.

The first year General Ervin settled in Kingtree he attended a Fourth of July dinner given in the grove back of the Fulmore store. After dinner was served, and the regular toasts were given, responded to and applauded, a special toast, embracing patriotic sentiments, prepared by Hon. James L. Mouzon and Dr. Samuel D. McGill, was given to General Ervin as a descendant of the family of Gen. Francis Marion, to whose heroism Williamsburg district acknowledges an obligation for his services and those of Marion's men, in the old Revolutionary war. John G. Pressley, orator of the day, responded to a toast given in his honor. During the evening Hon. A. Isaac McKnight was called. He denounced the South Carolina College and its professors. James McCutchen, then a student of that college, arose as soon as McKnight took his seat, and addressed the audience, rebutting the accusations and nobly defending the right.

Dr. D. M. Mason, a native of York district, successfully practiced medicine for many years. He was fond of politics, and was the author of the preambles and resolutions passed at our public gatherings. He built a residence on Vinegar Hill, but, marrying a Miss Chaney, on Santee, and the bulk of his practice being in that section, he left Kingtree and settled on Santee. He died in full manhood and left a family.

Dr. Richard Jarrott, a most remarkable man for his intelligence and dignity, was for many years the most prominent among our physicians. He married a Miss Shaw, of ample property, and built the handsome residence on Vinegar Hill. He moved to Florida, accompanied by his brother John, who married Miss Georgia Anna Witherspoon, and by her brother, Robert McCathy Witherspoon, who was a son of George Witherspoon, the great character of his day. Aside from the influence of his name, his own natural qualities en-

deared him in this County, and he lived and died in the Tax Collector's office.

Dr. B. Warburton Bradley, of noble birth and of distinctive qualities, has been already introduced, who, like Dr. John W. Staggers, of the stock of the old Gambles and Mouzons, was not content to remain in Kingstree, but engaged much of their time in Columbia, one in the Legislative halls, the other at the commencement balls at our Capital. These two young men were pronounced the two handsomest gentlemen in Columbia.

There were three lawyers of native growth who, settling in Kingstree, built fine residences. A. Isaac McKnight has a place in this narrative in connection with the establishment of "The Kingstree Star." John G. Pressley, after his graduation in the South Carolina Military Academy, in Charleston, opened a law office in Kingstree. He was soon doing a fine business. Marrying a Miss Burkmyer, of Charleston, he built the residence now owned by M. J. Hirsch, Esq., and, being popular, became a member of our Legislature. In our war he served as Colonel of the Twenty-fifth Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers through the campaigns in Virginia, and in one of the battles he lost an arm. Just after the war he moved to California, together with his mother, Mrs. Sarah Pressley; his brother, Dr. James F. Pressley, and Mr. Dwight Bare, who had married in the Pressley family. Dr. James F. Pressley, also a graduate in the same military school as his brother, was Colonel of the —— Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers, and served in the Western Army till just at the end of the war, and he, too, was wounded in the arm. Samuel W. Maurice, a young man, opened a law office in Kingstree. His extraordinary intelligence soon attracted attention, and he was elected to the Legislature. He married Miss Louisa Nelson, of Kingstree, and built the first house in Kingstree of modern architecture, the front yard tastefully adorned with flowers and evergreens. He left an only child, now Mrs. Ella Koger, and his widow is now the wife of Capt. J. J. Steele.

At or before these times of persons and things pertaining to historic Kingstree, say fifty-five years ago, a scene was enacted in our court house, during a term of session, which claims a place in this narrative, and without its presentation its author would fail in its primary object, which

was to give facts without any dissimilation or disguise, yet holding in his mind always to look on the bright side of things. A case of litigation, as remembered, was brought to the Court by citizens of and around Lawrence's Bridge, on Lynch's Creek, indicting certain citizens living lower down on the creek, in a neighborhood called the Neck, for obstructing the free passage of shad and other fish by reason of their nets and seines, continuously stretched across the channel of that stream. It so happened that Mr. Eli Poston, residing in this Neck, was an unwilling witness against his neighbors, and the manner in which he avoided an implication which might involve them in the case was so peculiar, in his testimony on the stand, that the Court, including the Judge and spectators, was highly interested, and with difficulty the Constables' command, "silence in Court," was observed. When Mr. Eli Poston was put on the witness stand the lawyer asked his name. He answered inaudibly. The lawyer repeated the question and his answer was yet indistinct. The Judge interposed and said: "Please speak a little louder." Mr. Poston, turning towards the Judge, answered by spelling his name, letter by letter. During the examination, in which the lawyer had failed to get anything satisfactory, he asked: "Mr. Poston, can you tell where you live?" "Yes; I can." "Well, tell the Court where it is." Poston replied: "I live in my house when I live at home." By this time the Judge could hardly retain his dignity, and said: "Mr. Poston, give direct and positive answers to the questions and the lawyer will not tease you so much." The witness, with an assured importance, gave a significant side nod, and, answering the Judge, said: "I've seen lawyers before to-day." Here the Court lost all control for a few moments, and everybody indulged in a loud laugh.

Kingstree was largely indebted for its social improvement by the removal of Capt. Isaac Nelson, from his plantation, three miles below the village, in 1835, who opened the Fluit House, then an imposing structure. Being well connected, fat and jovial, he had many friends, and his house was fully patronized. He married Miss Martha Fluit, daughter of the venerable Samuel Fluit, who owned the greater part of Kingstree, and well settled his five children, Dr. John Fluit and his brothers, Burrell and Benjamin, and his two daughters, Martha and Mariah, who married Van Tromp Wither-

spoon. Now only the families of Mrs. Nelson and Dr. John Fluitt are in this County, as are seen in Mrs. Ann Patience Thorn, and her only son, Philip Boone Thorn, the energetic man of Kingstree, and G. Pervis Nelson and James H. Fluitt.

A few years after the migration of Capt. Isaac Nelson to Kingstree, with his wife, two daughters and his eight sons, Francis, William, Samuel, Isaac, Covest, Peden, Pervis and James, old Mr. Joseph Scott, residing on his plantation on Rutledge Bay, and being the owner of the first steam saw mill put in operation in this section, built a large dwelling in Kingstree, and thither he and family removed for educational advantages. The house was constructed after the old fashioned style of our well-to-do citizens, and stands to-day as a memorial of ancient economy and comfort. He had two sons, Samuel McBride and Edward Branard, and two daughters, Elizabeth B. and Susan Theresa. Three of these children have families in Kingtree, but the youngest child, Edward Branard, died before full maturity. He was killed in Confederate service, far away from home, and when the report of his death reached his beloved father, the old gentleman said: "Would to God I had did for thee, Oh, Branard, my son, my son."

The ten years' rule of the Republicans, or from the administration of the reconstruction Acts, did not congregate our people, but Democratic possession of our government in 1876 brought us again gleefully to our Court, as in antebellum days. The pleasure of meeting each other after our great sufferance, amid our enforced submission, and our greetings of respect, and our affiliations in the past, as we hastened to be reunited at our court house steps, can well be delineated.

We see our fellow-citizen, Mr. R. E. Cade, coming up to our crowd, with face aglow with smiles, as he gives his hands right and left, and says: "I am here; if anything arises, I'm on hand." This Mr. Cade was everywhere known as Raz Cade by his friends, who loved him and were ever pleased to be in his company, remarkable for his humor, ready wit and intelligence, his flow of language and the command of words suited to the subject of the present conversation, in which he was the recognized leader. He possessed the most amiable disposition, was versed in the political topics of the day and a sincere professor of religion. Of marked and distinctive

features, there was a friendship established not in name, but in enduring figures, to the end of his life.

On a Monday of a certain week the two friends, a Methodist and Presbyterian, visited Kingstree together. After nightfall they started homeward, and, the night being all that could be desired, they threw their buggy lines over the splash board of the buggy, and enjoyed themselves in a prodigious way in the funny tales and merry laughs, only alighting a few times to relax their stiffened limbs, eat oranges or sardines and snowflakes, and arrived at the nearer home of the two friends, in the Cade section, in the small hours of the next day. To continue this innocent pleasure, on Tuesday they were again in Kingstree, and the very same scenes of the preceding night were re-enacted on the road. On Wednesday they were once more in Kingstree, but both wisely concluded to adopt the Latin idiom, "Ne quid nemis," and they were soon on their homeward trip, in the early afternoon of their third day's recreation, and the elder of the two friends, arriving at his home, made satisfactory excuses for his improvised absence from his family. On Thursday he wrote to his friend, beginning in this wise: "I feel to-day, like that of yesterday, with a little variation, and a slight modification of the hilarity of the previous day. I'm afraid, Mr. Cade, that, in leaping over the moon with our jokes and sunbeam faces, we will fall on the other side into an abyss below, from which there is no redemption. Let us in the future throw ourselves on good behavior. I'm afraid, Mr. Cade." In a few days his answer was received. The letter was lengthy, but only eight lines are at hand, enough to show his unexampled benevolent spirit and a vein of humor which cannot be surpassed:

"Afraid of what? Such noble souls as you and I  
Couldn't get to hell were we to try;  
And when in Heaven you ope your eyes,  
Should I be present, don't be surprised.  
And there, with sunbeam faces and plenty of jokes,  
We'll take our seats with the rest of the folks;  
And there, from laughter's pleasant store  
We'll keep them fellows all in a roar."

Here is one more instance of Mr. Raz Cade's complement to instruct and amuse his companions: He used to tell

of a good old Methodist exhorter who was stout in frame and very positive in his remarks. Among other things he was very denunciatory of sinners, and one of his congregation complained to him because he carried sinners down to hell and left them there. On the following Sabbath he referred to this complaint, and said: "I'll have this congregation to know that I'll preach the Lord Jesus Christ and him crucified if hell was at the door." Mr. R. Erasmus Cade, together with his brother, Andrew F. Cade, was a house carpenter by trade, was a great observer, being a constant reader of newspapers, and well posted in political issues. He was an admirer of Mr. Calhoun and his followers. He readily entertained his doctrines and eagerly espoused the cause of secession, and was early enlisted for the war in the Confederate ranks. His ardor to whip the Yankees overleaped his discretion, and ere the close of our long and heated war his constitution yielded to the strain, and he returned home a mere wreck of his former self. The waste of his physical powers were ever visible in the subsequent years of his life. After the war he resided with his widowed sister, and attended to the business of her plantation and near there he died, in 1887. His bronchial disease was of several months' duration, and when his end was approaching he was undisturbed and resigned, and he breathed his last in the love of God. Mr. Cade's sister, Mrs. Agnes Brown, widow of Mr. Brown Graham, residing two miles below Cade's depot, Northeastern Railroad, was an esteemed Christian lady, and her home was ever open to her friends. The ministers of her church found a pleasant home around her hospitable fireside. Her only child, Julius Graham, dying ere his full manhood, she was comfortless, yet she was blessed in the society of her sister's children, who had been raised amid affluence at Fayetteville, N. C. At the beginning of our war they came to make their home with their Aunt Agnes Graham. These four motherless children were Misses Laura, Minnie, Maggie and Lizzie Cade, the latter of whom was yet a child. They were ladies of education and of great musical attainments. During the war they, assisted by Mrs. Lizzie Brockinton and other ladies of the neighborhood, rendered great service to our soldiers in the field by their concerts, held chiefly in the court house at Kingstree, the proceeds of which were contributed to our Confederate cause. The Cade girls are all married

now and have left this County, two of whom are wives of Methodist preachers.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### AGAIN, OR A REGRESSION.

The Rev. Daniel Baker, D. D., one of the greatest theologians in the United States, honored Williamsburg district with a visit and held a week's meeting in the Presbyterian Church at Kingstree, in August, 1852, and our people attended each day. The pews, benches and chairs placed in its aisles and at its doors were insufficient to seat the immense congregation. Many carriages and other vehicles were driven into the church yard and placed at the windows of the church, from which their occupants could see and hear this great divine.

Mr. Baker was known as an evangelist of national fame, and his sermons, as in the capacity of chaplain in the halls of our Congress, were said to have been so impressive that the members were held in breathless silence during their delivery, by which many were converted. Among them, it was said, was the Hon. Henry Clay, of Kentucky. While Mr. Baker's sermons brought tears and prayers at the time of their delivery, and their imprints remained in our minds for many years, yet the lapse of time has modified our ardor, but it has not effaced their impressions. There was one burst of eloquence, and the enforcing manner of delivery, which this writer remembers, though forty-two years have passed. His stentorian voice was an unaffected reflex of the outer man, alike in the formation of his mind and person. His clear, forcible and comprehensive words were distinctly impressed and his sentences clothed in simple language and constructed to suit the intellectual endowments of the vast assembly before him.

In one particular sermon Mr. Baker drew mental pictures of the conditions attending the ungodly and the righteous in this life, representing the one as walking in the mire, seizing the present and sinful enjoyments and hastening to eternal damnation; the other as walking on the King's high-

way of holiness, seeking eternal salvation. Various common articles were made to represent the pursuits of these two travelers to eternity, and their preferences for these articles were compared and their values and appearances of them placed side by side. Closing, he said: "What would you think of a man who would prefer rags to robes, pebbles to jewels, the shadow to the substance? Would you not call such a man a fool? Not remarkably wise, I would say."

In one of Mr. Baker's afternoon sermons he earnestly requested every one within the hearing of his voice to unite in a concert of prayer "at the going down of this day's sun," wherever we may be and under all and every circumstance, for the outpouring of God's spirit upon this meeting. The term, "at the going down of the sun," was new to many of us, and it became of general usage after that, and we thought it more elegant than our old term, "at sundown."

All during the various recesses of the day's preaching Mr. Baker mingled in the crowd, with the sole inquiry, "Is there anyone here under religious impressions," and upon finding one, they repaired to the session house, where there were many persons already assembled in accordance with his invitations given out from the pulpit as under religious impressions. Here Mr. Baker addressed each one according to answers to his first questions to them. To one gentleman he said: "Brother, how do you feel?" who, answering, "I have made my peace," he merely said, "Thank God!" and passed on to the next, saying, "And, sister, how is it with you?" who answered by saying, "I have hopes." "Oh, my dear sister, hopes are delusive," expatiating on the happy effects of hope in this world, and giving instances as coming under his observation and experience of the delusive effects of hope as a means of salvation, he substantiated the fact that hope is delusive. Thus he interrogated, criticized and explained to the hour of his services expected in the Church, and announced by the blowing of a horn provided for that purpose. Of the many intensely interested converts made on this occasion by Mr. Baker, none manifested greater concern than Col. N. G. Rich, of Kingstree, who earnestly engaged this theologian in conversation during recesses, relative to his conversion and future progress. In many of Mr. Baker's sermons he frequently exclaimed, with great force of sentiment and effect: "Allelujah! Allelujah! The Lord

God Omnipotent reigneth! Allelujah! Allelujah!" Col. Rich, moved with affection, inquired how such excellence could be obtained. The answer given, if rightly remembered, was, "It must be cultivated." However much we deplore the sad end of our friend and citizen, it can truthfully be said he died in the faith of his election, and in the atoning blood of Jesus Christ, shed for the remission of his sins.

During one of the midday intermissions, when the crowd of people was largest, old Mr. Samuel Scott, an elder in the Indiantown Presbyterian Church, was seen to slowly stroll about among the people, leaning on the arm of a young friend. When seated on a bench in the Church yard, he was asked if he had ever seen such a crowd at this Church in all his life—now extended into the eighties—and, answering in the negative, he remarked, "And in this big crowd I can't find a single person who was here when I was a boy."

The sermons were closed with the understanding that he preached the following week in the Indiantown Presbyterian Church, with like results.

At this time the members of the Williamsburg Presbyterian Church were wealthy Christian people, refined and cultured in their general appearance, equipages and splendid horses. This congregation embraced the country reaching for ten or twelve miles on both sides of Black River, and hence this Church was foremost in the land, and its former grandeur and usefulness are yet of sacred remembrance. "Over the river" were Capt. John A. Salters, Col. S. J. Montgomery, William Montgomery, Mrs. Sally Gamble, Mrs. Polly McGill, Thomas Chaney, Joseph Scott, Jr., Capt. John Watson, Mrs. Covert, Mr. William Lifrage, Mr. John A. Gordon, an elder, Mr. Joseph Chandler, Mr. John A. McCullough. Below the Church were Messrs. H. D. Shaw, an elder; Samuel, John and William Tisdale; Robert Strong, William Camlin, an elder; Jack, Samuel and Sidney McClary; Thomas Duke, John Knox and John Murphy. Above the Church were Mrs. Eliza Brockinton, Mrs. Martha F. Mouzon, John Kinder, Samuel G. McClary, W. G. Gamble, Mrs. Tyson Fulton, Benjamin R. and brother, John Moore Pendergrass, Mrs. M. L. Singleton; also, Mrs. Mary S. Wilson, Dr. James Bradley, an elder; Mrs. Susan Mathews, Joseph Scott, Dr. J. F. Brockinton and George Witherspoon's family; from the village were William Staggers, Isaac Nelson, Dr. D. M. Mason, Dr. T.

M. Mouzon, John Ferguson, Col. N. G. Rich, Joseph R. Fulmore, Samuel Fluitt and Daniel H. Jones. The above list is not a full one, and, of course, there are many others of equal devotion and zeal in the maintenance of that mother church, and while each of the gentlemen included in the list should receive special notices, yet only a few will be undertaken, with the hope that these will suffice to express the color of their social and religious position at home and abroad.

Mr. James E. Fulton, eldest son of Mr. Samuel E. Fulton, whom he succeeded in the eldership of the Williamsburg Presbyterian Church, did honor to that position in our Presbyteries. He was connected with the Ervins of accepted nobility of character and Christian exaltations. He resided on upper Broad Swamp in the midst of one of the most fertile and extensive plantations in our district, and which William P. McGill now owns and where he resides. Besides this real property, Mr. Fulton was the owner of very large personal estate. He was one of our most wealthy and liberal citizens. His poorer neighbors, residing miles away and needing assistance, received help from him in sending his able-bodied negro men to maul rails and notch up houses for them, without any intention of securing popularity.

Mr. Fulton married Miss Eliza Dollard, daughter of Dr. Dollard, of old Willtown notoriety, and dying, left a son and a daughter named William Dollard and Annie Fulton. Of the son, mention has already been made. His daughter, Miss Annie Fulton, after her mother's death, remained constantly at his side.

Mrs. Mary S. Wilson, daughter of Mr. William Wilson, who married Martha McGill, daughter of Roger McGill, at Indiantown, and they settled that place near Kingstree, now owned by Mr. W. K. Kinder, where they died. This couple were leaders in the Williamsburg Presbyterian Church and were careful to give their three children good education. Their eldest son, Roger McGill Wilson, died while a student at the South Carolina College. Their second son, William James Wilson, graduated in the South Carolina College and studied for the ministry. He received a call from the Salem Brick Church, and during his pastoral charge died at the beginning of his usefulness. He lies entombed by the side of his parents and his brother, Roger McGill Wilson, in the Williamsburg Presbyterian Church yard. Their only daughter,

Mary Stuart Wilson, received that education which qualified her to perform the church duties which were her pleasure. She married Robert Wilson, a relative, and at her parents' death, she inherited their large possessions. Her husband died in early manhood, leaving two daughters and a son. Her usefulness in her church and her presbytery, her zeal and devotion to enlarge the ministerial obligations and sanctified condition of its members, seemed far in advance of others who had preceded her, or present with her on her bended knees at the throne of grace in private and public exercises, at home and in church. Her eldest daughter, Martha Wilson, married Dr. Ezra Green, of Georgetown, and after a few years they moved away into upper Georgia. Her second daughter, Annie Stuart Wilson, of uncommon beauty, and intelligence, married a Mr. Williamson, of Darlington, who was reputed to be very wealthy. Her only son, Laurens E. Wilson, was a graduate in the South Carolina College, studied law and practiced in Kingstree for a short time, and he and his mother selling out in 1850, moved out into upper Georgia, and then rejoined Dr. Green and family. At the beginning of the war, Laurens Wilson raised a company in Georgia and was killed in battle. About this time his mother, Mrs. Mary Stuart Wilson, died, and being brought back to Williamsburg, she was buried in the Williamsburg Presbyterian Church yard by the side of her husband.

The Wilson families, once so numerous at Indiantown and around Kingstree, who were ever prominent in church and State, yet have representatives in the Indiantown community. The descendants of Col. David D. Wilson, already spoken of in this narrative, are seen in the children of his four sons, viz.: R. Harvey Wilson, Dr. D. Edward Wilson, J. Calvin Wilson, Franklin Wilson and S. Itley Wilson.

The Wilson descendants as connected with Roger McGill, their grandfather, and the children of Capt. William Brown, George S. Burrows and Robert D. Wilson, whose two sons of the last named, William M. and Robert J. Wilson, were killed in our Confederate war, and whose other son by his last wife, Alex D. Wilson, does so well personify the endearing qualities of his father, Robert D. Wilson, married Miss Jane McFadden, whose daughters inherited their parent's graces as are seen in Mrs. Eliza Ann Cole, Miss Sue Gamble and Mrs. Martha Snowden. By his second marriage with Miss Mar-

garet Daniel there were two children, Alex and Annie Wilson, who are living at the old homestead.

In the settlement of this country, the Bradley name has ever been represented as foremost. Many of the old Bradleys early moved up into Sumter district, and there established their family distinctive qualities as practiced in social, political and financial circles. Old Dr. James Bradley was born, educated and died in Williamsburg. It was his to mingle in the turbulent sea of politics, and he was honored with a seat in our Legislative halls. In early manhood he attended the South Carolina College, and he has been heard to say he had to carry his mattress and bed in a cart all the way to Columbia. After graduation he studied medicine, and was known among us as an old sober-sided physician, with his clove teas and mustard plasters and blue mass, and yet he was skilled in the art of healing. He married a Miss Pendergrass, sister of Mrs. Samuel E. Fulton and Mrs. W. G. Gamble, each possessing attractions in the beauty of their persons and their elegance in manners. He was long an elder of the Williamsburg Presbyterian Church, and after his death he was succeeded by his son, Samuel James Bradley.

He left five sons and two daughters. His eldest son, the late Dr. B. Warburton Bradley, was of marked ability. He was a graduate of the South Carolina College. Following in the steps of his father, he was a successful practitioner, and was honored as his father had been. He thought aloud and frequently expressed the whirl of them in his mind, as he disputed certain theories advanced in certain books. At his death, occurring in 1886 at Capt. Willie Cooper's, at Indian-town, the Bradley name went out in Williamsburg. Yet, the many grand children of old Dr. James Bradley, as reflected in the children of Hon. Isaac McKnight and Mr. W. Dollard Fulton, personify the noble qualities of their great progenitor.

In the memory of Sam's earlier days of recognition of families, the Scott name was foremost in number in the various branches. There were Big John Scott and Capt. John Scott, old Joe Scott, young Joe Scott and Alligator Joe Scott, which soubriquet may have been given to him as a great hunter for that amphibious animal. Many the descendants of this once populous and wealthy family moved away to Sumter, the West and Florida, but we yet have with us John E. Scott and S. McBride Scott. The elder of these in antebellum days was

the patriot in aiding public observances, lavish of the ample means at his control. The younger now in latter days is found in Kingstree each day, and being fond of reading, gives the latest political news to the countryman, who on arriving in town beats around to his friend's office.

Dr. David C. Scott, son of Capt. John E. Scott, residing in Kingstree, is the friend and benefactor to the Williamsburg people; he is lovable in all the virtues that go to make up a successful physician and tenable of all the virtues that go to make up the Christian, elegant and useful citizen.

We also have William G. Scott and John A. Scott and the children of J. William Scott, of a later generation of the old Scott progenitors of this county, who carry their name with credit to themselves.

A case of the people's estimation of the old-time Scott family in this district can be seen in one of her favored sons. William R. Scott, nephew of the Hon. Joseph Scott and brother of our good old John E. Scott, was a school master in his earlier days. He was elected to the office of sheriff, then to the office of clerk of the court, and lastly was appointed commissioner in equity, in which office he died in. He was a remarkable man; in a crowd he didn't appear to be popular, and was reserved. He was popular without an effort and did not know his own strength. On the 24th April, 1834, he married Miss Jane Caroline McGill, and on the same night James G. Burgess married the elder sister, Mary McCottry McGill. He settled the place on the road six miles below Kingstree now owned by William S. Thompson. After his death his widow and her two sons and daughter moved to Arkansas in 1857 with her brother, Minto W. McGill. During the war she and her daughter died, and her elder son, McGill Scott, being in the Vicksburg garrison, died before he reached his home. Her youngest son, David Lowry Scott, was a valiant soldier, is now an exemplary Christian gentleman and a Presbyterian elder in Arkansas.

In 1860, Mr. Scott purchased a plantation in Arkansas, and in moving there he died on the way, but his family succeeded in making the arduous trip in wagons from the Mississippi River to Hemplind county. His widow, now in her 88th year, blind, deaf and helpless, lives with her son, Samuel A. Scott, at Prescott. Only a few years ago she wrote a letter to her South Carolina "budder," in her own handwriting. Her

daughter, Mrs. Betsie Woodberry, and her family live near her. Her youngest son, Brad Scott, has the wealth of the two families. Miss Olivia Woodberry, whom this good, Christian old lady raised, is ever at the side of her dear, old grandma. When Mr. Scott left this country, there remained here his youngest daughter, Mary Ann Scott, who had married Collins Martin, at Britton's Ferry. They are both dead, leaving one son, James, and — daughters, Mellie, —, now Mrs. Mangum, in Florida, Mrs. Owens, Mrs. Haselden, Mrs. Britton and Mrs. Mattie Scott. The latter was highly educated by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Moore, of North Carolina, doing a large turpentine business.

She has been both blessed and unfortunate, and in every circumstance her kind benefactors still acted her friend and well-wisher. Tho' Mrs. Mattie J. Scott has been seriously afflicted, she is now a bright and intelligent typewriter and stenographer in Atlanta, Ga. Her letters to her dear old Uncle Sam are full of information, interest and comfort to him in his old age.

In the long distant days men of wealth in this district were considered benefactors to their less fortunate neighbors, at times when their property was likely to be sacrificed under the sheriff's hammer, and, too, to the district at large by the heavy taxes they paid for the support of our government. Among these biggest taxpayers and benefactors was old Mr. William Staggers, who resided in Kingstree, and was possessor of the greater part of that village. On one occasion in Staggers' Hotel, the tax collector was receiving taxes. This writer was in the hall when Mr. Staggers came in to pay his taxes, who, seating himself by the collector's table, began to count out his money, carefully placing the bills in a half dozen piles, amounting to over \$400. While the money was yet lying on the table awaiting the collector's readiness to receive it, a man standing around and knowing Mr. Staggers tight in money matters, said: "Mr. Staggers, don't you hate to pay all that money away for taxes?" "No," quickly replied the old man; "I wish it was double."

On days of sheriff's sales, Mr. Staggers' benevolence and wealth made him the most conspicuous person in our district. During the sales of that day a delay in the auction of the property was often made to get his presence, as frequently some persons were dispatched to bring him, and in some cases they

implored him to buy the whole family. He would do so, much to the gratification of the former owner and to the spectators. It was the most pleasing sight after the sale to hear and see the gratitude and happy faces of that family, when told Mr. Staggers had bought them, because he was considered a kind and benevolent master, and they knew they had a home for life. Mr. Staggers married Miss Susan Gamble, who, like the old Gamble stock, was renowned for beauty. After giving birth to five children, Mrs. Staggers died; of them Dr. John W. Staggers alone is with us.

Before the war, we could boast of many wealthy planters, obtained by their own energies on their plantations by enlarging them and holding on to their inheritance. By common consent Mr. Hugh McCutchen was considered second or third best in the amount of taxes paid into our treasury. His wealth was acquired mainly by his close attention to his farming interests. Mr. McCutchen's eldest son, Thomas M. McCutchen, is pleasantly received, as due to his native modesty and unerring ways. Everywhere among those of his native district and our beloved old State, capable of appreciating present and past services, stands Mr. McCutchen's youngest son, Col. James McCutchen, a graduate of the South Carolina College, a thrifty, energetic and scientific planter and prominent in all church exercises. He is the representative of the refined and Christian gentleman, and ever is the central figure observed in our congregations, whether religious or political. Before the war he was our Representative in our Legislature. Yet by a common understanding among us Mr. William Burrows, residing on his immense plantations on Turkey Creek, was considered as the second best taxpayer after the death of his uncle, George Burrows, thus inheriting his large estate of lands and negroes. Mr. William Burrows was wealthy, intelligent and liberal. At or before maturity of age he made his home in New York, returning home in the first forty years of this century. For many years after his return his house was open and his many friends accepted his hospitality, made charming by his cheerful entertainments in the variety of his New York dishes and by the glare of double cut flint decanters and tumblers, prepared and presented by George, his faithful and trusty colored servant.

Frequently Mr. Burrows entertained his New York friends, and we country fellows learned something of the New

York phrases and New York songs. But Jack Singeltary, whom Mr. Burrows and friends delighted to see, was as much of a curiosity to them, as their Yankee slang was thrown back to them with a hearty laugh all around. To add to the delightful visits made to Mr. Burrows was the construction of his ice house and his supply lasting through the month of May. The sight of ice on a hot day was a new source of pleasure to us. Mr. William Burrows was very popular with everybody, and he easily obtained a seat in our legislative halls. He had a summer place at Bradford Springs where he spent his summers, and after his marriage with a Miss Fludd, of Orangeburg, he made his Bradford Springs place his abode, keeping agents and overseers down on his Williamsburg plantations.

The Thompson family was one among the most wealthy in the Indiantown section. They lost their property by an epidemic. Mr. Hugh McGill, the eldest son of Roger McGill, married Miss Jennet Thompson. The Thompson women and the Misses Peggie and Suckie Jolly, living in the same neighborhood, used to walk to the Indiantown Church on Sundays, and washing their feet on a log extending across a deep pond of water a few hundred yards from the church, they nicely fixed themselves before going up into the church yard. Afterwards the Thompsons moved on Ties' Lake. Not so was our inimitable Joseph A. Thompson, as you see him to-day so he was sixty years ago. Being of an active body and pushing and energetic mind, of pleasant and agreeable manners and of affable address, and while yet a boy he found a pleasant and profitable home with Col. William Cooper, and these two were ever endeared and endearing friends. After the death of our friend's first wife, leaving three sons and three daughters, he married in Charleston. Meeting him shortly afterwards, this inquiry was made of him: "Joe, why did you go to Charleston to get a wife?" "Oh," said Joe, "an old coon knows where to go to get the best mutton corn." Time has verified Joe Thompson's good sense.

In the good old times of ease and prosperity, derivable from wealth and contentment, there were money lenders in every neighborhood, only asking for one or two friends on the note to secure the payment of the loan. The building of commodious residences and additions to those already erected to keep in line with the fashion, for the entertainment of visitors and the progress of educational advantages, more attainable in

outside academies and colleges, accepted as "sent off to school," was now the spirit of our people. On all large plantations there were "jobbin carpenters" sufficient to build good outhouses, but fine carpenters who had served their apprenticeship were needed for the building of fine residences. They were generally of the negro race, and a few of them monopolized the business. Being in demand and feeling themselves to be of consequence, they were respected accordingly. Such negro men were Gamble's Zeik and Louis, and McCullough's Anthony, and Colclough's bricklayer, Jim, and Mouzon's Ben, and a few others of less notoriety. In the construction of the screws of cotton presses and the cog wheels and running gear of a gin house and grits mill, old Mr. John Murphy, generally employed many. The gin and its attachments gave a distinctive name to this building and was everywhere called the "machine" house.

Mr. Robert B. Green was considered our most prominent house carpenter and was the builder of Staggers' Hotel in Kingstree. He, like Mr. John Murphy, was connected with the famous Andrew Patterson. He left two sons, James and John A. Green, the latter of whom resides in Lake City and ably holds and administers his duty as a trial justice of the peace and county courts.

The heroism of the McCants family, as exemplified in the Nullification excitement in 1832, has already been given, mainly in the persons of Thomas and Samuel McCants, brothers, in Kingstree, and as exhibited in the defense of Union principles whether offences given to them in direct words or by insinuations. The love of country, and desiring no reform of our present administration of public affairs, was made manifest during the State campaign at Kingstree in 1890. A descendant of the old stock of McCants could not be silent, as Mr. Tillman from the stand denounced our present Democratic government. Standing in the immense crowd of a highly excited people, and unable to keep down a surging spirit, he bitterly abused Tillman. His friend and neighbor, Mr. E. S. Sauls, following him around through the crowd, could barely prevail over him to keep quiet and to put up his knife, now open and drawn, as this young man refused aloud: "Do let me go. I want to cut Tillman's d— gooze out." Others of this family interested in the Farmers' Alliance joined the Farmers' movement, now the ruling organization of this State,

and are in public positions, and such are Mr. W. J. Singeltary in the legislative hall, and Mr. Henry M. Burrows in the coroner's office.

Another branch of the McCants family resided in the Cedar Swamp section of this county, and were born in the last years of the last century, or at the beginning of the present one. Of these there was a brother Robert and sisters Sarah and Janie McCants. Mr. McCants moved into Charleston district, and settling above the old Bigham Church, opened a house of entertainment on the great thoroughfare road to the city of Charleston. Sarah married a Mr. McLaughlin, a carpenter by trade, who dying, left four children, Eveline, Thomas, Robert and Henry. Henry moved into Darlington district and has done well. Her daughter, Eveline, of remarkable intelligence, married Mr. John James Burrows, in White Oak, and hence are the families of William Salters Burrows and our accommodating, social, mechanical and intellectual Henry M. Burrows, it is no wonder he won his first public race and became our county coroner in 1892. He is worthy of the position and no doubt intelligently and correctly performs his duties, however unpleasant some of them may be and complicated the causes which induced the death of the person lying before him. He is now considered an expert officer and probably will be retained in office.

After the death of Mr. McLaulin, the widow married Mr. John Murphy, who was a noted gunsmith and a mechanic in the useful trade of sharpening saw gins, making running gear for the machines, and also framing and putting up cotton presses, lately introduced in the district. They had three sons, John, Calvin and Robert, the latter alone survives, and he is our indefatigable Robert A. Murphy, residing two miles below Kingstree, whose well of water near the public road with its horse trough, its easy drawing, and gourd dipper under the shelter over the well, are very inviting and accommodating to the travelers, who ought to reciprocate these favors. Their two daughters, Sarah and Mary, were of great beauty, and James L. Brown, living in sight of his Uncle Robert Murphy, is a son of the former. He, too, is a mechanic. The other McCants sister married Mr. Abner Brown, and raised one daughter and five sons, and besides a granddaughter and grandson of the Patterson name. Old Mrs. Jinnie Brown was the most remarkable woman, a pattern of industry and economy,

who fully filled the sphere of household and housewifery. Possessed of a fine memory and powers of observation, it was amusing and profitable, too, to be in her society and to hear her narrate the funny incidents as they were made in her girlhood days.

She had her breakfast at candle light, and while awaiting the readiness of the family, the johnnycake board held the centre of the hearth of the hall fire, supported by smoothing irons, while much of the other portions of the breakfast meal were placed near the fire to keep them hot. Her dishes were clean and glossy, her tin pans bright and shining white, her piggins and hand tubs and water buckets, made of red cedar at home, showed the waste of the wood between the wooden hoops caused by the frequent scrubbing. The floor of her house had not a greasy spot, as it was wiped over every daw and at other times scrubbed with the scouring brush, made of shucks with a long pine handle, and so oft repeated, in the absence of any floor carpet or cover, that the heads of the nails driven into it were raised above the level. At her door steps a shuck mat was placed at the bottom and a rug was placed on the door step, and you were expected to scrape and wipe until there was a sign of nothing on your shoes before you entered the house.

Old Mrs. Jimmie Brown is held in sacred remembrance, as Sam and Sarah had just fixed up their first habitation when this good old friend, in company with old Mrs. Esther McCottry, sisters-in-law, each in their own old chairs, came riding up to their house, bringing as a present to them, a new and most beautiful table brush made of the gaudy feathers of a peacock, and among other things, a hen with twelve little chickens, thus intending to give them a start in this life. They felt proud, as indicating that friendship which never received a blur in after life, and the rising fortune looming up before their delighted visions.

Old Mrs. Jimmie Brown raised one daughter, who married Robert J. Patterson at Kingstree, and five sons, William, Asa, Dickey, Robert and Permenas. To be with these boys was one of the treats of this life. Interesting in their descriptions of persons and things and jovial at all times, they were the fun-makers in our society. They all left families, except the youngest, who moved away in the early part of his life.

Old Mrs. Esther McCottry was highly esteemed. The neatness of her household, and the preparations of a sumptu-

ous and inviting table, was the talk of the community. She left an only son, Robert Friendly McCottry.

Such friends and kind considerations as those of old Mrs. Jinnie Brown and old Mrs. Esther McCottry, were also had in the friendship of old Mr. William Camlin, elder of the Williamsburg Presbyterian Church and neighbor, and of his family, acting a neighbor's part to young beginners. Of their children, Hon. William S. Camlin, who was elected to our Legislature, and their descendants are also in the families of William D. Terry and Capt. Samuel Crapps, in Anderson Township, in this county.

Among our money lenders were such men as are here written: At Indiantown was old Mr. Benjamin Britton, of large estate, and at his death his widow, and their two sons, Thomas M. and F. Marion Britton, and their daughter, Mrs. Ann D. Carraway, were well settled in life. At Black Mingo, Mr. Cleland Belin, succeeding in the mercantile business and flat bottom boats, running Black Mingo Creek with bales of cotton to Georgetown and the farmers' freights back, left his two daughters at his death in easy circumstances, as are seen to-day in the children of Dr. Byrd, of Scranton, and George Graham, of Indiantown. Also at Black Mingo was old Mr. Thomas McConnell, who dying without any immediate heirs, left the bulk of his large estate and an elegant residence to his niece, Miss Maggie McConnell, who marrying Col. E. H. Miller in 1838, they began life with the highest prospects. This old gentleman did not forget the other children of his brother, and left personal property to young Thomas McConnell, in White Oak, and to Misses Mary and Eliza, his sisters, who married Capt. John F. D. Britton and Mr. John B. Miller respectively. He also bequeathed a yearly dower to Mrs. Big Thomas McConnell and her half sister, Miss Mariah McConnell, who married Mr. Samuel V. King, of Georgetown.

Mr. Lemuel W. Nesmith, of Turkey Creek, rendered much assistance in the money line to his friends and neighbors. Old Mr. James McFadden, on Cedar Swamp, could not resist the importunities of his rich friends and relatives in Sumter district, and hence much of his money was carried away by the Sumter people, yet we managed to get some of it. Mr. John A. McCollough was known throughout the district as a monied man. He married Miss Maggie Miller, of Black Mingo, and when he died, his children were considered

wealthy. These possess great moral and Christian traits of character, as are now ostensibly reflected in the popularity and in the elegant and dignified citizen and friend, W. Bennet McCollough, and his brother, John McCollough.

Mr. John D. Eaddy, of Lynche's Creek, when requested to lend money, only asked: "How much you want?"

In the early years of the eighteen hundred fifties, a new spirit of enterprise was infused among our people. Our immense forests of long leaf pines were hitherto unavailable, except to make fence rails, boards made by the whip saw and shingles. There had been but one steam saw mill put up in operation by old Mr. Joseph Scott on Findley and Rutledge bays, and its machinery was a great curiosity, and people came from a distance to look at it and hear the whistle of the engine, being the first ever brought in this part of the district. Now there came down from North Carolina many gentlemen of wealth and experience, who buying much of our pine lands at nominal prices, soon established large turpentine farms and turpentine distilleries. These North Carolinians brought down with them many old turpentine hands and hired many of our strong, ablebodied negro men at prices ranging from \$125 to \$175 a year, and thus money soon became plentiful. Many of these turpentine men settled with us and were good Confederate soldiers in our regiments. After the war these same North Carolinians having credit abroad reassumed the turpentine business and thus supplied hundreds of people in work. These were recruited by other North Carolinians, acting with like results.

We no longer designate them as "Tar Heels." The latter by their thrift and example have overcome our indolence and by their intelligence and fixed principles have subdued our ideas of supposed high blood. Now Williamsburg county has the credit of such North Carolinians or their families living and doing business on her soil, and such are I. F. Carraway, P. H. Bufkin, Isom Hinson, R. P. Hinmant, Gus Haddock, John, James and Edwin Harper, James, William and Walter Bryan, James E. Davis, James Edwards, Edward and Henry B. Johnson, S. B. Newsome, S. W. Mills, Handy Holliman, Samuel Moore, W. I. Lee, R. H. Kellahan, N. G. Pitman, Gus Perkins, E. J. Parker, Jesse Turner, F. Rhem and sons, Capt. Taylor, W. T. Willoughby, Cicero and Hazard Whitfield.

These men have claims on our generosity and we ought to be willing to complement the interests they have among us and appreciate the favors they made to us at a time we were unable to help ourselves. W. K. Lane, Jr., another North Carolinian, was of greatest wealth, backed by an immensely rich uncle in North Carolina, and was of much esteem and benefit around Kingstree. He died in Georgia and left no family. I. R. Lambson was another turpentine man. He was from Maryland, and was a young lawyer of marked ability, and espousing our Confederate cause, received a severe wound in one of its battles. He settled in Williamsburg county and opened a law office at Kingstree, but other more lucrative fields opening around him, he engaged in them and employed his seemingly unlimited means in the interest of his adopted State. Besides, he was true and foremost in our Democratic ranks, and spared neither time nor money to elevate its standard. A man of deep thought and patriotism, he was chosen our Democratic county chairman, which position he held and carried us safely through our Hampton campaign in 1876. After serving us in our legislative halls in Columbia, he declined in health and died without leaving a family.

At one time many of our native young men essayed to enter into the turpentine business, but none seemed to succeed except Sam Peter Brockinton, now engaged in the mercantile business in Kingstree in his large and commodious new store on Academy street, and B. Wallace Jones, who has established a reputation as a great cotton buyer in Lake City, in connection with his mercantile business. In late years Lake City has grown to great mercantile importance, and hence it is now the principal city of our county. None has effected this distinction more than Mr. Samuel M. Askins, who settling there when it was only Graham's Cross Roads of no pretensions, has had the satisfaction of remarking its yearly elevation. His wholesale and retail stores are well supplied with goods. Here all country produce find a ready and profitable market. The purchase of cotton at city prices in cash or merchandise amounts to thousands of bales during the year, being 3,490 in one season. Mr. Samuel M. Askins is a native of an adjoining county, yet Williamsburg claims him as her own, as in addition to his sterling worth his mother was born and raised in this county, whose maiden name was Miss Annie

Hewitt, than of whose family we never had a greater one in the enjoyment of a good name.

Just after the close of our war, Mr. William H. Kennedy, of Sumter county, came down into Williamsburg on a visit, and admiring one of her fair daughters, won his suit and led Miss Julia Scott, the accomplished daughter of our noble Capt. John E. Scott, to the hymenial altar. Mr. Kennedy settled among us, and was soon recognized as a bold champion of the right, and was ever in the lead by words and acts in its establishment. He bought the McCrea old plantation and erected thereon a handsome residence and commodious stores, and has made a success in life, being now rich and independent, acquired alone by the knowledge and practice of his profession. Capt. Kennedy is known everywhere as a first-class merchant. He has an interesting family of girls whom he has highly educated.

To refer to our young merchants in a second notice, after an extended one of Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Askins, is not to cast insinuations of their superior claims to our consideration. Mr. Brockinton and Mr. Jones are too well and favorably known to ask any preferred marks in their behalf. We can only anticipate their rising steps in the future, the one inherited sublimity of thought and imprints of honest acts, the other inherited enabling characteristics of the old Cockfield families, whose mother was of that name and stock, full of energy and of decided preferences and pluck to uphold and maintain them. Besides these two mercantile gentlemen we have another merchant in the person of John McClary Nixson, who resides four miles below Kingstree on Boggy Swamp, in an elegant residence erected by him, as also his large mercantile store house. He inherited his intelligence from his deceased father, John A. Nixson, and his superior business management from his mother, who was a descendant of the old Revolutionary John McClary.

Among the many North Carolinians settled among us, none holds a higher place in our affections than William J. Lee, who came to this State before the war and engaged in the turpentine business, which was then in its infancy in Williamsburg county. At the close of the war he moved into Kingstree and immediately began the improvement of the uninviting town, by building new store houses and residences. Possessed of pleasant manners and of decisive and outspoken

political preferences, he was soon the distinguished town officer, merchant and interesting and energetic townsman in business relations.

A few years ago Mr. Lee formed a copartnership with the most wealthy and enterprising Richard H. Kellahan, another native of North Carolina, and buying out the Coleman Hotel, soon Mr. Lee surprised the people with the improvements and preparations for entertainment in their late purchase. As a hotel keeper, Mr. Lee cannot be surpassed, as is often expressed by drummers for large mercantile houses in cities. We countrymen readily consume a fifty cent dinner, and more so when a "blind tiger" has been found, before seating ourselves around the inviting table, which being done, the accommodating attendants are kept on the watch during the process, and accept a wink as we rise, which being interpreted, means a drink the first chance we have.

Notwithstanding the general courtesies of the proprietors of the hotel, yet this writer has observed a degree of affection which is shown when two North Carolinians meet. This is as it should be, we are attached to those who first breathed the same air with us, as we shouted our advent at birth and imbibed the first impressions made on our minds in the same family or community. All early associations are ever prominent before our astonished eyes and we love our early friends because they loved us.

Such are the affections seen in far off Arkansas among the South Carolinians. Minto W. McGill, residing in that State, during his visit to Williamsburg county, his native place, made in 1880, said, so great is our endearments to each other that we go to see a new South Carolinian settler twenty or thirty miles away, even in adjacent counties, and if only ten or fifteen miles away, we carry our families. So they are South Carolinians is all we want to know, and so great is our spirit of nationality that we try to support the same ticket at elections without any grumbling.

There was the firm of Cooper Bros., composed of William J. B., John M. and Geo. S. Cooper, who owning large tracts of forest lands into which no turpentine axe had yet been laid, these gentlemen engaged in the turpentine business. At this time, 18—, spirits of turpentine commanded remunerative prices, but in a few years the price declined, and Mr. William J. B. Cooper dying, this firm was dissolved. Another firm of

Cooper Bros., sons of W. J. B. Cooper, named Hugh M., James F. and Thomas Cooper, who purchasing the old and commodious White Oak Church, began in mercantile business in connection with their extensive cotton and corn plantations, and to which they added by purchase old Mr. James McFadden's Cedar Swamp plantation. This firm has yearly increased its trade. In addition to their untarnished reputation as merchants and business men, they are professed Christians.

Dr. John F. Brockinton, already mentioned in this narrative, whether considered as a doctor, planter, steam mill or turpentine man, made life a success, and never experienced a serious failure. In these successes he was aided by his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Brockinton. These two noble personages were the parents of our Joseph E. Brockinton, who inherited their qualities of head and heart, and personified their energy and go-ahead progressiveness, but perhaps a little more so. Who in Williamsburg county has never seen or been in Joe Brockinton's company, has lost the treat of his life. If you ask of him a bone he will certainly give you a fish, as was exemplified when the publication of this narrative was told to him, he instantly replied: "I'll take two copies." When told that the price of the book may be five dollars a book, he as quickly said: "Well, I'll take two copies at these figures," but when told that there might be a necessity to put the book at \$10 per copy, he instantly declared, "I can't take but one book." The conclusion is friend Joe is good for \$10 on the book.

It was during the year of 1856, that a new era in the history of old and famous Williamsburg district dawned. Now it was that Mr. Joseph E. McKnight, of the manor born, a younger brother of the early lamented Hon. A. Isaac McKnight, of wonderful gifts and accepted usefulness in our legislative halls and at the bar of our judicial courts, introduced a printing press in Kingstree, and edited "The Kingstree Star." His office was situated below Staggers' Hotel, on the main street leading down to Kingstree bridge across Black River. It was a plain building, known as the house of Mr. Solomon, possessing no outside attractions, but as Mr. McKnight evidenced unusual intellectual endowments and was of fine educational advantages, the people of the district flocked into his office to see a printing press. All was new to us, and while we were reading, admiring and complimenting the first issue of The Kingstree Star, the printer, Mr. R. C.

Logan, yet at his desk, turned to us and said: "Gentlemen, subscribe to your district paper."

Hon. A. Isaac McKnight deserves more than a passing notice of him. He was a graduate at Davidson College, North Carolina, along with John M. and Robert M. Cooper, brothers, and with C. Chalmers Barr, all of the Indiantown community. McKnight studied law and soon became a lawyer. He settled in Kingstree, built a convenient residence on Academy street in 1850. He was fluent of speech, and everywhere was received as a gifted and intelligent man. Indeed, our late Col. N. Gustavus Rich, who in his best days was our authority in law, our model in ethics and representative of the good and the wise, used to say, that the Barrineau family of people was the most intelligent family he had observed in Williamsburg, his adopted home. It can safely be said that Mr. Isaac Barrineau, who resided on Santee, was a man of means, influence and intelligence. These qualities are apparent in his descendants, William G. McKnight, a brother of our honored and heroic A. Isaac, in the children of the Hon. Samuel E. Graham, renowned for his patriotism, now reflected by Dr. Isaac W. Graham and his brother, John J. Graham, in the children of Mr. J. P. Gamble, and in the family of Mr. C. Chalmers Barr, deceased. Among them is our intellectual giant and possessor of many social endearments which he unconsciously exhibits to his friends wherever they are received in the company of George S. Barr.

The printer of "The Kingstree Star," Mr. R. C. Logan, then a young man and native of Sumter district, and of distinguished family connections, was early associated with the printing press. He married a daughter of the Hon. Joseph Scott, of Kingstree. He became concerned in the best interest of this district, and our people have not been slow to recognize him for his high tone as a gentleman, for his intelligence and his faithful discharge of the duties of commissioner of equity, to which office he was elected at Columbia. Who of us doesn't experience a thrill as we meet him in the street and receive the cordial shake of his extended hand, and observe his impassioned feelings at the recital or intimation of the present disturbed condition of the affairs of our State, and his tearful eyes at the distress of his friends in their sad and irretrievable losses of life time. Following Mr. Logan, then came his three brothers, G. Washington, Texas B. and Calhoun Logan.

They were well received, and became interested in the perpetuation of "The Kingtree Star."

"The Kingtree Star" had collapsed during the war, but was revived when peace was restored, with excellent prospects of success. Messrs. Samuel W. Maurice, R. C. Logan, James H. Heyward, Herbert S. Cunningham and E. Girardeau Chandler managed its editorial columns. During all that time Mr. Calhoun Logan was steadfast at the printer's desk, and in which occupation he is now engaged as printer of "The County Record," a weekly newspaper started and edited by Mr. R. C. Logan in 1885 at Kingtree. As a business he clings to his printing trade, and being retired in his manners he seldom mixes up in a crowd. He is only seen in the street after his day's work, when he amuses his friends by a recital of the events of a day as observed by him from his office window.

At another time, he can be seen with fishing tackle wending his way to the river to engage in the fisherman's most pleasing amusement. Mr. Calhoun Logan was a gallant soldier in our Confederate war and was closely allied with Junius E. Scott, son of Capt. John E. Scott. In all their battles in Virginia, they fought side by side. He was near by when his friend, in a fight around Petersburg in 1864, received a serious wound in his breast. However, Scott lived and became a prisoner, his life being spared by Providential act, the enemy's bullet being diverted from his heart by first striking an old volume and other papers carried in the pocket of his old Confederate jacket.

Black River has ever been noted for its fine trout, blue bream and other fish. Its sequestered nooks near Kingtree, long have been a favorite resort for fishermen. Here the water is deep and its surface unruffled only by the play of the many fish, as they leap up into the air or swim along the shallow edges. The shore is gentle in its descent and its sandy banks, amid the cool, dark and gloomy shades of the iron wood tier, with its festoons of moss hanging low, and gently waving to the whispering winds, invite the retreat of the fisherman, the poet and the philosopher. Here John Rich and Calhoun Logan at different periods, desirous of ease, amusement and mental recreation, sat, angled and philosophized. Antecedent to these two was Maj. John Harllee, the eldest brother of the Harllee family at Marion Court House, who disengaged from school keeping over the river and land sur-

veying, of which he was of prominence and teacher of many young surveyors in this county, sought Kingstree village to spend his holidays at this fishing spot to catch fish. Tho' fond of all kinds of fish, he claimed the cat fish stew as his favorite dish, and on a certain occasion he fixed up his cat lines and soon he was at the fishing ground. Quickly he hooked a large trout, which pleased him much, as he said to a friend standing near by: "Isn't he a noble fellow. By jucks, he'll do." Feeling sure of his prize he brought him up, and when about to gill him, the trout made a desperate flounce with his tail, broke the line and soon disappeared. This bad luck did not long disturb the old gentleman's first conclusions about his trout, as he thus philosophized at the unexpected turn in the affair, as he said: "Go, go; I'll call for you at another time. To-day I am fishing for cats, and when I go a catin', I go a catin'."

In 1857 the track of the North Eastern Railroad was completed to Kingstree and the company established a depot at the crossing of the public road near the Kingstree branch. For many months a railroad box car was used for the depot, and Peter B. Mouzon was appointed agent, which position he ever held till his death. New life was infused among the people and there was much rejoicing. One of our old citizens, having an eye to the economy of our fathers, remarked, "Charleston is now too convenient; we must have a beefsteak every day for dinner." The railroad advantages were so apparent, perhaps more so in the purchase of plantation implements, which eventually shut off many wood and blacksmith shop , once considered a necessity in every neighborhood. Now there was a market for our poultry and eggs, and any produce not needed on the plantations. Great quantities of beef cattle were shipped down to Charleston, to the great relief of cattle owners, who when driving them down generally lost a few in the Santee swamp. Williamsburg was considered a stock raising district, and it was not unusual for one man to own seventy-five or one hundred head in his home range for cattle, while such stock raisers as Samuel, John and William Tisdale, brothers, marked in one spring a number of calves, besides many calves of their home stock, and the firm of William Lifrage on Black river, and Samuel E. Graham on Santee, marked jointly a very large number of calves at one time.

The year preceding our memorable Secession Ordinance

Williamsburg district was exercised over the introduction of two Yankee schoolmasters into our schools by some of our most prominent citizens as made by Dr. James Bradley and Mr. John A. Gordon. Dodd and Hamilton were their names, and while they may have been silent through policy on the slave question, now in disputation, yet we looked on all Yankees with more or less suspicion. They were watched, and soon they became apparently offensive, and steps were taken to make them fly the country. After receiving their orders to leave, one of the teachers, Mr. Dodd, called on an old native teacher at his home, whom he had before met, and after disclaiming any evil intention and declaring his innocence of the preferred charges, he asked this old teacher to interpose in his behalf. Moved with a "fellow feeling," this would-be friend met a large crowd of indignant citizens, on a designated day, assembled in the court house at Kingstree. The old native teacher undertook to appease the tumultuous cry against these foreigners, but he was soon silenced by his friends, being led in person by Dr. James S. Brockinton, who was quickly supported by Dr. S. D. M. Byrd with his Graham X Road company, and all that was now left for the old native schoolmaster to do was to hasten to tell Mr. Dodd to get away in a hurry. The following fall, at the general election, Drs. Byrd, and Brockinton, now household words, were sent to our Legislature at Columbia, while Dr. Jos. A. James, being solicited and urged to represent the conservative element of the Williamsburg people, was overwhelmed by the large majority vote cast in favor of Byrd and Brockinton.

Dr. S. D. M. Byrd is a native of Darlington county, and coming down into Williamsburg when quite a young man, at the beginning of his medical career, he located at Graham's X Roads. He married a daughter of our esteemed N. Myers Graham of Scranton. He was soon distinguished in his profession, and in his usefulness as a citizen, and a bold defender of Southern rights as were then entertained. Of commanding appearance and of high tone in mind and address, he was prominent and foremost in our Hampton campaign in '76 in the dethronement of the rule and ruin policy of the Radicals as flourished in South Carolina. The people of this county were solicitous in his preferment, and soon honored him with the highest political position in their gift. He is yet a terror among evil doers, and his name is a synonym

of courage, honesty and intelligence throughout his beloved State.

Dr. James S. Brockinton, a native of this county, was graduated in the Medical College of South Carolina in 1851, and settling in Kingstree and forming a copartnership with his brother, Dr. John F. Brockinton, already located there, he was soon ingratiated in the affections of all the people. His devotion to his profession, his social qualities, his integrity of character and honesty of purpose, and his readiness and willingness to do good ever bearing date to the day of his death. He left his family in easy circumstances—a widow of unsurpassed graces and refinement and children of rich inheritance, as are seen in Mrs. Thomas M. Gilland and Rev. Mrs. W. S. Martin, and his only surviving son, Dr. W. V. Brockinton, at Kingstree, whose usefulness adds to the importance of that time-honored town.

Dr. Joe Allston James was born in Sumter county, and graduating in medicine in Charleston, he early came down into Williamsburg in pursuit of a location, and was quickly recognized among us, chief of whom was Col. William Cooper of Indianstown, who had been coeval with this young doctor's father, and who offered board and other assistance. In due time Dr. James married Miss Sarah Baxter McCutchen, daughter of Mr. Hugh McCutchen, thus enabling him to settle among us. He purchased the elegant, extensive and desirable plantation on White Oak. The people, remembering the records of the James family as the pioneers of this country, the heroic deeds of Maj. John James in the old Revolutionary War and the judicial services of his son, Judge W. D. James, this young doctor's grandfather, he was gladly received and compliments given and returned. Dr. James' manners bespoke his birth, his affability with his immediate friends, and his medical knowledge, coupled with his intelligence, made him the pride in his circle of friends. In our war he was a surgeon, and being of prominence he rose to a division surgeon, and remained at his post to the end of our struggle. In our different political crises he was not a successful candidate, ever adopting Henry Clay's motto, "I would rather be right than President of the United States." Dr. James removed to Cheraw, and there has a fine line of practice around him and is very popular as a physician. His children are of marked ability, and while there are promises in

Willie D. James as a planter, and Joseph A. James, Jr., as a railroad man, in the interim the Williamsburg people are anxiously and confidently awaiting the promotion of his son, J. Capers James, into that elevated seat in the judiciary which his forefather held with much satisfactory mental ability.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES, ACTUAL AND TRADITIONAL—APPENDIX, 1805—LOST NAMES—THE M'GILL FAMILIES—A DANCE IN KINGSTREE, 1805—MARRIAGE OF SAMUEL M'GILL AND MARY ANN SANDERS—THE GROOM AND BRIDE'S HORSEBACK TRIP TO BRUNSWICK, GA.—\$500 IN CASH, AND TWO AFRICAN SLAVES AND THEIR CHILDREN—IN 1819 GAVIN JAMES DIES AND BEQUEATHS HIS PROPERTY TO HIS NIECE, MRS. MARY ANN M'GILL—THE NEGROES, CAROLINA AND LUCY, AND THEIR CHILDREN, CAIN SCOTT AND GUS M'GOTHY, CLAIMANTS—IN 1848, CAROLINA, THEN AN OLD MAN, LIVES WITH HIS YOUNG MASTER, GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF HIS REVOLUTIONARY RECORD WITH HIS OLD MASTER, AND HOW HE GOT LUCY FOR HIS WIFE—CONCLUSION: RECENT VISIT TO THE INDIANTOWN PRESBYTERIAN GRAVE YARD, AND REFLECTIONS THEREON—THE AUTHOR'S JERUSALEM AS HIS NATIVE HOME—TRIBUTES TO HIS WIFE.

Historical sketches, actual and traditional, relative to the early settlement of Williamsburg district, as have been narrated, are attempted to be given with such speculations as the circumstances seem to warrant.

After the first permanent settlement of the city of Charleston, made in 1680, it is reasonable to conclude that many other immigrants, actuated by representation of the delightful climate and the thrift everywhere visible, followed their friends from "across the water" and extended their farms of rice, indigo and tar kilns up to Goose creek, and perhaps

to the bluffs of the Santee river. Beyond this river nothing of the country was known. A spirit of adventure seized upon two of their young men, who, providing themselves with guns, ammunition, hatchet and frying pan, crossed over the Santee river and explored the country lying between this river and the great Pee Dee river, passing through the heart of our present Williamburg county, as is supposed. We can imagine their friends' surprise when they returned and described the whole country lying between these rivers as "one impenetrable swamp." 'Tis likely these two adventurers blazed their way through two large bays of thickest and heaviest growth of trees, vines, etc., beginning four miles below our present Kingstree town and extending several miles to the present Cade station on the North Eastern railroad, as shortly afterwards two gentlemen of means, named Finley and Rutledge, attempted to reclaim these bays, as their canals and smaller ditches therein are yet discernible. Nothing is known of the results of their enterprise amid this trackless wilderness, only their names are left us in Finley and Rutledge bays. These two bays are separated by a bank of sand, densely covered with magnificent oak and hickory growth, called the Inlet, it being a hundred yards or more in width and a mile or more in length. The elevation of this Inlet makes it desirable for residences which would command full views of both bays when brought under cultivation. The waters of Finley bay course their way into Broad Swamp through W. P. McGill's plantation, and a lower portion of the land of that bay is now in cultivation by Joseph E. Brockinton and Alonzo W. Flagler, while the waters of Rutledge bay from the source of the principal branch of the Lake Swamp and some of the lands are in successful operation by John Frierson, Eli Sauls and the Newsom lands around Cade's railroad station, where a slight elevation begins and extending and increasing eastward, forms the beautiful sandy loam ridge where J. Peter Epps resides and cultivates these lands. All the lands lying on the west side of these bays, reaching to Broad Swamp, a mile away, are of great fertility, and those unreclaimed and yet in their primitive state, afford the richest grasses, said to be equal to western prairies for stock raising.

The eastern bank of Finley bay was brought to a state of cultivation in the first years of the present century, by Mr. John Mathews, called Primrose Mathews, to distinguish his

name from long John Mathews. If we may judge from the many old ditches as now seen along the public road, he had great energy at that time. He married Miss Susan McGill, and their spirit has been descended to their posterity, as marked in the children of Mr. Joseph Scott, Samuel G. McClary and Samuel McGill Mathews. The eastern bank of Rutledge Bay constitutes the sandy ridge lying between this bay and the White Oak Swamp, and being of easy cultivation, they are in that state at present. The crops as grown by Henry Williamson, Stephen B. Rodgers and John P. McElveen and some colored people, bespeak the fertility of these sandy soils under proper treatment, chiefly the plantation of Mr. Williamson.

The year 1732 marks the era in which the first permanent settlement was made in our Williamsburg county. This was done by a colony of Scotch Irish Presbyterians, who, crossing the Atlantic Ocean, and passing the Georgetown bar, ascended Black River, and landed at Potatoe Ferry. Ignorant of their destination, these people sent out a company of men to explore the country and decide upon a place to settle. The high and dry lands around Kingstree was selected. Returning to their friends, the colony set out on their journey of twenty or thirty miles through the wild, trackless wilderness. We have heard of them on this journey, sending ahead the most hardy of their men to blaze the way and to fell trees across ponds, branches and swamps several hundred yards wide, on which logs their wives, children and the old men and women crossed. Sometimes these engineering pioneers would be some distance in the advance. Those in the rear would be left in doubt and fear. The following incident relative to their condition was told by one of the Wilson matrons of the company, and which has been handed down by her descendants to the late Dr. David E. Wilson, and told by him. The old lady thus described the situation: "When we were out of sight of the foremost men we would 'whoop' to find out where they were, and pricking our ears, we got their answers as they hellowed back to us, 'Follow the bleezes.'" Even now we can draw mental pictures of them with their clothes swung across their shoulders and their babies on the backs of the older children, assisted by the old and infirm left behind as their conductors and "following the bleezes."

A short time after these people had been housed either by poles or in clay houses, there was a funny incident connected with their adventures among the wolves and bears sneaking about, which will bear repetition to those familiar with the story, and create a smile from those who never heard it. It was early morning when a whole family of these immigrants were thrown into fearful alarm, as a young bear was discovered in the yard. After much ado, they succeeded in killing the animal. In the midst of their jollifications, a neighbor arrived, dispelled the joy and quieted their boasting display of heroism as claimed, when he told them it is only a big he possum they had killed.

History (Dr. Howe's) makes mention of this colony, and other small colonies coming over in 1734, and again in 1745. 'Tis probable some of these settled and strengthened the Kingstree colony, while many more, actuated by a spirit of further adventure and charmed with the fertility of the hammocks of land lying along the banks of many large swamps, settled plantations on what are now known as Cedar, Paisley, Boggy Indiantown, Mingo and Lake Swanips and Lynche's Creek. In 1760, these primitive settlers, living many miles apart, in the midst of dens of wild beasts, organized a church society, and built the Indiantown Presbyterian Church. The following names are among the founders of that church, viz.: Maj. John James, Robert and David Wilson were its first elders. The male members of the original organization were William Cooper, Sr., and William Cooper, Jr., Robert McCottry, Robert Dick, John Gordon, James Daniel, Roger McGill, George McCutchen, George Barr, Thomas McCrea, John James and Robert Witherspoon, and some twelve or fifteen others whose names are not given.

#### REVOLUTIONARY WAR ITEMS.

We next hear of these grand old sires during the time of the great Revolutionary war. No doubt many of them yet loved old England, probably desired to retain their allegiance to the mother country. It is presumed they acted under such feelings when they sent one of their number, John James, down to Georgetown, then garrisoned by the British, to present their sentiments before they would openly and defiantly revolt from the English government, and have recourse to

arms. James hastened, presented himself to the commander of the post at Georgetown and explained the object of his mission. When told the conditions, he replied by saying, the men I have the honor to represent will not submit to such terms; when the officer replied: "What you represent, you d— rebel; I'll have you swing up to the mast of my ship." Here John James hastily arose, brandished his chair over the head of the officer, who wore a sword, and going out at the back door and mounting his horse, he was soon out of reach.

After the surrender of Charleston to the British in May, 1780, Francis Marion and Peter Horry escaped out of the enemy's line, pulled through Charleston district, and crossing over the Santee River, Horry continued on over into the country lying beyond the Pee Dee River, while Marion stopped in Williamsburg county. Here he was active and persevering among the Scotch-Irish and Huguenot settlements and quickly raised five volunteer companies within her domain. Soon these companies organized and selected the following officers, viz.: Capt. John James, of the Lake; Capt. McCottry, Capt. Conyers, Capt. Mouzon and Capt. McCauley. They chose John James, of Indiantown, as their major, and thus history records two John Jameses, the one at Indiantown, the other at the Lake, eight or ten miles distant. They were cousins, and the latter John and his four brothers were Marion's scouts. It is not recorded what official positions Col. Brown and Col. Gordon held in Marion's little army.

Soon these five companies were in the open field of battle, and tho' General Marion was unable to take possession of the country, yet he checked Col. Tarleton, the British officer, in devastating the whole country and burning houses, not even sparing our churches, which Tarleton denominated "Sedition Shops." The British were harassed day and night by these patriot bands and fired into and killed and wounded in swamps and covert places. Skirmish battles were fought all along the roads. It seems Tarleton was a wily officer, and our men could not easily entrap him, though no doubt he often cursed Marion as a wily swamp fox, as he could not surround him, but was attacked by him in places least suited for an engagement, thus rendering the deployment of the British superior army unavailable, superior in numbers, in guns and ammunition and other military equipages. Our men had the pluck to

defend their homes, and devotion to their country's cause, then bleeding by the orders of Lord Cornwallis issued to the commanders of his various posts just after their victory in the battle at Camden in August of this year.

The subjugation of Willianisburg district throughout its length and breadth, extending from Lynche's creek to Santee river, seems to have been the supreme determination of Col. Tarleton, acting under Lord Cornwallis. Her citizens had exhibited a unanimous and decisive spirit of rebellion. Over Black river there were many encounters with the enemies, and that at Wiboo swamp, as given by Judge James in his life of Gen. Marion, is copied verbatim: "By one of his rapid marches he (G. I. Marion) met Watson at Wiboo, about midway between Nelson's and Murray's ferry, and at this swamp commenced his arduous contest with Watson. Col. Peter Horry was placed in advance at the swamp, while the General, with his cavalry and remainder of his brigade, amounting to about four hundred men, lay in reserve. Horry made considerable impression on the Tories in advance, but Watson, with two field pieces at the head of his column of "regulars," dislodged him from the swamp, and the Tory cavalry, under Harrison, pursued. As they advanced, Gavin James, a private of gigantic size and spirit, mounted on a large, strong gray horse, and armed with a musket and bayonet, threw himself in their way. He first deliberately fired upon the column, and one man fell. The causeway was narrow, and this occasioned a pause, in which a volley was fired at him without effect. One dragoon advanced, and was struck off his horse by the bayonet. A second came to his aid and shared a like fate. In falling, he laid hold of the musket near the muzzle to jerk it away, and James dragged him forty or fifty paces."

History also records other heroism of the five brothers of the Jameses as being Marion's men, first in battle and last in the retreat.

Judged by the following story, Major John James was the one man of whose life the Tories were bent on despoiling. After his rescue from impending death made by his friends, he exercised great caution in every future visit to his wife and children by keeping his horse saddled and hitched at the door of his dwelling. He was at home, and observed by the Tories, who, taking off the cover of the Indiantown swamp bridge and placing themselves between his house and the

swamp, supposed they had Major James this time. But James, too, observed them, and mounting his horse he dashed away, and coming to the bridge, his only way of escape, he and his horse leaped from butment to butment, being twenty-five or thirty feet over the channel, and thus escaped the clutches of the Tories, who were in full pursuit, but were impeded by the obstructions they had made which the Major overleaped.

There is a story of a woman's spirit of resistance of offended modesty, as follows:

At one time, the British was encamped in and around Mr. Witherspoon's house and plantation at the Lower bridge, spanning Black river at this place. Now it happened that Miss Witherspoon, whose father was with Marion and his men, had to endure the presence of the enemies. She was the beloved of our Capt. Conyers, and perhaps his affianced bride. Often, if not daily, this daring, courageous and now insulted officer would show himself at the head of the Witherspoon avenue or along its path and wave to his sweetheart. A British officer, observing this as a challenge, and fearing Capt. Conyers and his men in ambush, spoke disparagingly to her of her lover, when she, in a disdainful manner said to him, as Conyers stood on his charger in defiance in the avenue, without a comrade and in full view, "Don't talk to me; go meet him, you coward." There is one item bearing on Maj. John James as a terror to the Tories which infested the country and caused the patriots to use severe means to keep them away by way of retaliation for ill treatment to families. These Tories came from adjoining sections of country. On one occasion Maj. John James was with his family in his humble house of boards filled in, situated over Indian-town swamp on the Lynche's creek road, when his house was surrounded by Tories and the bullets were lodged in the walls. Instantly he was overpowered by them rushing into the house. Fastening a rope around his neck, they dragged him out under a large mulberry tree in his yard. Just as the Tories were ready to swing the Major to a limb, a small party of his followers came dashing up and fired into the crowd, which scattered in every direction. The bullet holes in his house long remained, and the old tree stood up as a memorial for more than a half century. Up to this time traces of its stump and roots can be pointed out, after the lapse of another half century.

Another story is in the case of Col. James Brown, who was an officer under Gen. Marion, and resided on the Lake swamp. Col. Brown and his company were secreting themselves in White Oak swamp, head waters of Paisley swamp, by which they expected to avoid an attack by the cruel Col. Tarleton. The British officer and his men observed a bright light in the darkness of the night in the direction of Brown's house, and it proved to be his dwelling house burning down, together with everything therein save his family, who had fled for their lives. This was done by Tories from over Lynche's creek, which infested the country and destroyed the property of the starving "Marion's men." In Brown's case the "big pot" was carried away and hidden in a pond near by. These were some of the hardships our patriots endured, who, not daring to encounter the overwhelming British army in open field, succeeded in cutting off their supplies, and heading their skirmishers, they fought them in ambush in every suitable swamp and advantageous position. Thus they fought and endured till the 8th September, 1781, when the great battle at Eutaw Springs was fought, in which, it has been said, all Williamsburg was engaged, and at which, after the battle had been fought all day, our soldiers, composed of our fathers, nearly overpowered with heat and thirst, threw themselves flat pell mell over each other in and around the spring only to get one drink of water to ease their parched tongues and their exhausted bodies. Col. James Brown left two sons, William and Robert Brown, who, with their families, were members of the Indiantown Presbyterian church.

Many places along our roads, byways and in our swamps have been battle grounds, and stained with the blood of our fathers, which, if observed by us, would scarcely receive the tribute of a sigh. Let us hunt up our history in that war as made in Williamsburg, Georgetown and Charleston districts, and thus establish the position of "Marion's men" in the galaxy of the heavens. Many of us are possessed of traditional and reliable items of interest connected with the sufferings of our mothers and the heroism of our fathers that ought to be preserved and put in a tangible form, that we may honor the names engaged in the old Revolutionary War.

The battle of Eutaw Springs was handed down by our people to their descendants of the generation of children in the early years in which this narrative begins.

Old Mr. John McClary, one of the actors of that memorable and bloody day of 8th September, 1781, was an elder of the Williamsburg Presbyterian church, serving in connection with old Mr. William Wilson and old Mr. James Bradley, veterans in that fight. There was a division of sentiment among this trio, and they desired to be unanimous. Old Mr. McClary is reported as saying to them: How can we be on opposite sides when we fought side by side during the whole battle, during the whole day, in different places on the battle ground, whether by our own charges or forced back by the bayonets of our enemy. No, no, replied Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Bradley concurred, using a sentiment somewhat in these words: And to add to the horrors of that day's battle, we were so busy in loading our guns and firing and defending ourselves in the hand to hand fights, that we could not assist our comrades in the fight who, wounded at our sides, are falling under our feet.

Surely such wonderfully heroic deeds, made in the spirit of devoted patriotism, resulting in the liberties we now possess, and surrounding us with blessings and comforts in the enjoyment of a free and independent government, ought not to die in the breasts of their descendants. "Marion's men," commanded by Capt. John James of the Lake, McCottry, Conyers, Mouzon and McCauley, are all supposed to have been there, directed and controlled by Gen. Marion himself, and Maj. John James of recorded valor. Antecedent to this battle these were the people who first settled this district, erected pole huts for their wives and children, cut roads through the boundless wilderness, made bridges across the streams of water, and built churches and court houses.

Oh, let us form associations and meet on the Eutaw battle ground, celebrate the deeds of our forefathers in joy and thanksgiving.

In the many battles of the old Revolutionary war, with Gen. Marion in the lead, Capt. Henry Mouzon was wounded in one of the last engagements and crippled for life. But surely that wound was not of so great severity and future inconvenience as that experienced by John Fowler Mouzon, his great-grandson, under Capt. S. J. Snowden, Gen. M. C. Butler's brigade, received in our late war of States. Even after thirty years' time elapsing, when seen in the streets of Kingstree, hobbling along on his wooden leg, John Mouzon's crippled condition

excites a willing tear and a regret that Williamsburg county, indebted to the Mouzons, has failed to appreciate his condition in withholding some of the emoluments of a public position, not alone for this misfortune, but for his intrinsic worth as a high-minded gentleman. His father, Samuel R. Mouzon, son of Capt. Henry Mouzon, left three sons, James Laurence, William Covert and Leonard White, by a Miss Nelson, his first wife, and also three other sons, John Fowler, Duncan King and Samuel Ruffin, by his second wife, Miss Martha Fowler Pressley. At this writing the four last named sons still survive.

With the first settlers of Williamsburg, who formed the Indiantown and Ties Lake community, were their companions in arms, in church and social relationship, as were found in the following families, thus: The Barrs, Blakeleys, Buttons, Browns, Burrows, Coopers, Cunninghamis, Daniels, Dicks, Douglas, Gordons, Grahams, Hannas, Haseldens, James, Johnsons, Jollys, Nesmiths, Paisleys, Pressleys, Rodgers, Scotts, Singeltarys, Snowdens, Thompsons, Wilsons, Wither-spoons, McCants, McCulloughs, McCottrys, McCutchens, McCreas, McElveens, McConnells, McFaddins, McGills and the McKnights. Of these families, with the exception of Dicks and Jollys, there are yet representatives in this county, all having distinctive characteristics of their primeval ancestry, as are calculated from what we have heard and see. They have been known in our works, and many have been honored with positions of honor in this county and State, which county their fathers erected from the stump and elevated to the highest niche of social and religious standards.

A sketch of the lives of the descendants of these illustrious forefathers and others of later introduction among us throughout this old and favored district, would be attempted, were it not that this narrative has exceeded in pages beyond the first intention, whereby much that has been written has been necessarily excluded. A pardon is asked for the silence and a promise is given to do so at a more convenient season, if health and circumstances admit of the effort.

Actuated under the apprehension that the privilege of the promise contained in the last sentence may never be granted here below, and appreciating the cordial entertainments and social dispositions of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Cunningham, the present time has solicited their recognition. Mr. Cun-

ningham was connected with the old McElveen and Gordon families, and hence was his pleasantry, and marrying a Miss Gregg of Marion county, a great beauty, refinement and intelligence, raised an interesting family. His attachment to them was remarkable in his constant companionship. His first son, Langdon, studied medicine, and after graduation moved West; his second son, Joseph, also became a doctor, and remained with us, and marrying a Miss Chandler of Sumter, has a family, who no doubt has inherited their father's Christian advantages, as he is now an elder of the Indiantown Presbyterian church. His third son, William, once a pupil of this writer, was killed in our war; his fourth son and youngest of the family, Herbert, married a Miss Brockinton and settled near Kingstree. After editing the "Kingstree Star" for a few years he moved away into the upper or middle portions of our State. Jane was the only daughter of the family, and possessed of charms of person and of mind, and marrying a Mr. Thompson of Clarendon, left her native home.

After the death of Robert Friendly McCottry and his widowed wife, Mrs. Mary Ellen McCottry, and the emigration of Robert McCottry Witherspoon and family into Florida, these names became extinct in Williamsburg district with the first settlers, and associated with Gen. Marion's dashing men in field and swamp, names revered for our Christian elevation and in the embodiment of the causes of our comforts and blessings; names yet cherished for their principles as transmitted in the family of Mr. and Mrs. George Cooper, the mother of one as being of the McCottry stock and name, the mother of the other as of the Witherspoon stock and name. Throughout this State the McCottry name, of which we have ever been proud, is not seen in the affairs of State, but that sadness is somewhat dispelled when at our courts of justice at Kingstree we find Judge I. D. Witherspoon on the bench, a descendant of the Williamsburg first settlers in 1732, and identified with us in the first one hundred years of our history, as we hasten to meet him and give him the right hand of fellowship.

#### LOST NAMES.

On old Mr. Rodger McGill's place, now owned by Percy D. Snowden and Julian Wilson, there is a dam extending across the Indiantown swamp of several hundred yards length,

known as the "McIver" dam, and being judged by the growth of trees as adjudged sixty years ago on both sides of the dam, it had been formerly used in rice culture. On White Oak there is an old field on I. A. Blackwell's place, known as the "Gillespie" old field, and on Cooper Bros'. White Oak place there is "Orr's" old field. This is a fine plantation and most desirable situation. On Black river, ten or twelve miles below Kingstree, there are "Manning" pond, "Sims" reach landing and "Ashby" hill, now owned by James McClary Brown and his aged mother, Mrs. Mary Raffield Brown, who fifty years ago was considered the belle of the country. Their plantations are reckoned among the best in their fertility and elevation above the surrounding tracts of land.

If by any means this paragraph should awake an interest among the descendants of these illustrious names in our State, McIver, Gillespie, Orr, Manning, Sims and Ashby, and establish their identity with the Williamsburg forefathers, the object of this presentation will have been accomplished, and their recognition be accorded, then the fact will be accepted as one of the proud inventions contrived at in this "Narrative of Reminiscences."

At the death of old Mr. Gavin James his name became extinct on the Lake, as his four brothers migrated and settled either in lower Tennessee or upper Alabama or Mississippi, yet at that time there was that name in the Indiantown section. Capt. John James, son of Maj. John James, settled the place where Edward Hanna now resides, while his brother, Samuel James, an old batchelor, resided at his father's old home, and his other brother, Judge W. D. James, lived and died at Stateburg, and is there buried. He was an elder in the Indiantown Presbyterian church, and was an exemplary Christian and neighbor, whose virtues have been attested by old Mr. and Mrs. Samuel McGill. His good wife and three children, together with their brother, Samuel James, are buried in the Indiantown grave yard, and left three sons and three daughters. The eldest son, John James, early married up in Sumter, and there settled. The second son, the Rev. Robert Wilson James, being well educated in his youth in literary and religious courses, chose the ministry as his profession. He traveled into foreign lands, and was attractive in his sermons and his description of the people whom he had visited in heathen countries. In the first years

of his ministry he was pastor in the Indiantown Presbyterian church, in which he had been raised. Afterwards the Salem or Brick church community secured his pastoral services, and there died in the zenith of his youthfulness, being recognized throughout the country as one of prominence in literary and scriptural attainments.

The youngest son, William Ervin James, preferred the home attractions of his father's place, and was devoted to the interest of the Indiantown Presbyterian church, serving as an elder and Sunday school teacher. His first wife was Miss Jane Wilson, oldest daughter of Col. David D. Wilson, who, dying in less than a year, Mr. James married a Miss Ervin of Darlington, and hither he moved in about 1835, followed by his sister, Miss Lavina James, who, being a cripple from early youth, remained with her brother. She was a useful member of the church and Sunday school.

His eldest daughter, Miss Mary, married Mr. Samuel Green of Georgetown, and raised a large and interesting family. Miss Sarah Ann James, the youngest of the family, was very attractive and amiable in her disposition. She was coeval with Miss Mary McCottry McGill; they were neighbors, friends and relatives, and were hardly separated long at a time. In 1834 she acted as bridesmaid to her friend when she married Mr. James G. Burgess, and in a few months afterwards she, too, was led to the hymenial altar by Mr. James Green, brother of Mr. Samuel Green and Dr. Ezra Green, already mentioned. These Greens were well connected, and among others were nephews of Col. David D. Wilson. These two friends, Mrs. Green and Mrs. Burgess, moved to Arkansas with their families at different periods, and in their old age lived in visiting distance.

Five last members of the McGill family of yore. The records made by Roger McGill in his Bible are in these words:

"Hugh McGill was married to Sarah Gordon, 10th June, 1732, and departed this life 30th June, 1755, in the 50th year of his age, and was married 23 years, to Sarah Gordon, his wife.

#### THEIR CHILDREN.

"John McGill was born 1st April, 1734.

"Mary McGill was born 20th January, 1738.

"Jean McGill was born 12th September, 1740.

— “Roger McGill was born 28th August, 1742.  
 “James McGill was born 28th October, 1744.  
 “Samuel McGill was born 12th September, 1747.  
 “Sarah McGill was born 15th August, 1750.  
 “Sarah Dicky departed this life December 24th, 1759,  
 aged 49. This day, July 24th, 1794, taken a true copy and  
 certified by Roger McGill.”

Sarah Dicky, as above, must have been Hugh McGill's widow, and after his death married a Mr. Dicky. The descendants of Roger and Samuel McGill, brothers, are yet in Williamsburg, S. C. And oh, that the birth insertions of the other five children may generate inquiries into these facts and thereby establish the claims of these descendants to their birthrights with the descendants of the old line.

Also in Roger McGill's family Bible are the records of his own family, written in his own handwriting, fully remarkable for the regularity of the births of his nine children, coming into the world every other year:

“Roger McGill, the son of Hugh McGill and Elizabeth Westbury, was married 23rd February, 1767.

#### THEIR CHILDREN.

“Hugh McGill was born 30th December, 1767.  
 “Jean McGill was born 8th September, 1769.  
 “Martha McGill was born 8th August, 1771.  
 “1st Mary McGill (died young) was born 28th May,  
 1773.  
 “Elizabeth McGill (died young) was born 14th January,  
 1775.  
 “Burr McGill (died young) was born 23rd February,  
 1777.  
 “John McGill was born 2nd January, 1779.  
 “Samuel McGill was born 25th February, 1781.  
 “2nd Mary McGill was born 7th January, 1783.  
 “Elizabeth McGill, the wife of Roger McGill, departed  
 this life 24th July, 1787, in child bed of two sons, and they  
 departed the same time.

“No monument her virtues can supply,  
 In the cold grave her fair body lies.”

## APPENDIX.

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In 1805 in a house at Kingstree a dance was in full operation. The girls were on the floor in a line, with their partners before them in another line awaiting their turn in the reel. Just then two strange young men entered the hall, and immediately all eyes were turned on them, because they were shorn of their long cues and their heads cut close. Now a new figure was started at the head of the dance, and there was a balk in the execution of it, and one of the young strangers, seeing this, hastened to get a partner, and taking the head of the dance went through the whole figure.

During this time Miss Mary Ann Sanders, on the floor, turned to her friend, Miss McElveen, on her right, and whispered, "What shave pate men are they?" She being unable to tell, turned to Miss Mary McGill and asked who those two young men were, who replied, the one standing in the crowd is my brother Sam and the other at the head of the dance is my brother John. In the long after years old Mrs. Mary Ann McGill often repeated this circumstance, and added a declaration that John McGill was the best dancer she had ever seen.

These two McGills, having served their seven years' apprenticeship under Col. David Gordon, a house carpenter, were at this time engaged in building houses in Sumter district, and spending much of their time among relatives and friends up there, they seldom revisited their old Indiantown home, now almost deserted by the marriages of the members of the family. Sumter district has ever been spoken of as ahead of Williamsburg district. The new fashion of close cut hair had first been introduced here, and these two young men coming down into Williamsburg were objects of wonder and remarks. They had the credit of the introduction of close cut hair among us, which displaced the long cues of the gentlemen. These cues were neatly plaited and secured at the ends with ribbons and hung down between the shoulders. They were of long standing, and the one fashion of the old English gentry.

In 1806, on 21st August, the marriage of Samuel McGill

and Mary Ann Sanders was solemnized at Samuel Wilson's house on Muddy creek, having Joseph Scott and Miss Nancy McCottry as their waiters, a term now used as groomsman and bridesmaid. Shortly after this the newly married couple received a letter from Mr. John Sanders, the bride's father, who had moved away into Georgia and settled near Brunswick, asking them to visit him. Accordingly they set out on horseback to make this journey of over two hundred miles. When they arrived at Mr. Sanders' home they saw a vast expanse of water. The bride, who before this journey knew only the country lying between Lynche's creek ferry, Muddy creek and Kingstree, said, "It looked like I had got to the end of the world," while the groom in after life declared, "A woman riding on a side saddle on a long journey cannot fail to hurt a horse's back." Here Mrs. McGill met her half brother, Philip Sanders, who was now nearly grown. Her father first married Janie James, who, dying after giving birth to Mary Ann, and her father again marrying and moving away, her daughter was placed under the care and protection of her relatives. In this visit to Georgia to see her father she was given \$500, three bales of cotton, and two young negroes just landed from Africa. They were named Nero and Victoria, and though grown, were of a diminutive stature and were husband and wife. Their importation into Williamsburg district was a new feature, and being the only native Africans in that section of country, Nero and Tory, as they were then called, were interesting objects, and more so in their inability to speak our language; and their two children, Nancy and Sentry, were of superior bodies and mind, due, perhaps, to the care of them in infancy. Besides, they were faithful servants and devout Christians. After the birth of these two children this African couple separated, and Tory marrying a negro man belonging to Capt. John James, a neighbor, with the consent of Nero, sleeping in his own house in another room, raised a large family of negroes, having four children at two births. Indeed, Tory (Victoria) claimed to have been of distinction in her country, as she said she wore grand dresses and gold beads. The names Nero and Tory are familiar ones in their families. Ned Snowden, at Indiantown, now about eighty, alone survives from the original African stock.

A few years after the return of Mr. and Mrs. McGill from

Georgia they were informed of the death of Mr. John Sanders and wife, and following came the news of the death of Philip Sanders, with a notification that Mr. McGill come to Brunswick and claim his property. His answer is characteristic of a McGill, when, remembering his trip in 1806, he said: "I wouldn't undertake that trip for the property." A few years afterwards there came a man direct from Brunswick, and after telling the amount of the little property, as he represented it, got a letter from Mr. McGill giving him the power of an attorney to close up the estate, and that was the last of Philip Sanders' property in Brunswick, Georgia, as far as the McGills were concerned.

Of the other three participants in the Kingstree dance, introduced at the beginning of the appendix, a brief account has been suggested to the mind. Miss Betsy McElveen married Mr. John Price, the famous singing school master, and their descendants formerly lived in this county. Miss Mary McGill married Mr. Bradley of Sumter, and their daughter, Lizzie, married Mr. Harvey Wilson of that section. Their visit to their Uncle Samuel McGill at Indiantown in the early years of his life is yet remembered, and their descendants are living near Maysville. Mr. John McGill was a jolly companion, and fortune smiled on him. He married Miss Selina McClary, living on the Sand Hills above Kingstree when he was in middle age. A few years after the big storm he moved into Alabama and settled in Lowndes county, and there, too, he was prosperous. At his death he left his family in good circumstances. His daughters, Margaret and Louisa, married Mr. May and Mr. Walton, but they have not been heard from since the war.

In 1819 old Mr. Gavin James, the bachelor, residing on the Lake, died, and bequeathed his entire property to his niece, Mrs. Mary Ann McGill, and her children. The land was afterwards sold to Mr. William Brown, who gave it to Mr. James Cooper, his son in law. The large stock of cattle was sold, and Samuel McGill, as usual in his lifetime, was never able to collect the amount, while the negro family, consisting of Carolina and his wife Lucy, with their large family of children, were removed to his home at Indiantown, making quite an acquisition to his estate, as were found in the persons of big Caesar, Jack, Sam, Cain, Tom and Joe, and two daughters, Sue and Betty. These were a remarkably intelli-

gent and civil family, which traits of character have been transmitted to their children, as are seen in the present day, Carolina Brown and his brother, Rev. Ben Brown, sons of Sue, and in Adam and Paul McKnight, sons of Betsy, as also in Tom Burgess' family on White Oak. They have never failed to show affection and kind attention to the members of the McGill family of old and the present generation.

In the years 1848 and '49 Carolina came to live with his young master at the Indiantown academy, who exacted of him the services of waiting man and mill boy on Saturdays. Being a truthful and trustworthy old negro, his young master obtained from him the following items relative to his early life:

During the Revolutionary War he was a good-sized lad, and frequently accompanied his master in the war as waiting boy for the company, and was with them in a few skirmishes in this district. Whenever they met the British or Tories the cry was shouted: "Quarters and no quarters," and here the old man would go through a mimic battle, with his stick as his sword, and repeat the curses of one side, saying, "You d— rebel," and of the other side as shouting at the top of their voices, "Oh, you d— Tory, you d— son of a bitch." It was truly horrifying to see his manoevers as in a battle, and their horses tramping down the wounded and dying. He claimed to have been an actor with his old master, Gavin James, at different times and places, who, he said, by reason of his great frame and strength, came out of the battles with many bruises, but none serious.

In addition to the above probable historical sketches this old man, Carolina, told the story of the manner in which he got Lucy for his wife. Ten or fifteen years after the close of the war, he being fully grown and in vigorous manhood, told his master he wanted a wife, and as a speculator with negro men and women from Virginia was stopping at their house, he asked his master to buy him a wife among the gang. His master kindly told him to select one of the women, and if she was willing to marry him, and was sound and healthy, he would buy her. How he approached Lucy and examined her is as novel as it is funny, and it is enough to say no horse jockey more carefully examined a nag which he was about to purchase than Carolina did the handsome young filly which

he wanted to possess, who reporting favorably in her case, Lucy was purchased and became Carolina's wife.

Of Carolina's offspring there are two of them worthy of special notice. His son Cain became the property of Mr. John T. Scott by marriage into the McGill family in 1826, and Cain moved with the family to Arkansas in 1860. During Republican rule in that State he refused to join the Radicals, but united himself with his white people, whom he never deserted, but voted with them in supporting the Democrats. In last accounts of ten or fifteen years ago Cain was in good circumstances. In this, Williamsburg county, there is Gus McCottry, who was the property of Sidney S. McGill, and after his death in 1848 that of Robert F. McCottry. Many of us are familiar with his services in our Democratic ranks, in which he has been firm, though standing almost alone among his own color. In the McCottry family he was steadfast in his services, and at Mrs. McCottry's death he was not forgotten. Gus McCottry is the son of Betty McKnight, who was the youngest child of Carolina and Lucy.

When the old man Carolina died in 1851 his young master cheerfully paid his funeral expenses, though living twenty miles away, ever feeling grateful to him for his faithful services.

#### CONCLUSION.

The changes, after the lapse of sixty-five years, were observable in a recent visit made by the old man as he crossed over the Indiantown branch at its ford, whose current seemed to have been changed and the steepness and extension of the hills on both sides were barely recognizable. As school boys we had the hill on the church side as our foot race course, leaping over the branch at low water as the terminus, which course must have been between sixty and seventy-five yards. Here, too, we had a springboard to make one jump or leap over a stick resting on crutches, and in the latter performance we sometimes reached the ground in the head foremost condition. After a big rain the branch was our bathing place. One "12 o'clock" we boys were bathing, when the girls came running down towards us, clapping their hands and "soob boyin" at us, expecting to scare us away from our clothes and then run off with them, but in this they were disappointed, as we ran out of the road over the bushes and through the briars

with our clothes in our arms. On one of these occasions an incident occurred which the girls ever modestly and taciturnly remembered till their deaths. The largest boy in school used to go to the McCutchen place to get his dinner, but on this particular day he was with us washing in the branch. The girls, ignorant of his presence, came running down towards us as usual, to scare us, at which this big boy, in a stark naked condition, ran towards them up the hill, when the dear little creatures, turning and screaming, ran through the church yard over the graves, calling for the teacher, "Pray do come to us."

This ford of the Indiantown branch carries a remembrance of its earlier impressions. A dream is connected with that branch, the current of which is flowing and its waters ever clear and transparent. Many years ago this writer, while in the land of the dreamy shades, was wading through this ford, when he saw something glittering in the sand at its bottom. On reaching down it proved to be a silver dollar, and on further investigation any amount of silver dollars and silver half dollars were under his feet and before and behind him. He soon filled all his pockets with the dollars and then filled both hands, and yet there was no diminution of them sparkling at his feet. While thinking of his good luck, he suddenly said, "What if this be a dream?" No, he argued, it can't be a dream, for here are the silver dollars in my hand. I see them and I feel them. Something whispered, it is nothing but a dream. Well, if it is a dream, I'm going to wake up, and I'll have my hands full of the dollars any way. He instantly awoke and his hands were clinched. However, he was not long disconcerted, as awaking his wife and telling her the dream, she laughingly said, "Ain't you sorry it isn't so?" "No, no," he as quickly replied, "it is best that it is so."

In after life similar resorts were made to falsify many dreamy flights, as flying up in the sky, at another time skimming the earth just above the whole family of snakes, or perched up on the bending limb of a tree just beyond the grip of the frothy fangs of a mad dog. Or when dreams were of the most hideous and horrifying character, he forced the conclusion, "it is only a dream," and thereby he awoke just in time to delay a dissolution of soul and body.

Jimmie Gordon's dream, which he told at school one Monday morning among hundreds of funny things, so well

represents the horrors of a bad dream that there seems to be no discretion as to its insertion in this Narrative of Reminiscences. He told this story in his usual twang of voice, almost as fine as a fiddle. He "dreamt" he was in the "meetin'" house, and on rising with the congregation, discovered he was undressed, except for his Sunday shirt. Soon some one on the front bench, pointing at him, said, "Look yonder," and he jerked down his shirt in front; then some one on the back bench, pointing at him, said "Look yowder," and he jerked down his shirt behind, and exposed his front. Thus he continued to bow and sway back, alternately exposing his nakedness, till becoming exhausted, he fell to the floor in a lather of perspiration, when he awoke.

Among the many members of the Indiantown Presbyterian church, Samuel W. Nesmith and John W. Singeltary were the extremes in stature, the one noted for his height and for his silent and reserved manners, the other for his diminutive figure and for the humor and sprightliness of Capt. Ebb Singeltary, his father's eldest son. It was Sunday morning, just before preaching hour; the male congregation were standing at the steps of the church, and these two extremisits were in conversation. The contrast being observed, they were soon surrounded by curious friends. Singeltary was talking, and looking up into Nesmith's face, said, "Sammie, please throw me down a chaw tobacco."

While yet in this humorous mood, another incident arose before the mind which occurred in the early thirties of this century. At this time there were many deer hunters living in the Indiantown neighborhood, and Saturdays were their days for "driving." On one of these days these hunters were driving the bays and thickets near the Lake swamp, and their dogs having started a deer which eluded their stands, had put the deer into swimming water in Tyes lake. While awaiting the return of the dogs, which would surely be made on this back track, and blowing their horns to assist the hounds in locating their masters, these hunters observed some fine water melons lying in a field near by. Being heated and thirsty, one or two of their number climbed over the fence and pulled one or two of the melons and the company dispatched them. The owner of these melons soon discovered what had been done, and being of a high temper and clinging to his sentiment, "What is mine is mine, and nobody else," he came to

this church, of which he was a member, after the trespass, and complained of it in his characteristic drawl. He said, and not in a very pleasant way, but loud enough to be heard all over the church yard, thus: "Some people make very light of watermillions, but I can tell you, a man can make a very good breakfast or a dinner on watermillions."

Strolling outside of the church yard, trying to locate the stopping and hitching places of the members of this church, and the little pole stables of the Wilson, Paisley and McCutchen children, the site of the old well of water placed in the junction of Col. Cooper and William Burrows roads. Here we children hastened to drink water and wash our hands after eating our cold dinners. The boys had no handkerchiefs, but depended on the towels owned by the girls, which they refused to boys whose hands were not well washed. For these acts the boys would put their yet greasy and dirty hands into the horse trough, and locking their fingers, scatter the water from them in the faces of the girls, who in turn, watching their chance, would dash the dipper full of water above the boys' heads, saying, "What goes up must come down." All the girls took much pleasure in the fun, even the sedate and even-tempered Iulina McCutchen, Liza Paisley, Elvira and Sarah Daniel, Rebecca and Maggie Howard and Sarah Wilson, and, too, the gay and lively Patsy, and Jane or Jennet McCutchen, Susan Dozier, Mary Scott Barr and Ann McGill; thus the sport continued till we were called away to other play grounds.

The three oldest tombstones placed in the Indiantown grave yard, as represented by the epitaphs thereon engraved, have been examined. Those epitaphs have been copied, and are here given:

"In memory of Maj. John James, who departed this life January 29th, 1791, aged 59 years.

"In Faith he died, in dust he lies,  
But Faith foresees that dust shall rise.  
When Jesus calls while hope assumes  
And boasts her Joy among the tombs."

"In memory of Margaret Paisley, wife of Robert Paisley, Esq., who departed this life January 12th, 1788, in the 45th year of her age.

"Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the tomb and rise to raptures in a world to come. 3rd chapter Saint Peter."

"Sacred to the memory of Elizabeth McGill, wife of Roger McGill, who died July 24th, 1787, in the 41st year of her age.

"She was a loving wife, a good and indulgent mother and a sincere Christian."

The following epitaph on the tombstone of Rev. William James Wilson, the grandson of old Mrs. Elizabeth McGill, can be seen in the Williamsburg Presbyterian grave yard at Kingstree, S. C.:

"This monument is erected by the Presbyterian congregation of Salem, in Sumter district, as a small token of their esteem and affection for their late beloved pastor, the Revd. William James Wilson, who died the 23rd day of June, A. D. 1826, aged 28 years, 4 months and 5 days.

"Beloved in life, in death lamented. The piety, zeal, talents and amiableness of manner conspicuous in the servant of Christ, promised much usefulness to the church. But it was the Lord's will early to remove him from his labours on earth, we are persuaded to his rest in Heaven.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation, that saith unto Zion, 'Thy God reigneth.'

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

In the next row of graves, adjoining Mrs. Elizabeth McGill's grave, are the tombs of her son, Samuel McGill, and his wife, Mrs. Mary Ann McGill. In addition to the epitaphs engraved on their tombs, the following tribute to them is recorded in this writer's family Bible:

"Samuel McGill, the son of Roger McGill, who was the son of Hugh McGill the first, was born 25th February, 1781, and died on the 10th November, 1840, being in the sixtieth year of his age. He lived on the west side of Indiantown swamp, and was of an easy and quiet disposition.

"Mrs. Mary Ann McGill was the mother of fourteen living children; was born on Muddy creek, on the 12th De-

cember, 1785, and died on White Oak on the 7th May, 1850, after an illness of several days' duration. During these days she lay apparently in an unconscious state, only being once aroused. Her beloved pastor, the Rev. Mr. McPherson, came to see her, and succeeded in getting her attention, when he asked her if she wanted any particular chapter in the Bible read to her, and in answer she plainly articulated, "14th chapter of St. John."

In the recent visit to the Indiantown section of country its changed appearance was observable from that which it really had before this Narrative was undertaken, and even distances seemed to have increased. No doubt this delusion was caused by the author's mind having been continuously and interestingly engaged during the two preceding years in collecting up and transcribing in a tangible form the Reminiscences of his early boyhood and school days, as experienced and observed by him in that section of country, more so in and around the Indiantown Presbyterian church, its old grave yard, and its session house as his school room. In these delightful exercises, forgetting self, he has been carried away, and in a measure has neglected his obligations due to his children and neighbors; and so deeply and intensely he had gone into that reverie that his mind even failed to distinguish the sweet voices of those old friends and school children as they once called to "Sam" in our visits an' on the play ground. In this stroll over the grave yard, hunting up the oldest tombstones for insertion in this Narrative, he read many epitaphs of his personal friends. As he tremblingly and cautiously trod the sacred ground around the church he was lovingly presented to the days of his Sunday school life in that church, bringing to his mind Cousin George McCutchen, the Sunday school teacher, to whom he repeated Christ's Sermon on the Mount from beginning to end without even a balk, and so, too, the many easy hymns. While in the grave yard, one of these hymns he repeated as made by the spirit, and seriously impressed, he fully realized the certainty of Mr. Watts' sentiment, almost hearing the anxious admonitions of his fathers and the dear voices of his friends amid the awful silence of their graves. In his tears of repentance he repeats, "Hark from the tombs a doleful sound," and when he came to the third verse he was alarmed and horrified at the certainty of

the final passage of life over the dark and icy stream of death, he exclaims:

“Great God, is this our certain doom,  
And are we yet secure,  
Still walking downward to the tomb  
And yet prepare no more.”

And believing and trusting in the goodness and mercy of God, who doeth all things well, he humbly supplicates, and with his heart full to overflowing he prays in sincerity and in faith, using the words of Mr. Watts, expressing the sentiments of his soul, as are in these lines:

“Grant us the power of quick’ning grace  
To fit our souls to fly,  
Then, when we quit this dying flesh,  
We’ll rise above the sky.”

**TRIBUTES.**

*"County Record," 17th October, 1892.*

BY R. C. LOGAN, EDITOR.

"Mrs. McGill, wife of Dr. McGill, died at her home in this county, on the 15th inst., of an attack of apoplexy, which she survived only a few hours; she had experienced two attacks before, but a long period had intervened until the last and fatal one. Mrs. McGill was an old lady, and one who had lived in the enjoyment of a well spent life, a devoted wife and tender mother, kind neighbor and exemplary Christian. Her venerable husband, a large number of children and grandchildren and numerous relatives and friends are sadly bereft. We tender our profound sympathy to the family in their great bereavement."

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**IN MEMORIAM.**

BY SAMUEL D. M'GILL.

Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth (Pressley) McGill was born on the 14th October, 1829, at the William Burrows' place on Turkey Creek, in this county, and was the only living child of William J. Pressley and Elizabeth McGill (Gamble) Pressley. Her father died when she was two years of age, and left in his will his brother, John B. Pressley, as an executor of his estate and guardian of his daughter. This trust was successfully managed and faithfully executed in her interest, and during all the days of her life it was her pleasure to visit her uncle and to talk of his goodness to her. At the death of her grandmother, Mrs. Mary B. Pressley, occurring in 1849, she was kindly remembered by her, whom she so much resembled in dignity of person and in the management of household affairs.

On the Pressley side of her family, there was her aunt, Mrs. Martha Fowler (Pressley) Mouzon, wife and widow of

her grand uncle, Hon. Samuel R. Mouzon, by her mother's side of kindred, whose features and address she was likened to in youth and womanhood, and whose interests in her beloved niece was always apparent in the tender regard for her comforts and in the tokens of love presented on many occasions, notably of these was a string of gold beads of old fashion, which she ever cherished and preserved as a dear souvenir of the Pressleys. With this family she was a special favorite and, indeed, with the name of the Mouzons and the Gambles, who were the direct ancestors of her mother; and, too, with the Brockintons through her father, whose mother's maiden name was Brockinton. With the descendants of this branch of her family the social relations existing among them were ever of the pleasant and distinguishable manner, as she loved and courted their society, and all appreciated and happily entertained the connection as of kindred blood of virtuous inheritance. Such was a Brockinton of marked and exalted individuality.

After the death of her father in 1831, she removed with her widowed mother to her grandfather, James Gamble, residing five miles above Kingstree, on the south side of Black River, and in the following year her mother married Samuel S. Tisdale, a well-to-do farmer, residing seven miles below Kingstree on the Black River road, and thither they removed. By this marriage she was made happy and tenderly cared for by her stepfather, who treated her with no distinction of kindness and comforts as made to his own children, her half brothers and sisters. She loved and accepted him as a dear father, whom she called at home and abroad "My Pah." To her mother she gave the unceasing attention creative of the affection of her loving heart and the devotional services of a constant, dutiful and affectionate daughter to a noticeable and remarkable degree. All of us will ever recall to mind the endearing epithet she called her mother in the infant tongue as "Muddy," which innocent and untutored appellations as "My Pah" and "Muddy," learned in her babyhood preferring, she used till her eyes closed in death.

Oh, here was a stepfather! Here was a mother!! Here was a daughter!!!

On the 14th March, 1844, she married Dr. Samuel Davis McGill at Kingstree in the residence of Col. N. G. Rich; its circumstance and manner of ceremony caused a family dis-

turbance, but it was quickly pacified by the influence of the Hon. W. G. Gamble, made in the interest of his young friends and respected relatives. And after living happily forty-eight years, seven months and two days with the choice of her youthful heart, she died at her pleasant home on White Oak on Sunday morning at 1 o'clock, 16th day of October, 1892. Her aged husband sorrows in the loss of his Sarah, the dear, faithful and just in all the vicissitudes of their married life, in days of hope and hours of despondency. Her eight daughters and two sons and her thirty-seven grandchildren, sorrowfully feel the bereavement of their affectionate, loving and devoted mother, who guarded their infant slumbers and childish plays with a mother's ceaseless care and watchfulness, and who ministered to their wants at the first approach of disease whether in the broad light of day or in the silence of midnight darkness.

In after years circumstances induced them away from her home, but not apart from her accustomed care and protection, for they were hardly separated over a month at any time. They loved to be with her in sickness and in health, who so cheerfully and sweetly nursed and consoled them and whose pleasure it was to be with "Mah." She was outspoken in the defense of a bosom friend.

As a neighbor, none knew aught than to commend her free hand, liberal ways and the interest in their welfare, whether of love or charity, and her readiness and willingness to extend a helping hand in every time of need as lay in her ability. And to the colored friends of her neighborhood and to those she knew in other days, she gave that recognition of respectful consideration due their present and past services, as entitled her to receive their good wishes, to merit their humble expressions of gratitude and to come to her for advice and home made remedies used in their common ailments and diseases, a knowledge of which she had to a most wonderful degree, and a memory of the names and medicinal virtues of plants and herbs, and the uses and effects of doctors' physics truly astonishing. And as in these, so in others, the good and the useful were ever present in her mind. They will long hold in sacred remembrance their "Miss Sarah McGill," as was evinced by the number of them in attendance, mingling of their joys and a ministering angel in their afflicted periods of expected distresses.

Her husband's family and kindred rejoiced in their connection with her, and extended appreciative tokens of respect and tenderness due to the easy elegance of her amiable nature, to personal charms for which she was distinguished and to the social and Christian qualities of her head and heart.

Her brothers and sisters of the Tisdale family were ever dear to her, and she loved to speak of their goodness to their parents and the noble spirit which animated their lives and of their fidelity to their obligations. To each and every one of them their "Titter Sarah" and "Saah" was a sister they embraced, as worthy of their most tender affections, and accorded to her their most respectful and studious attention; and these endearments were repaid by the return of similar brotherhood and sisterhood ties, in that they were brothers and sisters of one household as truly they were without an interchange of harsh words or unkind acts. Thus were the children of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel S. Tisdale, who lived in harmony and sweet accord.

As a friend, she was sincere and faithful to her professions of friendship, and was ever ready around her dying bed and their after services rendered in the preparation necessary for her burial.

Born of Presbyterian parents and educated in Presbyterian doctrines, Mrs. McGill, the subject of these memoirs, together with her husband, joined the Indiantown Presbyterian church in the spring of 1849, and lived and died a consistent member of the same. As in life, in the possession and enjoyment of a clean heart and guileless lips, so in death she found the happy realization of a blessed immortality beyond the grave, as was her oft expressed faith in her salvation while she was yet with us.

On a holy Sabbath morning, at the beginning of a new day, her angelic spirit winged its flight to the mansions in the skies amid the unutterable cries and lamentations of her surrounding and weeping family.

Her funeral services, held on Monday, the 17th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1892, in the Indiantown Presbyterian church, were conducted by her beloved pastor, the Rev. James E. Dunlop, and in attendance were the deep, sonorous echoes of the tones of the church organ, and the low, modulated voices of her sorrowing friends of the choir, using a dirge of thrilling solemnity, expressive of the mourn-

ing feelings of her numerous family, relatives and friends present in the church.

At the grave, the face lid of her casket being removed, we made our last look on that face now natural in death, showing the countenance of one who lies down to pleasant dreams, awaiting in faith the coming of her dear ones left behind as she crossed over to the other side.

In the McGill family burying ground, in the Indiantown grave yard, where repose the dust of ancestry more than a century ago, Sarah E. McGill, daughter, sister, friend, neighbor, mother, wife, Christian, lies entombed by the side of her darling first born, Elizabeth Gamble McGill, who had been separated from her more than forty-four years, but now is nestling in her bosom, and they in loving embrace in the bosom of Our Saviour, God.

“There anchored safe, her weary soul  
Has found eternal rest,  
Nor storms shall beat, nor billows roll,  
Across her peaceful breast.”









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